

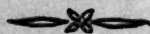
JULY 1908

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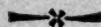
MAGAZINE

JULY-1908



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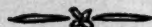
COMPLETE
NOVEL



FOURTEEN
SHORT STORIES
AND ARTICLES



SIXTEEN
FULL PAGE
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July Popular Magazine

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| TWO BIRDS IN THE BUSH. | B. M. Bower |
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| More strenuous adventures of Cap'n Blye, yachtsman, both with man and the elements. | |
| THE PRIMAL INSTINCT. | Bertrand W. Sinclair |
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| THE LAST DOSE. | E. Temple Thurston |
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| THE KINSHIP OF AGES. | James Barr |
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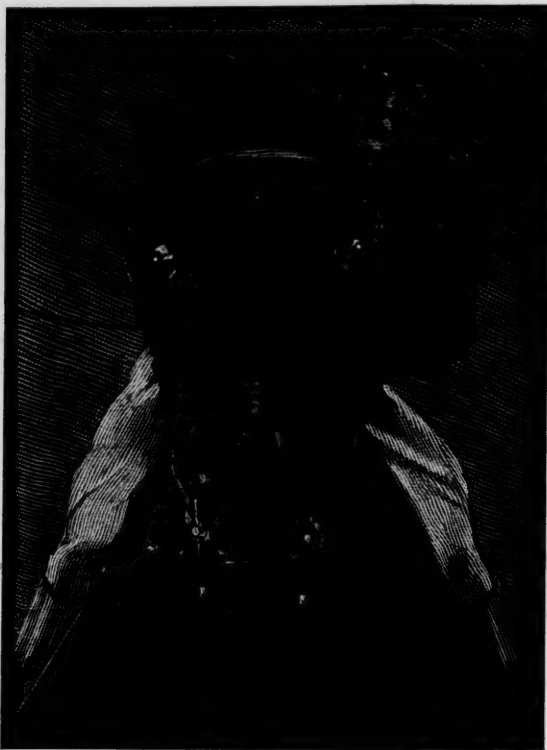
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The July number of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE will contain some features the mere announcement of which will be enough to concentrate attention and stimulate interest. But this is not all, for it will be found that the stories equal in quality the reputation of the authors.

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for instance, is well known as a writer of uniformly interesting tales. He contributes the complete novel, entitled "AN AMERICAN PASHA," and it will be found to be as absorbing a story as can be asked for. It is full of adventure, from beginning to end, the action leading from one dramatic situation to another, and the characters all interesting people.

One of the most important events in the magazine world will be the opening chapters of a new story by MAY SINCLAIR. It is called "The Immortal Moment."

VIRGINIA TRACY will be represented by one of her best stories of theatrical life, called "BABES IN THE WILDERNESS."

ANNE WARNER will have one of the best short stories she has ever written, entitled "WHEN HEAVEN TOUCHED THE EARTH."

STEEL WILLIAMS will have another of his Western tales, the best this time, in "A BLACKSTONE OF THE BAD LANDS."

Other short stories will be by JANE W. GUTHRIE, JEANNETTE COOPER, OWEN OLIVER and TORRANCE BENJAMIN.

RUPERT HUGHES will have another article, supplemental to the one in the June number, called "THE CLUE TO THE BEST MUSIC."

MRS. WILSON WOODROW, with the attractive title, "RUDOLPH'S LITTLE PLAYMATE," has a story in her best vein.

O. HENRY needs no introduction. All that is necessary to say is that a new story by him will be in the July number.

JAMES HOPPER is the author of a tale called "MY MISSION," which will keep the reader oblivious to everything else to the end.

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Vol. VII

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

No. 4

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

JULY

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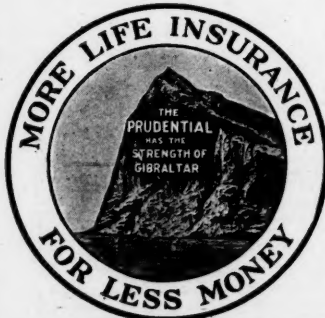
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A CHILD OF NATURE



THE COUNTESS INCOGNITA

—BY—

ANNE O'HAGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY
J. A. CAHILL

CHAPTER I.

AS the *Belle Terror* chugged and steamed her noisy way through the innumerable ribbons of blue water that wound among the islands, the heart of Alicia Gardner, seated at the utmost forward point of the deck, beat high with gladness. There were very few people aboard the little steamer. It was merely making its return trip from the mainland city to which it had taken an early-rising load of men bound for their various offices.

Alicia had come up to Portland the night before from New York. She had landed not twenty-four hours earlier from Europe, but it would not seem to her that she was truly on American soil again until her feet found themselves on the rough and craggy little island which had been her summer home and that of most of her intimates from childhood. Europe, she told herself, had been a bore this time, and she was glad, glad, glad, to be coming back.

It was a morning to intensify her delight in her return. The air was of such luminous clearness that it almost seemed to her she could see back to the shores which she had lately left. The sea flashed and sparkled. The islands,

instead of looking what they were—bleak and stony little bodies of sea-washed land—were like radiant bubbles brimming up from a depth of blue champagne sea. Alicia, at the forward rail, broke into song.

The *Belle Terror* was no ordinary island-plying steamboat. She was the exclusive property of Belle Terre, the earliest of the islands to establish a summer colony. So that, although the boat followed the winding channel of the ordinary traffic of the bay, the aristocrats of the summer settlement were never subjected to the contaminating influence of mere day excursionists, or two-week trippers, to the less carefully guarded of the dimpling islands.

As the steamer approached the landing at Belle Terre, Alicia's song died on her lips. She had not sent a message ahead, and she was trying a sort of experiment in telepathy. Would McAllister Freer, out of all the crowd with whom her summers had been passed for so many years, feel her approach? Would he, her recently affianced husband, translate the subtle power of the thoughts she had been wafting him into a summons to the stone dock, whose masonry was the despair of all other islands in the bay?

The *Belle Terror* glided into her

pocket of water, and was made fast to the landing. But the pier was singularly empty. No tall young man in the disreputable old flannels, which were the accepted day-time attire of the youth of Belle Terre, paced impatiently back and forth, or lounged against the bales and barrels outside the warehouse. No one at all seemed to have come out to meet Alicia. She tasted the flat disappointment of those who plan a joyful surprise and find it a failure.

As her intent eyes finally turned themselves away from the—to her—empty dock, some one dashed around the corner of the warehouse. Alicia's hope gave a returning leap, before it sank to complete inertness. For the barest fraction of a second she had thought it might be McAllister, but the face that looked up at her was only Dicky Wainwright's. Dicky was an estimable young gentleman, and an old friend and admirer of Alicia's. She had the kindest sentiments in the world toward Dicky, but at that moment she quite illogically hated him for not being other than he was.

Dicky's face assumed a gaping expression of wonder for an instant. Then, forgetting entirely his original errand, he gave a great shout.

"Alicia Gardner!" His voice rang out across the morning waters. "Alicia Gardner, by all that's good! Why didn't you let us know you were coming? Or did you let any one? When did you get in? What kind of a voyage did you have? How do you like America? Welcome to our beautiful land!"

By this time Alicia had descended the gangway and was receiving Dicky's vigorous hand-shake and was laughing, as one always did laugh over Dicky's exuberance. It had all the effect of wit with the additional advantage that it never hurt any one.

"Amerique," began Alicia with a marked foreign accent, "is to me one land charmante! De scenery—ah! De young men—ah!"

"Oh, they're not all like me," said Dicky modestly. "You've seen the best first, I'm afraid. But say, Allie, old lady, I'm mighty glad to see you."

"And I'm mighty glad to be home, Dicky," confessed Alicia. "Where's everybody? How's everybody?"

"Where's everybody? Where should the idle inhabitants of an island community be at ten o'clock in the morning? The women are sitting round on one another's piazzas, discussing their neighbors, the girls are out grilling in the courts behind the club, the stalwart male population is talking about the regatta of next week, and about the arrival of last week."

"Have you happened to see anything of my own particular belongings this morning?" demanded Alicia as they swung up the winding path through the fir-grove back of the landing.

"Do you mean my hated and successful rival—cur-r-ses on him!—or your honored father and mother?"

"You might answer about any of them if you happen to know anything."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I don't know anything about any of them. They were all alive and well at twenty minutes past twelve last night, when I took my leave of them at the Wheelers', and I haven't heard of any casualties since. Why didn't you let them know you were coming?"

"Oh, I thought I'd surprise them. I'm never going to do it again, Dicky. Somehow I thought their loving hearts would have forewarned them of my approach. I imagined that they were spending most of their time reading the marine intelligence, that they knew that the *Campania* got in yesterday, that they would easily argue that Aunt Adela would hustle me through to Boston, so that she could get down to her own precious kids at Nahant, would put me on the earliest possible Portland train, and that I of course should be here this morning. You see, Dicky, I thought that yearning affection and a little mathematical calculation, based on Aunt Adela's well-known habits, would have fairly peopled the dock this morning with a welcoming throng. Next time I'm going to send telegrams every hour."

"Oh, what right have you to complain? Wasn't I there? Don't be pig-

gish, Alicia. When you've got the best, why demand more?"

They had come out of the grove and were on the upper ridge of the island, swinging along before its "cottages" with their porte-cochères, their terraces, their flower-gardens, their awnings, and their air of smiling, almost insolent, well-being. They were approaching the most spacious and most imposing of the buildings on the island—a long, low, rambling structure of field-stone and stucco, with stables spreading behind it, and flower-beds flaunting before it, when out of the gate in the hedge that separated the lawns from the tennis-courts, two figures advanced—a girl's, radiant as the day, superb, beautiful and with that indefinable something in her attire called "chic," and a man's, long, lithe and graceful. These scanned the wayfarers, and then the man gave a cry of surprise.

"Alicia!" He hurried forward, a flush of genuine pleasure lighting up his thin, tanned face, and his brown eyes shining. Alicia smiled back at him, but her eyes across his shoulder were upon the figure in the rear.

"I surprised you, didn't I, McAllister?"

"Surprise?" McAllister Freer was still a little incoherent. "Why, of course, we supposed that you would telegraph when you started. We knew you got in yesterday, but your mother was sure that you would stay a day in New York to rest, and we were all convinced that you'd send us a wire before you started."

"She will next time, Mac," said Dicky Wainwright lugubriously. "Her grief and rage were terrible when she found only me marshaled in imposing array upon the dock to meet her."

The girl with whom McAllister had come out from the tennis-courts had hovered discreetly in the background until the first fervor of greeting was over. Now she advanced, holding out her hand to Alicia with a pretty, slightly overgracious, gesture.

"It is Miss Gardner, I know, though the gentlemen will not introduce me," she said, smiling, while Alicia took the

proffered hand. There was the slightest trace in the world of foreign accent in her speech, as there was in her exquisite costume. Freer immediately repaired his omissions.

"Alicia—Miss Gardner—Miss Von Baum. Miss Von Baum and her——" He stumbled for a word.

"Mr. Freer means my companion, my chaperon, my friend," explained Miss Von Baum. "My friend, Mrs. Grantley, who is so good as to act as my mother. I have no mother."

"You are visiting here this summer?" Alicia asked, and was surprised at something thin and chilly in her tones.

"Yes, here at the club. One of its members, Mr. Wendell, was at my—we met him last winter in Vienna, where I live. He told us of this charming place. I had always wanted to come to America. I persuaded Mrs. Grantley—she is an Englishwoman, and she can see no reason for coming to America—and we came this summer. Mr. Wendell was so good as to put us up for a while at this beautiful club."

In all that she said there seemed to Alicia to be something condescending. Even her formal words of praise carried with them the suggestion that she had known much more wonderful places, and a much more glittering life, than this of Belle Terre. But it was not this which made Alicia critical of her. It was some indefinable pain which had smitten her when she beheld the girl coming out of the gate with McAllister Freer.

"I hope you will like it very much and that you will stay a long time," she said stiffly in answer to Miss Von Baum's speech of explanation. "And now I mustn't keep you. McAllister, you and Miss Von Baum were going somewhere? I'll see you some time later in the——"

"Not for the world," broke in Miss Von Baum, with a trifle more accent in her haste than was betrayed by her more deliberate speech. "Not for the world. Mr. Freer will go home with you—I do not want him to hate me."

An involuntary frown contracted Alicia's brows.

"He was only going to walk down to the Gorge with me, and that we can all do at any time," continued Miss Von Baum.

It was Alicia's turn to protest, but it was Dicky Wainwright who decided the situation.

"Freer, confound you," he said laughing, "if you think I'm going to surrender to you the privilege of carrying Alicia's bag seventy-five rods farther, and restoring her to the arms of her bereaved parents, you're mistaken. I found her at the dock, I was the committee of reception. And I'm blessed if I'm going to yield the job to any one, affianced or unaffianced."

Alicia laughed and nodded her acquiescence.

"Yes," she said. "Come up to luncheon, if you want to, McAllister. But you must take Miss Von Baum to see the Gorge now. It's our finest show, Miss Von Baum," she added. Then she nodded to the pair and went on with Dicky toward her own stone-and-shingle cottage a quarter of a mile away. By some mighty effort of will she refrained from giving voice to the question that reverberated in her mind: "Who is this girl? Who is this girl?"

CHAPTER II.

By afternoon every one in Belle Terre knew that Alicia Gardner was home from Europe. She was immensely popular in the summer community, and the piazzas was thronged from her first appearance on it after luncheon. But for once, her own doings seemed of comparatively little interest to her fellow citizens. Even her mother, after perfunctory inquiries about her sister Adela's European trip, and somewhat less perfunctory ones about Alicia's European purchases in preparation for her approaching marriage, was full of the subject of the newcomers to the island. And if Mrs. Gardner could give only half an ear to Alicia's reports on tunic sleeves, sheathed skirts, and lace appliqué lingerie, because of her interest in the young foreign lady, how much

less could be expected of all the rest of the feminine population?

"Isn't she wonderful, Alicia?" demanded little Mrs. Wheeler, running in from the adjoining house when the news of Alicia's reappearance had been borne to her on the sunny August breezes. "Have you ever seen such ashy gold hair? And then such vivid coloring in the face! And her clothes—aren't they dreams? I really believe there's a good deal of truth in what they say about the Viennese women being the best dressed in Europe. Why, that girl has been a liberal education to us here at Belle Terre—and we never pretended to have minds above the hang of our skirts and the set of our coat-collars, either!"

"She is very pretty," Alicia agreed, with rather listless intonation. "You see, I saw her only for a moment this morning."

"Wait till you see the English dragon that guards her," laughed Lucy Wheeler. "Saint George could never have overcome her! Mrs. Grantley is all that is irreproachable. She's so respectable that she doesn't even have to have good manners. That's one thing about well-born Englishwomen, don't you think? They're so sure of themselves and their position that they never stop to be conciliatory, the way so many of our women do."

The international aspects of the case did not seem to interest Alicia.

"Did Mr. Wendell say anything to any one about them?" she asked.

"Dwight Wendell hasn't come back," explained Mrs. Wheeler. "He went on to India or Burma or some queer place after he got through in Europe. He won't be home until some time late in the fall."

"Then nobody really knows anything at all about them, except that they've come with an introduction to the club and an extension of its privileges from Dwight Wendell?" For the second time that day Alicia was surprised at her own tones. She was not used to hearing them acid and sharp.

"That's all the documentary evidence there is about them," answered Lucy,

stressing the adjective. "But, fortunately, we're none of us incapable of forming a few conclusions from acquaintance with people. The girl's a cosmopolitan to her finger-tips; so is the other woman, only with the insular British flavor to her."

"Certainly Miss Von Baum seemed very charming." Alicia tried to make recompense for her persistent lack of enthusiasm about the newcomer's attractions.

"Charming!" cried Lucy Wheeler, with her customary zeal in new causes. "She's one of the most exquisitely beautiful creatures I have ever seen. Why, her beauty's positively flawless—Malcolm Johnson himself admitted it!"

McAllister Freer, who had gone off after luncheon to prepare some letters for the afternoon post, reappeared. As he strode up the drive from the road, Alicia's gray eyes dwelt upon him with sudden softening. She herself was no beauty. She lacked those gracious curves which made the other woman's figure acceptable even to the critical eyes of Malcolm Johnson, the artist.

Alicia was, as she herself would have expressed it in frank moments, "skinny." To be sure, she carried her slim figure with unconscious pride and with a sort of wiry grace. To be sure, her dark head was well set upon her slim neck. But there was nothing of voluptuous appeal in any aspect of her. Her gray eyes were lovely; her hair, thanks to her mother's intelligent care in her childhood, was redeemed from commonplaceness by its thickness and its luster. Her lips were very red; and they, with the whiteness of her

teeth and the brownness of her skin, gave rather a flashing effect to her piquant little countenance. But beauty she had none, and she was perfectly aware of the fact. She was not aware, however, that whenever her eyes fell upon her affianced husband a radiance and a softness, far more wonderful than any perfection of flesh, touched her face.

McAllister ran up the steps to the piazza, greeted Mrs. Wheeler in the way one greets a woman one sees every two or three hours, and begged Alicia to come for a walk.

"Oh, go on," laughed Mrs. Wheeler. "I'm only married four years myself. I remember a thing or two. Besides, I've got to go home to see that Robert



Written on the fly-leaf in faded ink, were the words: "To the Countess Theodora."

gets his four o'clock bottle. That new Swede I have engaged is bringing my gray hairs down with worry to the grave. But she's honest at least, and since the topazes I am only too thankful when I'm sure of that in the servants."

"The topazes?" repeated Alicia.

"Oh, of course, you don't know! Well, Mac will simply have to spare you for a few minutes until I tell you my tragic story. You know—or rather you don't know—about the Wheeler topazes. They are dearer to the hearts of all true Wheelers than even King James' commission to the first American settler of the name. They are the very apples of Mother Wheeler's eyes. And you know the entire Wheeler outfit—pardon my French—never thought that I was good enough, not for Robert, but for the Wheeler topazes. They admitted that a young woman of respectable antecedents, fair education, complete assortment of features and limbs, small fortune, and amiable disposition was good enough for their son. But that any one less than Lady Clara Vere de Vere was worthy to possess the Wheeler topazes they could not bring themselves to admit. And then, you know somehow the impression is abroad that I'm not a very careful person."

"I'm suspected of not keeping household accounts. I'm notorious for never remembering where I laid my purse down. Oh, I did not seem a fit custodian for Mother Wheeler's topazes—and I didn't get them when I was married, although it's the custom in the family to give them to the oldest son's wife as a wedding-present. But when I somewhat redeemed my reputation by having a son six months ago, the family heart relented toward me. The topazes were to be mine. They were handed over to me with more solemnity than the tablet containing the Commandments was handed down to Moses——"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Alicia.

"Well, I'm only telling you the truth. They were reset, and they were given to me with many injunctions concerning their future and many legends concerning their past. Well, they were very

pretty stones—a really remarkable collection—and I was extremely pleased to have them. But, my dear girl, what do you think? I gave a little bridge-party one afternoon last week—it's the only time this summer that there've been any strangers, strange servants, in the house—and the topazes had disappeared when I went to my room that night. We haven't dared to break the frightful news to Mother Wheeler yet. She's coming to visit us next week, and then it will be useless to try to conceal anything from her. But I'm hoping and praying—and my poor Bob is working—that the jewels may be recovered before that time. We have some detectives down here now. But for Heaven's sake, don't say a word about that, or probably all the servants on the place will leave in a body."

"Detectives at Belle Terre!" said Alicia woodenly.

"Exactly. The serpent in Eden. I assure you, I feel conscience-stricken at bringing such a disgrace upon our model community. But what can I do. The stones are gone—and Mother Wheeler remains to face!"

"What does the Pinkerton man report?" asked McAllister Freer.

"Ssh! Don't say the dreadful word so loudly. My dear man, he doesn't report anything to me. I have to take all information transmitted through my husband. I'm not considered fit for any intelligent communication—and all because I'm not fit to cope with wretched thieves. If Robert wanted a wife who could, will somebody kindly tell me why he didn't marry a girl out of a reformatory?"

But no one undertook the answering of this conundrum, and with a nod and a laugh, Mrs. Wheeler fluttered back toward her own house, and Alicia and McAllister started for their walk.

"Where shall we go?" asked Alicia, as though the resources of Belle Terre to pedestrians were innumerable.

"Shall we go to the Gorge? You always like it there and we could see the sunset across the Ribbon." Alicia shook her head with a sort of crisp impatience.

"You won't want to go there twice in one day," she answered. "No, let's go down to the pool."

"All right," he agreed readily. "But I thought that the Gorge was your own particular pet of places."

"I shouldn't have inferred that you were thinking that this morning." As soon as she had said the words Alicia could joyously have bitten out her offending tongue. To herself as well as to McAllister they were the first intimation that she was in the grip of jealousy. The admission seemed to her, with her sensitive horror of such an emotion, more serious than it did to him. He merely looked at her quizzically and laughed.

"Shall I try to buy it and have it walled off? I'm afraid that's the only way to keep it from general profanation and from being the show-place to strangers," he said.

Alicia, recovering herself, smiled a little also.

"Of course I was only joking," she said lamely. "What an astonishingly beautiful creature that Miss Von Baum is."

"She's the most beautiful woman I think I've ever seen," answered McAllister seriously enough. "I don't know that it's the type which appeals to me particularly except as the perfection of any type must. But she is wonderful—line, color and all."

"With the added charm of a touch of mystery, is she not?"

"Nothing very mysterious about her, I should say," answered Freer. "Except that we Belle Terrors are such a provincial lot that we regard all outlanders as a little mysterious. But tell me, who was on the boat coming home? How is Aunt Adela—I beg her pardon; she's a formal lady and won't want me to call her that until I have the full right. And do you know, Alicia, I'm extremely glad to see you?"

"Really?" There was an unexpected wistfulness in Alicia's voice and in the gray eyes that she raised suddenly and searchingly to him. He bore the scrutiny with an air at once frank, amused, and tender.

"Really," he repeated, giving her hand a little pressure. "And you—are you at all glad to get back? Are you beginning to be a little afraid because the days of your freedom are almost numbered?"

The language of passion was not vouchsafed to Alicia except in the rarest moments. She had none of its small coin for little interchanges. A glow suffused her dark skin and her eyes swept seaward. She did not answer him in words. He persisted.

"Tell me, I like to hear you say it. Tell me you're glad that you are home again. Tell me you're glad that before four months are passed—"

There was a pounding of hoofs around a curve in the road. A pair of horsemen trotted into view—Miss Von Baum, every exquisite line of her figure revealed by her tight-fitting habit, every exquisite tint of her face brought out by the contrast with the dark sailor which she wore, and an attendant cavalier. The four exchanged breathless greetings. McAllister turned to watch the riders when they had passed.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "She rides beautifully, doesn't she?"

Cordially assenting to this proposition, Alicia was spared the trouble of offering those protestations of gladness which he had demanded a few minutes before. There was a distinct constriction at her heart as she realized it.

CHAPTER III.

Dicky Wainwright was of an indolent habit of life. He did not race a yacht, he did not imperil the safety of his neck or his legs on the polo-field, he declined to get himself overheated at tennis or plod around the golf-course in pursuit of an elusive white ball. Consequently there were certain hours of the day when he found it difficult to obtain that companionship for which his soul yearned. At such times, thrown upon his own resources, he was likely to disappear from his sister's house, at which he was staying, armed with a book.

Dicky used to tell his detractors that

some day they would do him justice; that some day they would know him for a serious student, and would regret the jibes that they had bestowed upon him because he was not a frivolous athlete. The book was his sign-manual of scholarly intentions. With that in hand he would lounge down the road, never deaf to any invitation which might reach him from any shaded veranda. But if no one beheld him and took pity on him, he would saunter beyond the confines of the settlement and would approach the rocky "ocean side" of the island.

He had a lurking-place among the cliffs and the precarious scrub-growths of that side. Sheltered from view both from above and below by overhanging boulders, half shaded from the sun by a little fir-tree, half warmed into delicious drowsiness, there was a little sandy seclusion to which he could clamber down, there to lie and drowsily listen to the roaring of the breakers below him.

Even in his sentimental moments, which were not a few, he had refrained from inviting any damsel to share this salty, sunny, peaceful asylum of his. No one else ever seemed to come to the spot. Dicky had a feeling that he would like to keep it for his very own—a place in which he might fall asleep at ten o'clock in the morning without arousing the family wrath against him for his incorrigible indolence.

On this particular day he cast longing eyes toward many of the cottages which he passed, but no cheerful hail bade him come up beneath the awnings and behind the screening vines. All Belle Terre was busy at its pleasures or at its alleged labors. So Dicky went on to his nook.

Arrived there, he disposed himself as comfortably as possible—and that was fairly comfortably, for Dicky had a genius for idleness. He opened his book and read a little while, but the sea air and the sunshine were too much for him. He fell into a light slumber.

He was awakened by the contact with his nose of something rather heavy. He raised himself on his elbow and saw

that a book had fallen from the edge of the overhanging bank above. He stared upward, but there was no one visible at the top.

Dicky reflected that he had selected his loafing-place on account of its concealment from general view. The nook was in such an angle and jut of rocks that any one standing on the bank above would be likely to have it shut out from sight by the intervening boulders. Whoever dropped the book must have thought it permanently lost—either fallen into a tide-pool among the lower rocks, or lodged in some inaccessible crevasse.

Dicky smiled as he thought of his own later appearance upon the scene in the rôle of the book's rescuer. He liked effective entrances and exits, did Dicky, and he was already preparing a burlesque speech with which to return the volume to its owner, as he opened it to see if it bore any mark by which he might learn to whom it should be returned.

It was an old-fashioned blue-and-gold volume of Tennyson's poems. Written upon the fly-leaf in faded ink, were the words:

To, the Countess Theodosia, from her friend, and her mother's old friend, Loretta Grantley, Christmas, 1897.

Dicky sat up and gave a long whistle. "The Countess Theodosia!" "Loretta Grantley!" So that's it. Yes, the old girl does call her Theodosia."

Though Dicky possessed in an uncommon degree that quality which Mr. Bernard Shaw calls socialism of the heart, nevertheless, probably like most such socialists, there was one among the sharers of its bountiful affection who ranked supreme. If he had ever valued himself highly enough to think of himself as a fit mate for Alicia Gardner, he would have been embittered by her engagement, and would have resented McAllister Freer.

However, she had always appeared to him rather as the dear unattainable than the possible—believing which, Dicky had not thought much of any possibilities and had disported himself butterflylike

among all the girls of his acquaintance. His humility of mind toward Alicia had kept his emotion from any rampant ardor which would have destroyed the free-and-easy comradeship of long years. Nevertheless, she was undoubtedly the queen-rose in Dicky's agreeable rosebud garden of girls, and with her upon the scene the others stood small chance of being first in his confidences.

When he had looked for a long time at the fly-leaf of the volume which had assaulted his nose, and had viewed it at several angles, he arose, stretched himself, shook the sand from his flannels, and prepared to seek Alicia with his bit of information.

He clambered up the rocks and regained the plateau of the island.

At Belle Terre there was small formality. "The simple life" was enjoyed in the only fashion in which it is really enjoyable—with an accompaniment of serving men and maids, horses and carriages and automobiles to course the winding roads of the ten-by-five miles of rocky plateau, yachts crowding the little harbor, big houses and the like.

But the Belle Terrors enjoyed simplicity of existence notwithstanding these appurtenances of wealth. For the most part they had known one another for at least two generations—the club was the only concession to outsiders which the community made, its accommodations for more guests than the individual houses would hold being a concession to an iconoclast who had once proposed to destroy the serenity of life by establishing a hotel.

Consequently there was much informality of intercourse. If a young man enjoying the esteem in the community which was Dicky Wainwright's felt like calling at ten a. m. no one was disturbed.

It was nearing luncheon-time as he turned in at the Gardners' driveway. Through the thick screen of trumpet-vines which hid one corner of the big outdoor apartment from the road, he caught a glimpse of light-colored gowns. Evidently there were other visitors. In that case his great news

would have to keep, for he did not propose to enlighten the entire island until he had shared his titbit of gossip with Alicia alone.

As he ran up the steps, calling out a greeting, he saw that the ladies whose blue and lavender had glimmered through the green leaves were Mrs. Grantley and Miss Von Baum.

Alicia sat with something unwontedly stiff in her slender erectness, and seemed to be taking a less animated part than usual in the conversation. Her mother, to atone for this, was more than usually voluble. She and Mrs. Grantley were exchanging views on trousseaux, on Paris as a shopping-place, on the servant-problem in Europe and America, and on kindred topics.

Miss Von Baum, very lovely and smiling, was almost as quiet as Alicia, but her lack of conversational fluency seemed rather indolence than any disinclination toward the society in which she found herself.

McAllister Freer, in a wicker chair tipped back against the stone wall of the first story, watched with evident pleasure the picture Alicia made against the screening green vines. Two or three of the scarlet bells of the vine showed just back of her exquisite, pale, fair hair, and made its luster more moonlike than ever.

"Hello, McAllister," said Dicky, when he had paid his greetings to the ladies of the party, "why don't you announce at the post-office and the club that you've changed your address? One can never find you at home since Alicia has come back."

"Were you looking for me?" asked Freer.

"Yes," lied Dick unblushingly. "I wanted to tell you that if you expect me to take part in your blooming show, you've got to give me a rôle worthy of my talents. What's it going to be this year, anyway?"

"There's to be a meeting this afternoon at Evelyn Black's to talk it over," said Alicia. "Surely you received a summons?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. I never open my mail in the morning. My theory is

that you need the strength and vigor that comes from two meals and three smokes to confront your correspondence."

"So many duns as that, Mr. Wainwright?" asked Theodosia Von Baum half insolently. Mrs. Grantley shot a look of swiftly repressed annoyance at her charge, and Alicia achieved an expression which was almost like the raising of an eyebrow. At Belle Terre the young women were supposed to have small experience with duns.

"It's Dick's susceptibility that makes his correspondence such a trial to him," explained McAllister indulgently. "He simply can't resist anything in the form of woman. You can imagine how a disposition like that complicates a man's correspondence."

"Theodosia, my dear," said Mrs. Grantley, rising, "we have paid an unconsciously long visit. And Miss Gardner has so many things to do."

Theodosia arose—undulated, so to speak, to her feet—and took her graceful leave of her hostesses. She nodded to the young men who attended them to the steps. From beneath the long black lashes that were the one startling note of dark color in her gold-and-rose face, she shot a provocative look at McAllister Freer, as he unfurled her parasol of blue frills and lace, and handed it to her. McAllister Freer was very honestly in love with his fiancée, but there was something in Theodosia Von Baum's glances which thrilled him with tendency to lawlessness.

He sat down again in the wicker chair, but with the flash of the girl's eyes there had entered into him a spirit of restlessness. He could not remain still upon the shaded veranda. He played with Alicia's Boston terrier, and teased the beast until it snapped at him. Once or twice he caught himself in a whistle. Dicky Wainwright finally solved the situation for him.

"See here, Freer," he said belligerently, "do you labor under the delusion that I really came up here to see you? Are you afraid to leave Alicia alone with a man of my well-known powers of fascination? Reassure yourself. We

are friends, you and I, and the claims of friendship are ever sacred to—"

"Dicky, you simpleton!" laughed Alicia.

"You are a good deal of an ass, Wainwright," remarked McAllister, rising. "But for your family's sake we bear with you. Alicia, remember we're going out to Sunken Reef in the *Mayflower* this afternoon."

"You forget, we can't. There's the Players' meeting at Evelyn Black's at three."

"So there is. Well, I'll come over and escort you to that annual pandemonium."

"Anything," broke in Dicky in the tone of one who has reached the limit of human patience, "provided you get out now."

Alicia watched her lover as he went down the steps and crossed the lawn toward the road. There was something, not quite bewilderment, not quite pain, but yet partaking a little of each of these, in the gaze which she sent after him. Then she turned to Dicky.

"Did you really want to see me, Dicky?" she asked. "Because if you didn't—"

"Because if I didn't I suppose you're going in to take a nap or to fit a dress or to write a letter or to do something equally disagreeable. But I really do want to see you, as it happens. What do you think of this?" He started to hand her the book; then suddenly withdrew it. "No, tell me first, what do you think of our strangers?"

"You mean the ladies who have just left us?"

"The same."

"I think that the island has lost its head," declared Alicia, with considerable emphasis. "The girl's a beauty, and she dresses like a Continental princess in an automobile novel. But she hasn't good manners, and as for the older woman—how her brazen ill-breeding can have passed unquestioned during the—how long have they been here?"

"About a month. But you know the lady is a Britisher—the old lady."

"Now Dicky, don't be exasperating. You know perfectly well that even if

English women of the upper classes aren't as suave and as everlastingly palavery as we are, still they have decent manners. I tell you that woman hasn't. Her aristocratic bearing is that of the forewoman at my milliner's—just as genuine! And her insolence is of the same variety turned cross. I think the girl's beauty and the elder woman's sheer impudence have simply befogged the entire island. They are nothing less than"—Alicia uttered the fatal word vehemently—"nothing less than common."

Dicky surveyed her with a long, rapturous smile.

"Alicia, when you do let yourself go, you let yourself go, don't you? I don't think I ever heard you hand it out quite so strong before. Do you remember how you stood for Dolly Mason last season—and how she eloped with her riding-teacher last winter?"

"Dolly was one of us. Of course she was atrociously brought up, but that wasn't her fault. Besides she was what she seemed to be—harum-scarum, imprudent, impulsive. She never pretended a thing in her life, poor Dolly."

"And you think that our distinguished guests are pretending something?"

"I think," declared Alicia, with an almost spiteful emphasis, "that they are pretending to be ladies, and that they haven't learned the parts very thoroughly."

Dicky shook his head slowly, smiling at her meantime.

"To think that I should live to see Alicia, Alicia Gardner, lofty goddess, enshrined saint, scolding like any ordinary, jealous girl——"

"Jealous!" flamed Alicia.

"Oh, I don't mean of McAllister's young affections." Dicky waved that possibility lightly aside. "You've got them anchored all right. But just ordinary plain woman, jealous of another girl's popularity. 'Are there such passions in immortal minds?'"

As he spoke he opened the book to the fly-leaf and handed it to her. Alicia took it wonderingly, her eyes seeking

the explanation rather from him than from the page.

"Read the answer on the fly-leaf of Lord Tennyson's little collection of verse, not in my illuminating countenance," Dicky advised her.

Alicia dropped her gaze to the inscription. The color suffused her face. She kept looking at the three lines longer than she needed to know their tenor.

"Well?" Dicky's voice was soft in his triumphant amusement. "Well, how about the masquerading milliner and the model from Paquin's now?"

Alicia raised her eyes, closed the book, and extended it toward him.

"It seems I was mistaken to a certain extent," she admitted handsomely. "But I have yet to learn that the members of the European aristocracy are invariably well-bred."

She had arisen, and there seemed nothing left for Dicky to do but to follow her example. Yet he had not intended any such curt dismissal of himself and his news when he had hurried with it to Alicia.

"Aren't you even going to advise me what to do?" he demanded in an injured voice.

"I suppose, of course, you will return the property to its owner," said Alicia coldly. "How did you happen to find it, by the way?"

Dicky explained, but though he omitted no detail and lengthened the story interminably, as it seemed to Alicia, yet she stood during the whole of it.

"And you really advise me to walk boldly up to the masquerading nobilities and tell them I share their secret?" he ended the tale.

"I really don't see what you can do but to restore any property which you have found to its owners," said Alicia tartly. "And—please forgive me, Dicky—but I've got a horrid headache, and would you mind——"

"Going? Not in the least, since you really mean it. Why didn't you tell me so long ago? I've been boring you to extinction. Why do you come to that



From the bank above them a crisp dialogue was borne to their ears.

fool meeting of the Players this afternoon if you're not feeling fit?"

"Oh, I'll be all right then. And—Dicky—I'm not inherently ill-natured, you know that, don't you? It's the headache that makes me pick flaws in perfection."

"Oh—that for perfection!" Dicky snapped his finger. "I really agree with you at heart about them, but somehow they've got the place hypnotized. You know even our dear islanders are sufficiently guileless and unsophisticated American to take people at the people's own declared value. And these two—well, they haven't forgotten the countess' rank, even if they didn't advertise it openly. Run along now, and get rid of your headache."

He was off across the lawn, and Alicia went in to the big, cool, spacious, luxurious house. She felt engulfed in a tide of shame at her groundless dislike for the newcomers.

CHAPTER IV.

It was in amateur theatricals that the Belle Terrors shone particularly. With a play, English or French or German, they always closed the season. From all the other islands of lesser social brilliancy came guests and audiences. The "gate-receipts" were really quite large, and they formed the Belle Terrors' one contribution to philanthropy. They were always sent to a children's hospital in New York where there were two free beds maintained by the Belle Terre Players.

The meeting at Evelyn Black's had progressed as noisily and as chaotically as usual. Alicia, who was the star actress of the little community, had taken a less active part than usual in the discussion of what they should give and when.

But her fellow citizens and fellow actors for once seemed a little oblivious of her. It was to Theodosia Von Baum that they paid court, she whom they consulted as to plays and rôles. She had admitted with her little air of half-disdainful ease, that she acted "a little," and the smile with which she said it had

explained the little to the admiring satisfaction of the Belle Terrors.

Alicia, overhearing, had promptly decided to resign her usual position of leading lady, before such a step was even dimly suggested to her. She had done so at once, pleading her absorption in wedding preparations as an excuse. The players bore the defection with equanimity. Of course she would take some part? Oh, of course—and in mind Alicia saw herself back in the ranks of the bearers of trays, the flirters of feather-dusters.

But as long as she had forestalled any possible hint from without that perhaps it might be graceful to let the stranger have the leading part, she was content to do anything. And she made up her mind that though she had only to open a door and to say, "Madame, the girl from Louise's, with madame's hat," she would do it with such distinction as to bring down the house. It was not until the play was chosen and she realized that McAllister, the perennial leading man, would play opposite to Theodosia Von Baum, that she had even a moment's doubt as to her wisdom.

With the customary wrangling and dispute—none of it acrimonious, however—the play was chosen, the parts assigned, rehearsals appointed. It was then that Dicky Wainwright approached Alicia and spoke to her in a low tone.

"I want to ask you not to say anything about what I told you this morning," he said seriously. "Mrs. Grantley and Miss Von Baum are both very much annoyed that the book should have been discovered, and have begged me not to let any one know about the inscription. They refused any explanation; but, of course, the situation is perfectly clear."

"The countess doesn't want her title known? She wants to be incognita in America?" Alicia asked.

"Yes, something of that sort. I don't even know what her exact rank is. But they were overcome with confusion, and even in the face of facts they denied everything. When I couldn't help laughing at that, they laughed, too, but they besought me to say nothing about

anything which I might think I had learned. They want to be known and treated exactly as they have been."

"I should think that might satisfy them," said Alicia dryly. "But it's all right, Dicky. I won't say anything. I won't even kotow or give them away by a salaam or anything."

"Good girl!" Dicky commended her as he wandered off.

But in spite of the admirable precautions of the foreign ladies and the praiseworthy reticence of Mr. Wainwright and Miss Gardner, the rumor was destined to spread. It was apropos of the unfortunate Lucy Wheeler's topazes. Mrs. Wheeler, *belle-mère*, had arrived upon the scene and had no sooner dandled her grandson upon her knee than she had demanded to see the reset gems.

"You know I've never seen the new setting, Lucy," she had said.

Lucy, unsustained by her stalwart husband's presence, had turned pale, and had falteringly broken the news. The indignation of the elder Mrs. Wheeler had been boundless, and she was a lady with power to voice her indignation.

She had not been two hours in the house before the servants had learned of the presence of the detectives on the island, and by back-stairs wireless the news had spread. The result was twofold. There was much indignation among the old servants of the community and there was much speculation.

Out of the speculation and the surmise developed the fact that the steward of the club, from which young Mrs. Wheeler had engaged two extra men on the day of her crush bridge, had been somewhat ignorant concerning the antecedents of one of his waiters. This fact he had hitherto succeeded in keeping hid, but with the whole island buzzing and with the senior Mrs. Wheeler taking personal charge of affairs, concealment became impossible.

By nightfall the trunk of the unfortunate Sims had been ruthlessly searched. The post-office had been interrogated as to his mail. And Sims, although his trunk bore nothing more incriminating than a few paper collars,

and though the post-office testified that no registered parcel had gone forth from him, and though the steward declared that the man could not possibly have left the island at any time since the theft, was under deep suspicion.

There was a hiatus in his references. The detectives, spurred by Mrs. Wheeler Senior into a great zeal to earn their daily wage, undertook to investigate the hiatus. When Sims learned that this investigation was afoot, he turned pale and his forehead broke out in beads of perspiration.

"For God's sake, sir," he said to the steward, "don't let them do that. They'll find—they'll find—what I was trying to live down."

"And what are you trying to live down?" thundered the steward.

The poor wretch confessed. Four years before, during a hard season, he had been a porter in an antique-shop, and—

"It was run by ladies," he explained, wetting his lips, "an' you know what ladies are. They took me on at twelve, but one day when their customs-duties were larger than they thought for, they cut me to ten. My missis was sick abed with our third. So I took the cut. An' it wasn't no time before they put me down to eight, because they wanted a new show-case or something, an' bein' ladies they couldn't realize that they had to spend money to run a store. And my missis was still sick an' the little one had died an'—an'—well, I took some of the little gimcracks around an' pawned them. An' then by and by I took some others an' pawned them so as to get back the first lot, an' it kept up for a month or two, with me nearly crazy, for I'd always been honest up to that time, an' then they caught me—an' that's where I was for eighteen months—in jail."

The mere fact that no connection between Sims and the Wheeler topazes could be established did not prevent his being taken into immediate custody on the completion of his tale. The elder Mrs. Wheeler plumed herself greatly upon having "gotten something done" as soon as she arrived.

Little Lucy had burst into tears and had declared that she didn't believe Sims guilty—she had never had such a nice outside man in the house, she declared. But her mother-in-law and even her husband had promptly reduced her to a sort of whimpering acquiescence in Sims' arrest.

The detectives took great credit to themselves and smoked numerous fat, black cigars. And Sims went up to Portland to await in the detention prison there the gathering of evidence against him.

The island was ringing with these things, when one afternoon a sentimental pair, of whom Evelyn Black was one and Archibald Travers the other, sat half-way down a shelving bank, their backs against a jutting rock, their faces toward the bright waters of the bay.

They were in that stage of sentiment when conversation is not required. For fifteen or twenty minutes they had been sitting silent, occasionally dipping into the volumes of poetry which they had taken with them, occasionally sighing, occasionally exchanging a long and lingering glance, but wasting very few words, when from the bank above them a crisp dialogue was borne to their ears.

They were well out of sight of the speakers, as the speakers were out of their range of vision, but it needed no aid of eyesight to know Mrs. Grantley. Her deep, harsh, English voice—it was in accent rather than in quality of tone that Mrs. Grantley's British antecedents proclaimed themselves—boomed out upon the summer air. Occasionally Miss Von Baum's more musical voice replied.

"The whole island is agog with it," Mrs. Grantley was declaring. "Really, Lady Theodosia, your carelessness is inexcusable. You should have left the jewels at the bankers in New York. What earthly chance will you have to wear such superb things here at this little watering-place? I shall not rest easy until you let me take them at least to Portland and deposit them in a safety-vault."

"Oh, dear Tante Loretta," protested the young girl lightly, "why do you

bother yourself so? Haven't they caught the poor wretch who took that little Mrs. Wheeler's little trinkets? They're not going to keep on letting him steal. The sapphires and the pearls were never safer, I am sure, than here and now. What is that proverb about the lightning never striking twice in the same place? And, aunt, do you realize what you've called me?"

"What did I call you?" demanded Mrs. Grantley impatiently.

"You called me Lady Theodosia," the girl repeated.

"Well, that was indiscreet, I admit, my dear," said the elder lady, "but there's no one nearer than that sea-gull out there to profit by my lapse."

"Ah, the very breezes are full of ears," the girl replied. Evelyn and Archibald Travers in the nook below laughed silently, and exchanged the quick hand-clasp of conspirators. They did not consider themselves eavesdroppers so much as participants in a delicious and unexpected drama.

"I don't want to bother you, La—Theodosia, I mean," the elder woman went on, "but aren't you almost tired of the masquerade? It really seems to me one of the duller little pretentious places I've ever been in."

"I suppose it will begin to pall by and by. But you don't know how I've liked it, being taken on my own worth and not on my inherited rank. At any rate I must stay until after their little play. Then, maybe, we'll slip away again, and you can get back to your beloved Nice and Monte Carlo."

"And the sapphires and the pearls?"

"Dear Tante Loretta, they are as safe as if they were in the dungeon vault of Schloss Von—there I go, almost as imprudent as you yourself! Well, I know they're perfectly safe. And some night I want to wear them and dazzle everybody. No one knows I have them and no one will be likely to try to rob me, even if, as I said, they hadn't locked the poor thief up. Come on, dear. I've promised to go riding with Mr. Freer at four. It's great fun, this playing at being an American girl of no rank!"

"I don't half like it," grumbled Mrs. Grantley, apparently rising. "And as for young Mr. Freer—you don't want to add a broken engagement to the list of your summer's amusements, I hope."

"What a nasty thing to say! He's absolutely devoted to his acid little gipsy, and is only polite to me because—because——"

"Never mind the reason," laughed the older woman. They moved away, and the sound of their retreating laughter was borne to Evelyn and Archibald beneath.

"Lady Theodosia!" gasped Evelyn, putting her hand theatrically upon her heart. "Lady Theodosia—what a day for Belle Terre! Come, Archibald, no more Mr. William Butler Yeats for me this afternoon, if you please. I've other fish to fry."

"Whom are you going to tell first?" demanded Archibald.

"Old Mrs. Wheeler," replied Evelyn promptly. "She snubbed me this morning over my fondness for making acquaintance with strangers, and she said that to her mind our beauteous guest looked like a wax model in a hairdresser's window, except that she did not have so amiably vacuous an expression."

"Well, if you tell old lady Wheeler, you needn't tell any one else. Everybody'll know it before dinner. And there's no denying that the girl has an air."

"How many of us, do you suppose, will be invited to the Schloss Von—don't you wish we'd got the whole name? I want to be presented at the German court or the Austrian court or whatever court she hangs out at."

"Evelyn, there's a lamentable tendency toward slang in you. It ill becomes an associate with hereditary rank and greatness. They won't care for that in the first circles of either Berlin or Vienna. You want to model yourself conversationally more after me."

"Oh, you!" Evelyn laughed affectionately. "Perhaps I'd better not tell any one, but share the knowledge with you alone. And you can go in and lay siege to her ladyship's young affections, and

maybe you can win them and marry her, and I can be one of the bridesmaids along with countesses and highnesses and serenities galore."

"When you're a bridesmaid at any wedding where I'm a chief actor," replied Archibald meaningly, "you just kindly let me know, will you?"

"It's a great chance for you. Unless, of course, she belongs to the impoverished nobility—but the sapphires and pearls sound reassuring. You might do worse, Archibald, my friend."

"Do you think?"—Archibald spoke seriously now—"that there is really anything in Freer's dangling around her? He was rather conspicuously her cavalier during that month before Alicia came home, wasn't he? If Alicia should get hurt——"

"If Alicia should get hurt," repeated Evelyn viciously, "the Lady Theodosia, rank or no rank, would be minus a pair of sapphire-blue eyes. I'd scratch 'em out."

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Lorrimer would deeply have resented the charge of snobbishness. That, she maintained, was a vice peculiar to those unfortunates who were not sure of their social standing; for her part, she was so sure of hers that she even proclaimed herself a socialist. And at that time in the world's history only two classes indulged themselves in this denomination—the deeply discontented and those contented to the point of utter satiety. No one, knowing Mr. Lorrimer's ample income, could suspect Mrs. Lorrimer of being a socialist of the former class.

In spite of the lady's democratic pretensions, those who knew her best claimed to discover something more eager in her acquaintance with Miss Von Baum after the spread of the "ladyship" story than had been noticeable before. Mrs. Lorrimer might have retorted, had she been aware of the imputation against her, with the fact that most of the women of Belle Terre seemed to share her fresh ardor for the young lady.

No one had spoken to either Theodosia or Mrs. Grantley on the subject of the conversation which Evelyn Black and Archibald Travers had taken such delicious and naive pride in repeating. But there was public recognition of it, notwithstanding. No one exactly kotowed or salaamed, as Alicia Gardner had bitterly put it—Alicia herself being conspicuously free from any taint of extra-admiration since the spread of the tale—but every one had been extremely cordial.

The two foreign ladies were more frequently than before the guests of honor. More automobiles waited before the club portals to spin them around the restricted course of the island. There were more overtures to intimacy on the part of the young girls. Rusty French and decrepit German were furbished up and rehabilitated, and were used now and then in a cosmopolitan sort of way, testifying to the user's entire fitness for court life.

But it was at Mrs. Lorrimer's dinner to Miss Von Baum—to follow the young lady's modest example and keep titles in the background—that the glorification tendency reached its height. Dinners, gay and pretty and luxurious, were common enough upon the island every summer. But no such "splurge" as Mrs. Lorrimer's in honor of the two strangers had ever been seen. All sorts of novelties were imported for the occasion.

The banquet was given in a great glass-enclosed piazza overlooking the sea. This room, with its huge stone fireplace, its ledges of hothouse flowers, its rugs and its wonderful vista through the mammoth panes of clear glass, was always one of the show places of the island. But to-night its beauty was a hundredfold accentuated. The great fountain in the center was shone upon by iridescent lights so that the fall of the waters was fairylike. The tables ranged round this central point were marvels of decoration. Even nature had been subsidized for the occasion, and a white moon rode high in the sky, silvering the sea outside.

The lights within, soft and warm as

they were, were nevertheless not so garish as to spoil the delicate beauty of the outdoor night. A band, all the way from New York, discoursed gentle melodies for the occasion. It was whispered that when the eating and drinking were over, a wonderful entertainer was to amuse the guests for an hour or so.

McAllister Freer found himself during two of the courses—for the dinner was of that athletic variety known as "progressive"—seated beside the younger of the guests of honor. Curiously enough, she did not seem in her usual good spirits. Her smile was a little less ready and a little more abstracted than was customary with her. A touch of pensiveness—almost of melancholy—toned down the exuberance of her youth and beauty.

But she had never seemed to McAllister quite so lovely or quite so appealing. He was used to finding his pulses quickened by her provocative coquetries, but never before had any hint of weariness or of sadness about her touched the chivalrous sense in him.

They had commented upon the beauty of the scene, upon the charm of the dinner. McAllister, like all of the rest of the island, was "respecting" the countess' incognita. Nevertheless, again like most of the island, his manner was touched with the knowledge of it. She suddenly turned to him and accused him of his knowledge.

"You've heard that silly story about me," she challenged him, "and you're not treating me as you did before you heard it. It's all nonsense, at best. Do not remember it—I assure you that there is nothing real in it, and that the whole thing could easily be explained—and treat me as you did last week, as a—as a comrade. That is your American word for it, is it not?"

"That's not the word I should have chosen," answered McAllister lightly, in the tone of badinage which had been customary between them.

"Ah, how badly you pretend! You have eyes and ears for only one—and you are right. She is altogether worthy and charming. But never have I seen

any one who could less well take the part of the man of disengaged affections. Why, even in our play, even when we are stage lovers, you and I, you do not forget!"

"You're wounding me in a sensitive point. I pride myself so on my histrionic talent."

"Ah, well! What does it all matter? I'm a little tired to-night and am inclined to pick flaws in all my friends. I suppose that we are friends, Mr. Freer?"

"I should be sorry to think that we were not," replied McAllister. He looked at her with the conscientious expression of sentiment which the situation seemed to demand, and Alicia from a table in the corner marked the look and broke off abruptly in a sentence she was uttering.

"I wonder if we should be friends if you really knew me," speculated Miss Von Baum.

"That, I suppose, would depend upon your graciousness' or your serenity's whim," McAllister dared her. "Of course, you understand that I use highness in no literal sense, but merely as an expression of fealty from a subject man."

"If you knew me as I really 'am!'" She spoke musingly, and without paying attention to his reply. "But of course you never will. Of course no human being ever does really know another human being; much less a man, a woman."

"Oh, I grant you none of us is omniscient," McAllister answered lightly. "But we all know one another well enough for ordinary purposes. If we knew much more, I fancy that all those fine principles which the world has set up for its maintenance would go by the board. If one really knew, for instance, all the temptations of, say, a poor wretch like that waiter they clapped into jail the other day, I don't suppose you could find a judge or jury sufficiently hard-hearted to punish him. And so with us all. It's our half-knowledge and our quarter-knowledge that makes it possible for us to play the game of civilization."

She ignored his philosophy, but leaped upon the tangible point of his remarks.

"Ah, then you are sorry for that poor man, too! Do you know, I am glad of that. I am. It seems to me a dreadful thing that any one should be put into a jail on mere suspicion. Suppose he is innocent, what redress will he ever have for those hideous days and nights? Oh, I don't see how Mrs. Wheeler, who seems so soft and kind, could do such a thing."

"I fancy Mrs. Wheeler feels much as you do about it. But, you see, that's a very impossible way to feel in this world where justice must be done and jewels must be saved for pretty ladies to wear. Of course the poor fool did take them—there was no one else to do it. He'd help his situation if he'd confess, and give up his pawn-tickets or his hiding-place."

Mrs. Lorrimer, her bosom swelling beneath a coruscation of diamonds and rubies with a sense of success achieved, gave the signal, and the ladies rustled from their tables and shimmered out of the room. In a few minutes the roseate and silvery lights were obscured by clouds of tobacco, puffing from a score of masculine throats.

"Make the most of these few minutes," advised the host, "for madame has a surprise of some sort to spring upon us, and won't allow us more than a quarter of an hour off duty."

The butler approached Mr. Lorrimer at that moment.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said in a low tone, "but Mrs. Lorrimer would like to speak to you in the writing-room."

"Why, she isn't even giving us fifteen minutes," grumbled the husband to the man to whom he had just spoken. "Never mind, I'll insist upon our rights as free-born citizens." He went out of the room in the wake of the butler. In a few minutes he came back, his face grave and a little pale.

"Did you get an extension of time from Mrs. Lorrimer, Harold, old man?" demanded Travers, who had heard the conversation before the host had left the room.

"There'll be no trouble at all about that," replied Lorrimer absently. "It's something else. Don't say anything about it, Travers—or you either, Wilton—but her maid has just told Amy that her pearl necklace has disappeared from her dressing-room. Don't make any noise about it," he added swiftly as the men seemed about to exclaim. "I dare say there's some mistake. I told Amy to have the girl look farther before raising any general alarm."

"Oh, the beads are probably there all right," said Travers, an incorrigible optimist in regard to other people's troubles. "But all the women have been having fits since Lucy Wheeler's stones were lost. I believe they hide 'em in such secure places that they'll never be able to find them, themselves, again."

"Undoubtedly," agreed the host absently-mindedly.

But when the summons to the entertainment which Mrs. Lorrimer had provided came, it was observed by those in the secret that Mr. Lorrimer disappeared for ten minutes and was busy at the telephone. The entertainment went haltingly, as is apt to be the case when its givers are obviously distracted. By the close of the evening the story had percolated through the rooms. Theodosia Von Baum turned to McAllister Freer, who stood near her, when it was whispered to her.

"See," she said. "They can't make that poor waiter responsible for this, since he's in the Portland jail. After all, I think it would be better to know more than we do rather than less. But



As she spoke she drew out of a chamois case a long string of alternating diamonds and sapphires.

poor Mrs. Lorrimer! What a horrid ending to her pretty party!"

The next morning Mrs. Grantley appeared at the house of Dicky Wainwright's sister, bearing a leather jewel-case in her hands, and wearing an expression of deep anxiety.

"My dear Mrs. Constable," she began, "you can do us the greatest favor. I am told that Mr. Constable has some very particular kind of a safe built in his room—something quite superior to anything else on the island, and certainly to that ordinary little safe at the club, which any husky burglar could carry away on his shoulder, I should think. If it is so, will you allow me to leave this case with him? It contains"—she unlocked it nervously as she spoke and drew out of a chamois case a long string of alternating diamonds and sapphires, and out of other smaller bags pendants and brooches of the same gems

—“these stones which belong to—to Miss Von Baum. She is so careless that I am in constant fear for them, since these robberies. Could you—would you—”

“Of course, we’d be delighted to do you any service, Mrs. Grantley,” replied Mrs. Constable. “The only thing is the fear that the gems might not be more secure here than anywhere else. My husband, it is true, has quite a wonderful safe, fireproof and burglar-proof, and all sorts of things, because he has to keep so many important documents by him. But I don’t suppose the absolutely burglar-proof safe has ever been invented, and if anything should happen to Miss Von Baum’s jewels while they were in our charge—” Her vocabulary failed to express the horror of that contingency.

But Mrs. Grantley would take no denial. In the unlikely event of a robbery of the Constable safe, Miss Von Baum and Mrs. Grantley would hold the Constables utterly blameless, she assured the demurring lady. And meantime it would be such a load off her mind!

The result was that Mrs. Constable finally watched the extinction of the glitter in the chamois bags, the closing and locking of the leather case, and received that object to consign to the safe. As she took it over her quick eyes noticed upon the age-dimmed morocco the outlines of a coronet, below which a monogram was faintly visible.

“I feel a little as though we had the British crown jewels in our keeping,” she told her husband later in the day. “I wonder who the girl is, anyway? Titles don’t count for so very much in those little German principalities, but she may be one of the really great.”

“Don’t hope it,” her husband advised her. “She’s much too good-looking. All the near-royal aristocracy are frumps.”

CHAPTER VI.

It had come to this with Alicia, that her heart was consumed with jealousy. Through jealousy she interpreted every look and every word of McAllister’s

both to herself and to the girl who had aroused the uncomfortable passion in her. And jealousy is the most cruel of interpreters. Every tenderness which her lover bestowed upon her she twisted into a conscientious attempt to do his duty, or a remorseful welling up of pity for her. Every indifferent laugh, every obvious lightness, which he bestowed upon Theodosia, Alicia was able to read as a zealous attempt again to do his duty or as an unworthy effort to blind her to the real situation.

Day and night she thought about the situation. She lost sleep, she grew pale and hollow-eyed. Her mother averred, after the formula of mothers, that she was “overdoing.” Miss Von Baum herself was profuse in sympathy, Mrs. Grantley advised a tonic, and only Dicky Wainwright had any inkling of the true state of affairs.

Dicky, to do him justice, did not believe that McAllister’s conduct justified any distrust on Alicia’s part. It did not occur to Dicky, blindly loyal soul that he was, that any one could prefer the rounded, peachy beauty of Theodosia to the dark thorniness of his own innamorata. But, whoever was to blame, he felt loyally indignant that anything should happen to cloud the serenity of Alicia’s last days as a girl. In consequence of this he devoted himself a good deal to her.

McAllister, the least jealous and in some ways the best discerning of men, never interposed any objection to Dicky’s attentions. He did not pay them that compliment. And so it happened that during the extra rehearsals which the star and her leading man had to give to their important scenes—rehearsals which did not require the attendance of all the Belle Terre players—Dicky bestowed the cheer of his society upon Alicia.

Alicia never let herself “go.” She was always sternly locking her suspicions up in her heart, sternly reproving herself for her own unworthiness, bitterly demanding of herself if she would rather not see her lover happy with another woman than unhappy with herself. But she made no public, or in-

deed private, confession of her state of mind.

McAllister, finding her rather "difficult," accepted her mother's explanation, and wished that the wedding preliminaries were not so exhausting to a bride-elect. The little tantrums on indifferent matters with which it must be admitted Alicia favored him, he dismissed lightly as evidences of an overwrought, nervous condition. And his gentle and airy dismissal of her moods or his sweet patience with them, Alicia, immediately defined as remorseful efforts to make up to her for a wavering allegiance.

And Miss Theodosia Von Baum, whose clear eyes nothing escaped, amused herself in rather diabolic fashion by a more and more obvious annexation of young Freer.

One afternoon there was a rehearsal of the entire company called at the club-house, but when the assembly met it was discovered that three of the actors had not yet come in from sailing. As a dead calm prevailed over the waters, the hour of their return seemed indefinite. The rehearsal therefore dwindled to two or three scenes in which the remaining members of the company could take part.

At the close of these, Miss Von Baum was of the opinion that she and Mr. Freer ought to work up a better effect in the great scenes which they had together, and she begged the others to stay and be a critical audience. But Alicia, though she smilingly agreed that the great scenes ought to be worked up further, also declared that she herself was famishing for fresh air, and that she must go out in quest of it. Dicky cheerfully volunteered to accompany her, and as the two disappeared, Theodosia turned to Alicia's fiancé with a smile and a questioning eyebrow.

"You are very good-natured, monsieur, or you are very—phlegmatic." McAllister looked at her with honest inquiry in his face. "Oh, do you not understand me? In my country a lover—a lover who loved—would not care to see his affianced wife always—she stressed the word faintly—"always

with another man, even one so harmless as Monsieur Wainwright."

McAllister flushed with a little annoyance. Then he laughed, or at least essayed to laugh. "Oh, that!" he said. "That's nothing. They've grown up together. Besides—I suppose we do these things a little differently in this country."

"A little better, also, I suppose you think?"

"You sha'n't make me boast to-day. I don't feel spread-eagle."

"But you do think that your relations between men and women here in America are better than ours in the old world, don't you?" Theodosia persisted. She had come quite close to him and had raised her face earnestly toward him. As always, her immediate presence stirred him. But he met the upraised eyes with a smiling glance. "You think that it is possible for men and women to be intimate without sentiment, without emotion?" Theodosia's inquiring mood would not be denied.

"I never generalize on these topics. Every man and every woman make a new combination," returned McAllister.

"You and I, too?" Her voice was very soft. She dropped her eyes so that the long curling lashes rested against the soft rose of her cheek. With delicate fingers she fluttered at a thread upon his coat-sleeve. McAllister felt himself growing unsteady.

"You and I, too—without sentiment, without emotion?" Now she raised her eyes again and threw back her head. Her eyes, as blue as a winter-evening sky and as bright, held a thousand alluring imps in their depths. Her lips were smiling. McAllister's blood responded. His arm closed about her shoulders.

"Oh, as I said, every man and every woman make a new combination, and you and I—and you and I—" He bent his face toward hers.

The door opened. Alicia came in.

"Oh, I beg pardon for interrupting rehearsal," she said easily and lightly, "but I've left my purse somewhere. Ah, here it is." She picked up a gold-

meshed thing from the table. "Good-by again—this time really."

McAllister and Theodosia Von Baum stood facing each other. The man's arm had fallen from its embrace the instant Alicia had entered the room. He had not recovered himself even enough to speak—indeed, she had scarcely given them time. A swift attack of self-loathing and disgust seized him. His face was pale, his eyes angry. Theodosia laughed lightly.

"She carried it off well, your Alicia," she hazarded.

"She bore herself in a loathsome situation like a well-bred woman," answered McAllister sharply. "I owe her, as I do you"—his manner became conventional again—"a thousand apologies. I do not deserve that you should pardon my impertinence, Miss Von Baum—"

Again Theodosia laughed, and it struck McAllister that her laugh was singularly unpleasant.

"The chivalrous American gentleman assumes all the responsibility! I have always heard that that is what is expected of chivalrous American gentlemen. But I— Oh, I'm willing to bear my share of the burden of guilt. 'The woman tempted you' and you came extremely near eating, Mr. American *Gentilhomme*!"

Nodding insolently to him she left the room. And McAllister gave himself up to considering what he should say to Alicia when they met.

CHAPTER VII.

"They can't hold that Sims on any evidence they have," said Mrs. Constable, addressing a group of intimates at luncheon. "They've had to let him go. And, of course, Amy Lorrimer's pearls must have been taken by some one else. Sims may be a clever thief, but he isn't clever enough to steal by long-distance or by wireless. I suppose, though, that by and by the light-fingered gentry will be able to make use of modern inventions for some such end as that."

"Has anything been heard about Amy Lorrimer's pearls?" It was Lucy Wheeler who asked the question in a meek

voice. Lucy's mother-in-law had gone away from Belle Terre, but Lucy's tones had not yet recovered their natural buoyancy.

"Nothing has been learned definitely," said Mrs. Gardner. "But John tells me that Chesterton's theory—"

"Chesterton? Who's Chesterton?"

"He's the head of the big private detective bureau that the Lorrimeres got to come down here. He thinks that there's a regular gang of professional thieves operating on the island this summer. Sims, according to him, was one of them. And Sims was able to conceal his booty by the aid of the others. It was one of the others who stole Amy Lorrimer's pearls."

"Did she have any strange men in, the night of her dinner? I thought that her own staff was large enough for that." It was Mrs. Constable who spoke again.

"No, she did not have in any outside men, but some of her own people are new this summer. And it turns out that she engaged them through the same agency that supplied the club. It seems it's an agency quite clever at finding servants for country-places."

"Excellent opportunities for looting," I suppose is the recommendation for the service that the agency holds out to enterprising thieves," theorized some one.

"Goodness knows! At any rate, I don't think any one is sleeping very soundly on the island just now," said Mrs. Gardner. "We've sent our poor trinkets up to the bank. No ostentatious display for us the rest of the summer. I think John would feel better if the plate had gone, too, and if we were eating off Britannia ware."

"It's quite the horriddest thing that ever happened to us," remarked Mrs. Constable. "Even such things as laces begin to seem a temptation. I should think you'd fit out the sewing-room at your place with burglar-alarm," she said to Mrs. Gardner. "You have so many lovely things there, making for Alicia."

"Alicia!" Mrs. Gardner spoke with motherly exasperation to the group of

her intimates. "I don't know what to make of that girl. I'm sure that when I was going to be married, I took at least an interest in my trousseau. I cared about what I was going to have—and it was much less worth caring about than what Alicia is going to have. But she takes no more interest in the whole matter than if she were going to enter a convent in November, and had no outfit to get ready except a serge robe and a veil."

"She's looking rather peaked, since she came home, I think," said Lucy Wheeler. "But then, girls so often do get themselves overwrought before their weddings, what with their clothes and their furnishings for their new homes and the exactions of their beaux."

"There never was a less exacting creature on earth than McAllister Freer," declared his prospective mother-in-law, with admiring emphasis. "Why, do you know, that girl of mine actually went over to Snowdon three days ago without letting him know that she was going? I told her that it was no way to treat a man, even if he was the most long-suffering of his sex. But she only smiled and insisted upon starting at once on a visit to Elsie Lewis. A nice time for her to go off visiting! She'll be back this afternoon. And when I told McAllister, apologizing for her as best I could, for I assure you I am ashamed of my daughter's moods and tenses, he only looked as though he had been struck, but not for one instant angry. If I had treated John Gardner in that fashion twenty-seven years ago I don't think that—that there'd have been any—"

"Wedding-bells for you," Lucy Wheeler finished for the elder woman, whose eyes had been distracted toward the road.

"Why, there comes Alicia now," she said. "I didn't think that she was coming down until the afternoon boat."

Alicia came in and joined the group at the luncheon-table. She bore herself with her usual gallant erectness. She smiled with a sort of determined bravery as she addressed the little gathering of intimate friends. But there

was no mistaking the look of suffering on her face. To her mother's exclamations over her unexpected return at that hour, she said that she had recalled the fact of the final rehearsal for the play that afternoon and had been rowed over from Snowdon in order to attend it. She gave trivial messages from Elsie Lewis to the members of the party, and at Mrs. Constable's urgent hospitality, accepted a cup of bouillon and a roll, with which she played un hungrily for a few minutes.

"Your mother's just been singing the praises of your young man," said Lucy Wheeler. A bright blush dyed Alicia's pale face.

"I've been saying," explained Mrs. Gardner, with humorous impatience, "that you're enough to try the patience of a saint, Alicia, and that as McAllister seems to bear with you, he must be very near one."

"Oh, he's giving her her own gait now," nodded Mrs. Constable, "but you'll find him drawing the reins close after they're married."

"Don't let them frighten you, Alicia," said Lucy Wheeler. "It'll be your own fault if you don't keep him in hand as well afterward as before. It's all a question of tact."

"And affection, a little affection," supplemented Mrs. Constable.

Alicia smiled a trifle wanly. "Tact and a little affection," she repeated. "Do I have to supply them both? Or will he contribute one of the qualities to the situation?"

"According to your mother, there isn't much question as to his contributing an enormous amount of the second quality at any rate."

Lucy Wheeler spoke with gentle stress. She was very fond of Alicia, and she was near enough to the days of her own engagement to remember many things which the older women had forgotten. Some faint glimmering of the true state of Alicia's heart had been born out of her loving interest and sympathy with her friend. She wanted to keep before the girl the thought of McAllister's love for her—a love in which Lucy believed heartily, in spite of Theo-

dosia Von Baum. Alicia sent her a grateful glance across the table.

"Indeed, there's not," asseverated Mrs. Gardner in continuation of the remark which Lucy had just made. "If ever I saw a man who is bound up in a girl, that man——"

"Mother!" protested Alicia.

Mrs. Gardner looked her annoyance. "Now, Alicia, what's the good of mock-modesty? Haven't you known every one of these women since you were in long clothes? Why shouldn't you acknowledge what every one of them all know, that you're an extremely fortunate girl?"

Alicia's reassuring answer was to burst into tears.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was after the full-dress rehearsal of "The Flight and the Return," that Alicia sat in a window embrasure with the ever-faithful Dicky, and watched the congratulating crowd cluster about Theodosia Von Baum and McAllister.

Alicia, sternly and even morbidly holding herself to strict justice, admitted that the Belle Terre players had never seen such acting as the leading man and the leading woman gave in this play. The foreigner was touched with the genuine dramatic fire, and some of its warmth and vividness had imparted itself to the always agreeable and graceful amateur, Mr. Freer. There had been moments in scenes between the two when the little group of club critics had fairly caught their breath, swept along on the current of strong feeling.

And now that the rehearsal was over, some of the excitement of their parts enveloped them both. As they stood, flushed and smiling, receiving the felicitations of their friends, Alicia thought that she had never seen McAllister so self-forgetful, so lifted out of the prosaic. Her eyes were wounded by the sight, and the hurt was in them as she turned toward Dicky, lounging beside her.

"Dicky," she said, "I've known you for a long time."

"True." Dicky sighed heavily. "And yet, Alicia, how little you have responded to the beneficent influence! Some twenty years of contact with the best, and yet—see what you are!" But Alicia did not smile.

"Don't be funny just now," she requested gravely. "I'm in trouble, and I don't know where to go for advice, unless you will give it to me."

"Royalty in all ages has taken counsel from its clowns," replied Dicky, "and has generally done well. Go on, Alicia, and I'll do my best for you. I'm not a fountainhead of wisdom, but I've knocked around considerably and I have, I think I may say without vanity, cut my eye-teeth."

"You know that I—that I—am very fond of McAllister?" Alicia plunged in without preliminary. Dicky flashed a quick look at her, serious enough now.

"You're not the kind to be marrying him, else," he said.

"Ah, marrying him! But I don't know whether that's what I am doing, Dicky."

"What do you mean?" Dicky's voice was sharp enough now.

"I don't want to be a jealous goose of a girl," answered Alicia, smiling faintly. "But I'm inclined to think that McAllister made a mistake when he thought he was in love with me. And I've found out his mistake for him sooner than he himself."

"Don't be Delphic or Henry Jamesy or anything of that sort. You know I'm only a plain citizen. I think you're talking nonsense, but you'll have to tell me what it is."

"Look over there." Alicia nodded toward the group at the other end of the room. McAllister was leaning over the leading lady, laughing at one of her sallies, and almost, as it were, showing off her brilliancy and wit to the group around them. There was something, to Alicia's mind, half proprietary as well as admiring in his attitude.

"I see," said Dicky. "And I think if that's what gives you your notions, you're off on as wild a goose-chase as ever a lady ran. That girl is a born

coquette. She exacts admiration, she exacts the attitude of devotion. I know, for I, too, am a man, and therefore have not entirely escaped her wiles. I tell you, the air with which she would take a glass of water from a man would be enough to convince the onlooker that a serious intrigue was in progress—and, by Jove, partly to convince the man of the same thing."

"I suppose there are women like that," agreed Alicia drearily. "But it isn't just her air of accepting McAllister's ordinary courtesy or even the extraordinary intimacy which this play has brought between them. It's—it's—well, I don't think I should speak of it, even to you, Dicky. But I saw—I—"

"You mean that you think you have seen signs of a real sentiment on McAllister's part? You needn't tell me about them. But unless you saw him haling the lady off, willy-nilly, to a justice of the peace and shrieking that she should be his bride, I wouldn't pay much attention even to the evidences of my senses. You don't know women like that. And you don't know men, if you'll forgive me mentioning your ignorance, my dear Alicia."

"Well, I don't think I want to know them any better than I do," Alicia answered, a dark flush at the recollection of the scene which she had surprised rising to her forehead.

Dicky watched her thoughtfully for a few seconds. The recording angel was busy at that moment placing shining white marks to Mr. Wainwright's account. He cared more for Alicia than for any other human being. He would have esteemed himself the most fortunate man in the world to call her his wife. The Fates had placed a tempting opportunity in his hands. And Dicky, quite aware that this was his chance to make standing with Alicia at McAllister Freer's expense, forbore—was not even greatly tempted, not because he did not desire Alicia, but because he held, simply and unostentatiously, to a gentleman's code.

Dicky could never be strongly tempted to do anything which, as he himself would have said, "had a streak

of yellow in it." Nor did he regard it as "noble" to abstain from such actions.

"Alicia, my dear," he said, "don't be a young lady, a miss with a lot of missish notions. You do want to know more of men; you want to know more of the man you love, who happens to be one of the most decent chaps in the world. And I can tell you what you probably wouldn't listen to from him—that there are lawless, even polygamous, if you will, tendencies in men, which civilization has not entirely overlaid. They sleep for decades at a time. In the decent fellow they are always kept in check by his sense of his responsibilities. But they are there, and a sensible woman might as well recognize it first as last. Women like our friend there"—he nodded toward Theodosia—"are perfectly aware of those restless currents in even the most orderly male being, and they use their knowledge for their own amusement. It isn't love that they inspire generally. It's a moment's infatuation, and a month's disgust."

"You talk like a philosopher, dear Dicky," Alicia smiled at him. "Perhaps you're right. The world isn't quite such a pleasant place as we girls are taught in our academies. Well—I'll see. At any rate, I won't do what I was on the point of doing. I had thought of"—she twisted her lips into a sad little grimace—"I had thought of giving him up to her. That's what they teach you is true nobility."

"True tommyrot," growled Dicky. "Give him up—give up any man who proves such a complete imbecile as not to know when he has the best thing in the world. But, for Heaven's sake, don't give up a man because for once or twice he prances when a Theodosia Von Baum pulls the strings. You might as well renounce him as a weak character because he lost his hat in a March gale, or blistered his nose sailing in dog-days."

And thus it was that Dicky Wainwright laid up for himself treasure in heaven as an unselfish and sensible man, and thus it was that Alicia Gardner was delayed in that dramatic renunciation

of her happiness upon which she had been more than half resolved.

CHAPTER IX.

The Greenleaf "girls" were giving a dance in special honor of the Players. It was the night after the triumphant production of "The Flight and the Return." The Greenleaf girls were staid

ly, but because their favorite nephew and his bride were their guests.

Their big, rambling house—it had begun as a bungalow thirty-five years before and still retained some of the characteristics of that style of dwelling—was brilliant with lights and flowers and pretty frocks. The ladies themselves were very dignified in rose point, lavender crêpe and ancestral jewels.



She seemed almost superhumanly lovely and resplendent.

ladies of forty-seven and fifty-three respectively, but when Belle Terre was settled, thirty years before, they were more appropriately using the friendly title and it had never been denied them since.

They entertained remarkably well, with something of old-fashioned stateliness. This year they were rather inclined to excel their former best, not because of the foreign ladies particular-

ly, but because their favorite nephew and his bride were their guests. Their big, rambling house—it had begun as a bungalow thirty-five years before and still retained some of the characteristics of that style of dwelling—was brilliant with lights and flowers and pretty frocks. The ladies themselves were very dignified in rose point, lavender crêpe and ancestral jewels. But the most resplendent figure of all was Theodosia Von Baum's. She wore a frock of silver net over azure, and never did human creature look more like an animated moonbeam on the sea. She had taken her gems out of Mrs. Constable's safe, but the glittering ropes of diamond and sapphire could not detract from the brilliancy of her eyes. She seemed almost superhumanly lovely and resplendent.

It was to be her last appearance in the society of the island. Two days later she and her chaperon were to go down to New York. Many had been the tentative suggestions thrown out to them as to their further destination, but the ladies had eluded inquiry; Theodosia with subtle smiles that half admitted all that the questioners half implied of her rank and her resumption of it, and the elder lady with a brusque intimation that she did not intend to be "pumped."

The two had happened to have the dressing-room alone when they had gone up to remove their wraps. As the deferential maids had piled the filmy garments in the improvised lockers arranged for them, Mrs. Grantley, pretending to rearrange a fold of Theodosia's gown, had spoken in a low tone to her charge.

"Mind you," she had whispered, you'll make a terrible mistake if you overdo this thing. Let the Freer man alone—and let other things alone. Enough's as good as a feast."

Theodosia had favored her friend with a dazzling smile.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, with a curiously flippant intonation that somehow smacked of the streets. "I was always something of a glutton. And he's a good deal of a prig—he deserves to be bowled over. As for her—" An insolent shrug completed the sentence.

"You don't deceive me with your countess airs," answered Mrs. Grantley tartly. "You're half in love with the man."

"Well, and if I am?" Theodosia's eyes were narrowed and her nostrils dilated as she looked at her chaperon.

"Well, remember who you are—that's all. If you recall that you're likely to realize how much good being in love with him is likely to do you."

"Yes," sighed Theodosia heavily. "The restrictions of rank!" And then they swept regally out of the room and down the broad stairs.

Alicia, dark and gipsylike in her lemon-colored silk, was obviously ill at ease during the early part of the eve-

ning. The most Spartan resolutions in the world will hardly enable a loving young woman to hide successfully the gnawing of the fox of jealousy at her vitals. Alicia flattered herself that she had behaved perfectly, that she had given McAllister no cause for complaint, no clue to her real state of mind.

And it was true that she had succeeded in bewildering him as to the cause of her moodiness, for she had dismissed his troubled attempt at explanation of the scene which she had witnessed in the club-house with an almost overdone airiness and insistence upon regarding it as part of the play. But she had not at all succeeded in hiding the fact that she was moody, irritable, verging on hysterics. Had there been no lovely Theodosia for him to dangle after, Alicia's conduct gave him ample excuse for avoiding her society. Indeed, even her commands did that. She told him shortly that she had a headache, that she was tired, that she hated dancing, that the lights made her eyes ache, that she wanted to be left alone for half an hour, that—that—anything, so that he would leave her.

So that, a little hurt and very much nonplused, Mr. Freer drifted back to his place as the chief of Miss Von Baum's courtiers. He had distrusted both her intentions and his own strength of purpose since the day when he had so nearly embraced her, but—well, Alicia would have none of him to-night, and the beautiful princess was sailing over seas in a day or two, and what was the harm, anyway?

And when Alicia saw them dancing together, her heart cried out bitterly in her bosom, and she abruptly declared to the youth whose doubtful privilege it was to sit out the waltz with her, that she was too tired to stand the noise of the music any longer, that she must go away and rest for a few minutes. And the unreluctant swain conducted her to the door of the dressing-room.

Alicia was almost as much at home in the house of the Greenleaf girls as in her father's. Almost her earliest recollections of the island were of being taken, a very scrubbed and starched lit-

the maid of five, to call on the kind ladies who petted her and talked to her with such charming recognition of her importance and maturity. So that when she reached the dressing-room she had no hesitation in saying to the maid who was in charge that she felt very tired and ill, and would like to go into Miss Eleanor's bedroom, adjoining, and lie down.

If Alicia had asked to have Miss Eleanor's bed removed for her, it would never have occurred to Hannah, the maid, to deny the request. She bustled in, placed pillows on the couch at the foot of the bed, and threw a coverlet over Alicia, and drew a screen around her to shut out the glare of the dressing-room lights and left her.

It was a big Japanese screen and, with the high foot-board of Miss Eleanor's old-fashioned mahogany bed, it made a little compartment in which Alicia was almost completely shut out from view. She lay there idly looking at the gray outlines of Fuji Yama on the folds of the screen, and computing the number of lines it took to make a Japanese picture, for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes.

She heard the waltz change to a quadrille, and that in turn end. The silencing of the band was the signal for a melodious outburst of talk and laughter which traversed the halls and penetrated even to Alicia's retreat. Two or three girls entered the room beyond, and she heard their requests for powder or pins and their excited, laughing reports of their dances. Then the band struck up again and the dressing-room was deserted.

Alicia lay with closed eyes listening to the music. Her thoughts beat in rhythmic time with the dance. "He does not love, he does not love, he does not love me as he did." The foolish refrain kept time with the pulsing measures below. No matter how wise a philosophy Dicky Wainwright talked, no matter how her own common sense reenforced Dicky's wisdom, no matter how much she told herself that this feeling of MacAllister's for Theodosia was a passing intoxication,

her heart, her pride, her woman's tenderness, were hurt. And the hurt, it seemed to her, demanded redress—the redress of a sharp, immediate severance of her relations with McAllister Freer.

And while she was combating this impulse which wounded vanity urged her to make into resolution, while she was assuring herself that even if the girl had not been a foreigner and a woman of rank, she would still be no fit mate for McAllister, no wife to make him happy; and that therefore her—Alicia's—simple duty in the matter was not to produce a dramatic catastrophe, but to bear with the situation for the little while that remained, and then, in a less distraught mood, to make her final decision; while she struggled thus in her mind she was suddenly aware of a presence in the adjoining room.

Wonderful and mysterious are the ways in which human beings work upon one another's sensibilities. Alicia had heard no sound save the pulsing music and the rhythmic beat of the dancers' feet. Her closed eyes admitted no vision. Yet she knew that some one stood in the doorway between Miss Eleanor's room and that of her sister, Miss Marion.

Alicia raised her heavy lids. But the door was hid from her view by the tall Japanese screen. Only in the broad mirror of Miss Eleanor's dressing-table, her sister's room was reflected. Through a crevice between the foot of Miss Eleanor's bed and the Japanese screen which almost surrounded Alicia's couch, that mirror was brightly visible.

As she turned her head Alicia saw therein the glimmer of a silvery tissue frock. It was no wonder, she thought to herself, that she had become aware of the presence of its wearer! So strong was her antagonism, so keen her perception of every movement of Theodosia Von Baum, that it would be a heavy slumber indeed from which she failed to rouse at the girl's proximity.

It was with no intention of spying, but rather with a bitter and morbid desire to feast her eyes upon the loveliness which was robbing her of her peace in life, that Alicia kept her eyes upon the

mirror. Suddenly she half rose upon her elbow.

Swift and gliding, Theodosia approached the dressing-table in Miss Marion's dimly lighted room. She bent above it. From the laces of her bodice she jerked a key. The mirror gave Alicia sight of her fitting the thing into the top drawer of the mahogany table. She almost cried out in her sick amazement. But with intuitive secrecy she pressed her fingers against her lips and tried to keep back even the quick, uneven breathing which might betray her presence to the woman in the other room.

The drawer slid noiselessly out. Theodosia raised her head and looked about her with quick, furtive alarm. But the empty, dim room reassured her. She lifted a suède box from the drawer to the top of the dressing-table. The slender chain, on which the key that opened the drawer had hung, seemed to contain another key. This she fitted to the box. She raised the cover, lifted out a little upper tray and from a lower recess caught up some chamois bags. She dropped them in her corsage, locked the jewel-box, returned it to its place, locked the drawer, and raised her head.

As she turned so that her face as well as her motions were reflected in Miss Eleanor's mirror, Alicia saw that it was unwontedly pale and that her eyes were black with excitement. But she stretched her arms in a graceful, triumphant gesture, and an insolent little smile moved her lips. She walked to the door of communication between the two rooms, crossed Miss Eleanor's apartment, passing so close to the tall screen that Alicia thought she must hear her breathing, and came thus to the door of the dressing-room.

Then in her sweet, imperious voice, she spoke languidly to the maid in charge. She had put the toe of her dancing-slipper through the chiffon lining of her skirt, she declared. Would Hannah draw the rent together with a needle? Hannah was down on her knees in an instant gathering the tear together.

Alicia, innocent and excited witness of the theft, was far more agitated than the perpetrator of it. In her code there were no rules for the treatment of lady-like burglars. Should she go into the next room and denounce the girl then and there? Should she make a scene? Alicia's code contained one rule, however, for every situation in life—never to make a scene. That, then, was out of the question. But should she let the—the—was it kleptomaniac or impostor?—escape with the evidences of her guilt? No code, she decided, could command that.

She was trembling with agitation as she pushed a fold of the screen back noiselessly and rose from the couch. She advanced into the dressing-room. Miss Von Baum looked up from the kneeling Hannah with an expression of momentary fright as Alicia stood in the doorway. Alicia smiled reassuringly, and Theodosia's eyes resumed their normal size and expression, their wide horror banished at the command of her superb self-possession.

"So you came up for repairs, too?" said Alicia, with very commendable lightness, considering the situation.

"As you see," smiled Theodosia, but with guarded eyes. "Have you, too, met with calamity?"

"Not my dress, but my body suffered," replied Alicia. "I was so tired that I came up-stairs and lay down in Miss Eleanor's room. I think I must have fallen into a doze."

"Ah!" Theodosia's voice was barely audible, her gaze of a snakelike swiftness and stealthiness, now. But Alicia smiled pleasantly and reassuringly upon her.

"Shall we go down together?" It was Alicia put the question as Hannah finished her repairs.

"I think I'll rest a few minutes," Miss Von Baum replied. "I'm a little tired myself, and I've forgotten who my next partner is. At any rate, he won't mind missing the dance. Men rather hate dancing, don't you think?"

"Yes, they do seem to," Alicia replied to the banal question with an

equally banal answer. But she seated herself on a chair opposite Theodosia.

"You mustn't let me keep you," urged Theodosia pleasantly.

"I think I'll wait and go down with you," Alicia answered in a voice that was calm enough and with a gaze that was indifferent enough. Nevertheless, at the reply, Theodosia reared her head like an animal scenting danger.

"Your partners will never forgive me," she said.

"On the contrary, they will all understand the reason perfectly."

There was silence after this. Theodosia watched Alicia and her breath came a little gaspingly. But Alicia, mindful of her old reputation of the best amateur actress on the island, kept her own look meaningless and her smile non-committal.

Theodosia suddenly turned to Hannah. Would that excellent abigail have the goodness to fetch her a glass of sherry? She found herself suddenly faint, she explained. Hannah left the room, but Maria, another maid, returned to her post at the same moment and the two girls were not alone together.

"I beg you not to wait for me," said Theodosia sharply.

"I hate not to seem obliging, but I really think I must. You see"—Alicia smiled a little—"you are planning to leave us so soon."

Theodosia darted a look of malevolence toward her, but was restrained from speech by the presence of Maria. When Hannah returned she drank the sherry quickly, and with a more natural color in her cheeks and lips she arose. Alicia also arose, and they moved together toward the door.

"I want to say something to you," said Alicia as they descended the stairs together. "I did not care to say it before the servants. But I have no intention of letting you out of my sight until I've had a few minutes' talk with you."

Theodosia panted her reply. "Really, Miss Gardner, this is very remarkable."

"Come out here into the conservatory," said Alicia, ignoring the sen-

tence. "I think we can find a retreat there."

"Is it that you wish to take me to task for flirting with that admirable young man, your fiancé, Mr. Freer?" Theodosia's voice was not so insolent as she had tried to make it. It broke on a note of anxiety and hope. It told Alicia how earnestly the speaker desired that mere jealousy might be the cause of the conference demanded.

"Come with me, and I will tell you," she answered.

Theodosia attempted to fall behind her as they walked along the corridor that led to the conservatory, and her hand was at the laces of her bodice. But Alicia declined to walk in front. She marked the gesture and she shook her head.

"It's quite useless," she announced. "I know what you have hidden in your corsage."

"Ah, Miss Gardner, the spy!"

"That is a very silly observation," said Alicia, with quick contempt. They had entered the conservatory and were seated on a marble bench in front of a gold-fruited group of orange-trees.

"It is comparatively senseless, all things considered," admitted Theodosia, resuming her self-control. "But now that you've got me here, what are you going to do with me?"

"I don't know," replied Alicia honestly enough. "You see," she added a little unkindly, "I have never before numbered a thief among my acquaintances. I confess that I don't know how to act in intercourse with one."

"Oh, call the neighbors in, so to speak, and tell them what I have concealed about me. Denounce me, point the finger of scorn at me, let your excellent young man see what he is likely to run into when he swerves from strict allegiance to you, deliver a few remarks on the illusory character of mere personal attraction, and have some one telephone for the detectives or the police. I can tell you what to do, you see."

"I dare say that that would be the best thing to do, but somehow it doesn't appeal to me," said Alicia. "You see,

the whole island has gone mad about you. People have liked you, admired you, paid court to you; naturally I hate to pull down their idol about their ears, quite apart from any feeling I may have about you."

"Oh, don't pretend any regard for my feelings in the matter," said Theodosia—and it was remarkable how her voice had seemed already to harden; her face, even in this dim, shaded light of the conservatory, to have coarsened. "You hate me and here's your opportunity to get even with me. You've been as jealous as—it's curious, but I can't think of any comparisons except those that would shock your ears. I was going to say jealous as the very

devil, but I don't suppose you ever heard a young lady use such an expression in your whole life. At any rate, you know you have been just that jealous. Now here's your chance to get even. You've got me, with the goods on me. What more do you want?"

"Will you tell me," asked Alicia, leaning forward in the semidarkness and speaking with a real curiosity, "will you tell me if you are really a lady of rank from Germany with an unfortunate tendency to take other people's property, or if—if you have been an impostor in pretending to rank and breeding, and if—"

"Pretending to rank!" Theodosia's laugh rang shrilly upon the scented air. "'Pretending to rank!' Oh, my dear girl, it has been the game of my life. Never have I had such a summer. Never have I seen such a set of gulls as you wise and cultivated ladies of Belle Terre. Upon my word, I don't believe that you could withstand—the whole bunch of you, I mean, not you alone—an escaped murderess, whose talk smacked of the gutter, if she pretended hard enough to be a great lady. Snobs!"

"Then you're not a German countess, as you pretended to be?"

"As I pretended to be? I pretended to be nothing of the kind. You all determined to have me so. You would take the flimsiest signs to mean that. Oh, we've fooled you to



She dropped them in her corsage, locked the jewel-box, returned it to its place, locked the drawer, and raised her head.

the top of our bent, Maggie Simons and I!"

"Maggie Simons?" Alicia's puzzled voice broke in upon Theodosia's harsh laughter.

"Oh, call her Mrs. Grantley, if you want! I dare say she'd like it better. But to see how you swallowed the bait—all of you, women and men, and children in their perambulators, and nurse-girls, and the very sailors on the yachts! The countess incognita! The Schloss Von——! Oh, but you were the easy lot! I never believed that we could do it as we have. Why, you can thank your lucky stars, Miss Alicia Gardner, that I haven't married your young man out of hand, and set myself up permanently in good society—only I think it would be a horrible bore, if you want to know the truth!"

"I hope that you will not be bored," said Alicia stiffly, "with the society in which your summer's performances will land you. I suppose, of course, that you're responsible for the other jewel thefts? Poor Sims!" she added a second afterward.

"I don't like to be boastful," said Theodosia, "but never have I seen such a lot of easy marks. Hypnotized—doped—that's what you all were! You were so deluded with your own ideas of what we were that you would have denied the evidence of your own senses. These things"—she fingered the string of glittering baubles around her own neck—"these fine pieces of paste and glass, every one on the island was ready to believe gems worth a king's ransom, just because the modest young countess incognita wanted them kept in a safe place! And so Mrs. Constable's safe"—she burst into a peal of real laughter—"has been the receptacle for all our loot this summer!"

"What?" Alicia was half stunned.

"Oh, yes, but I took out my 'jewels' yesterday, you know, to wear in the play, and to dazzle you all to-night! And Maggie Simons—I beg your pardon for shocking your ears, I mean Mrs. Grantley—has managed to get up to Portland and the bank with the real things. She is a clever one, Maggie

Simons! The conversations that were overheard—the book that was found—the coroneted jewel-case—all Maggie's planning! She has ten times my brains."

"Will you tell me," asked Alicia in a trembling voice of horror, "how you ever came to what you are? It is too dreadful, too awful—so young, so beautiful, so gifted!"

"Thank you for this unexpected tribute," laughed Theodosia. Then she was silent for a moment, and when she spoke again her voice had fallen into sullenness and resentment. "The story of my life isn't so very different from that of lots of others like me, except that, as you say, I'm better looking and cleverer than most. That's Mag's doings. She and her husband, who is the slickest gentleman in the business that ever you saw, adopted me out of the—the orphan asylum, when I was six. That was about twenty years ago. And they brought me up; and I will say they brought me up to know my business. There are mighty few games that we three haven't played on the confiding populace of various parts of the globe. Maggie rather goes in for good-society stunts. But I think that this summer has been her star performance, and mine."

"But your introductions—your card from Dwight Wendell?"

"My dear girl," said Theodosia patronizingly, "if we have imposed upon a community like this during the whole summer—a community of women, with one mighty jealous woman in its midst—do you think we had much difficulty in imposing upon your friend, Mr. Wendell, in Vienna last winter? He's a guileless old party. It didn't take wit to hoodwink him. Just being a good-looking young woman was enough. We met him at a hotel, and it was all as easy as rolling off a log. But how long are we going to keep up this conversation? Why don't you call in your young man and the other witnesses?"

"Do you know," said Alicia, with sudden inspiration, "I think that, for all your bravado, you are dreading the instant when Mr. Freer will see you as you really are."

"Well, I guess my dreading the instant won't defer it any longer than you're willing. And I'd like to have it over as soon as possible. I'll tell you one thing, Miss Alicia Gardner, I know men, and I know most of them for the beasts they are. But he's different—he's got enough of human nature in him not to make living with him as hard as living with a bronze statue of an early American statesman, but he's got more principle and more niceness than I ever happened to meet before in my life. So call him in and let him see me in my true colors, and fall into his repentant arms and live happy ever after!"

"No," Alicia spoke slowly and as one meditating. "No, I sha'n't do that. You see—I don't want to fall into his repentant arms. I mean I don't think I want him back by the path of remorse. I'd rather he came as he came before—just naturally and of his own accord. And—and somehow—I don't want to be the person who hurts him in any way. And it would hurt him horribly to know that you are not what you seem."

"You don't mean—you don't mean," cried Theodosia, her voice breaking, "that you mean to let me off?"

"Oh, I don't know what I ought to do. It's all horrid. But I don't want to be mixed up with it. I don't want to have to think of you in some wretched jail. I don't want to be the person who hurts McAllister. If I could only put that wretched woman who took you when you were a little child and trained you to corruption—if I could only put her into the most loathsome dungeon in the world—I'd like to do that! But you—you're so young and lovely. Can't you get the things back to their owners and get away and—couldn't you give up these dreadful people and this fearful way of living?"

"And earn an honest livelihood by my needle, or put on a nurse's cap and apron and redeem my past by nursing the sick and poor?" There was bitterness in Theodosia's sneer. "My dear Miss Gardner, I'm afraid it's a little late. I'm afraid my training has been too thorough. I'm even afraid I like

the excitement of the games I play so well that I could never settle down to a humdrum life of virtue. No, the Simonses did their work a long time ago. I dare say my own father and mother, if I knew who they were—I began at a foundling asylum, my dear, and not at an orphanage, as I boasted—contributed their share to what I am. But there's no use trying to make a silk purse out of this sow's ear."

"Well, anyway," declared Alicia, "I'm going to render myself almost as big a criminal as you. I'll connive at your getting away and I'll keep your secret, provided only you get the jewels back and somehow or another manage to get that poor Sims out of jail."

"You're a queer woman, but you're a white one," commented Theodosia tersely. "I'll do it."

"You won't mind if I say that I shall have to stay with you until I know that you have done all this?" remarked Alicia apologetically.

"Charmed, I'm sure," answered Theodosia, with her old voice and manner. "Perhaps you'd better ask me to spend the night with you? I imagine you wouldn't care to share quarters with Mrs. Grantley."

"No, I shouldn't. So you'll come home with me. And now let us slip up to Miss Marion's room. And to-morrow—"

"To-morrow," promised Theodosia, "we'll go up to the bank in Portland where Maggie carried the stuff yesterday. I'll be square with you, you can count on that."

They arose and walked back through the corridor to the stairway and up the stairs together.

When they had been gone about five minutes, from the other side of the orangery a masculine figure shook itself out and stood erect.

"Well, I'm blown!" It was Dicky Wainwright's sole comment upon the situation with which his at first involuntary and then quite deliberate eavesdropping had acquainted him. He moved slowly out of the conservatory, and as he moved he continued to re-

peat to himself at solemn intervals:
"Well, I'm blowed!"

CHAPTER X.

The *Belle Terror* chugged her way through the enwreathing waters of the islands at sunset. Alicia Gardner sat on the forward deck, her face pale, her eyes still unnaturally bright. In her hand she clutched her purse tightly. It contained an express-receipt which represented the express company's custody of the Wheeler topazes and the Lorrimers pearls. These were traveling anonymously back to their owners in the charge of the express company.

Alicia herself had watched their consignment, and she held the paper that acknowledged the company's receipt of the valuables. She was thinking, as she traveled, of the look which the young woman had bent upon her as she had handed her the receipt—a look that somehow combined amusement and gratitude and infinite despair. The look which Mrs. Grantley, standing beside her charge, had bestowed upon Alicia had been one of plain and uncomplicated hatred. Nervous tears welled into Alicia's eyes remembering the moment, remembering the "Well, so-long," of the young girl, and the "I suppose we owe you thanks, but I'm not paying them to you," of the older woman.

"Oh, poor thing, poor thing!" half sobbed Alicia, overcome, after the habit of the sympathetic young, with the problem of responsibility for evil in the world.

She did not expect any one to meet her this time, and did not even look toward the landing as the *Belle Terror* swung into its channel and bumped against the piles. But when she came down the gangway, there was McAllister Freer to meet her. He came forward, rather pale and strained-looking himself, and took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Why, McAllister!" Alicia was one flaming blush at this public salutation. Then she looked into his face, and somehow the knowledge that he knew what she had done was borne to her. "How—how did you know? Do you think I have been perfectly dreadful?" she faltered.

"I think that you have been a saint and that I have been a fool," answered McAllister briefly.

But up at the club Dicky Wainwright, to whose celestial reckoning that day many a good mark had been set down, was declaring to himself that he was the only original fool in all the Americas.

"For didn't I care for her myself?" he demanded of himself as he drank brandy and soda to an unlimited degree. "And hadn't the devil given me my chance? And didn't I keep her from throwing him over last night, and haven't I sent him crawling on hands and knees to her this day? Fool, fool, fool!"

But at that moment Dicky's recording angel was writing after his name the heavenly words that mean: "This day a hero."



The Builder

OF shapely pillars, faultless cornices
His dreams were not—but through the night and day
His busy brain was perfecting a plan
For the great stone foundation he would lay.

BETH SLATER WHITSON.

On Having a Good Time

By Charles Battell Loomis

DO you have a good time?
You ought to.

One of the reasons why you were put on this earth was so that you might have a good time.

There is absolutely no end to the ways in which you can have a good time, and that, too, at little expense.

It seems such a trite remark to make; and yet there are thousands of Americans who do not know what a good time means.

There are thousands who would derive great pleasure from reading if they had ever cultivated a taste for it. The love for it is latent in them, but they have never discovered it, and they wander around the house in the evening or go to a cheerful and warm saloon and kill time when time and they might be the best of friends. Give one spare time, and there are countless ways in which to amuse oneself.

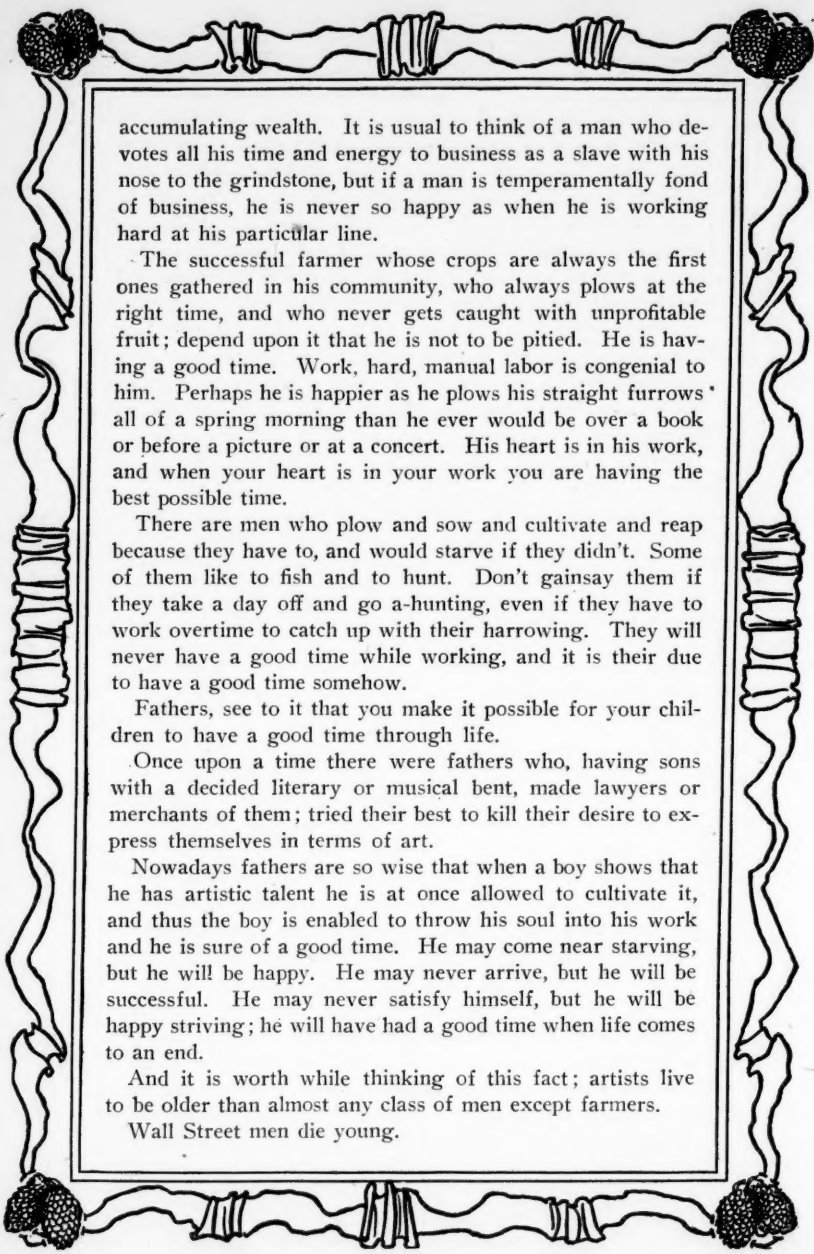
Cant is never pleasant, and I may be suspected of cant if I say that a good time may be obtained in doing another person a kindness; but it is a fact that thousands never ascertain for themselves between the cradle and the grave. And many of them are people eminently fitted to make good times for others, only it never occurs to them to do it.

The new generation is wiser than any generation that has preceded it, because it has been taught that riches alone are not entitled to respect.

When you and I were boys we were taught to look up to the successful man with something bordering on veneration. He might be pompous and selfish and snobbish, but we must look up to him because he had managed to gather together more dollars than any other man in town.

Let us thank the much-abused muck-rakers for changing all this. Now if a man is rich, he has got to prove that he has legitimate claims on our respect, and we no longer teach our boys that the only way to success is by the road that is paved with dollars.

And yet some of these rich men have had good times in



accumulating wealth. It is usual to think of a man who devotes all his time and energy to business as a slave with his nose to the grindstone, but if a man is temperamentally fond of business, he is never so happy as when he is working hard at his particular line.

The successful farmer whose crops are always the first ones gathered in his community, who always plows at the right time, and who never gets caught with unprofitable fruit; depend upon it that he is not to be pitied. He is having a good time. Work, hard, manual labor is congenial to him. Perhaps he is happier as he plows his straight furrows all of a spring morning than he ever would be over a book or before a picture or at a concert. His heart is in his work, and when your heart is in your work you are having the best possible time.

There are men who plow and sow and cultivate and reap because they have to, and would starve if they didn't. Some of them like to fish and to hunt. Don't gainsay them if they take a day off and go a-hunting, even if they have to work overtime to catch up with their harrowing. They will never have a good time while working, and it is their due to have a good time somehow.

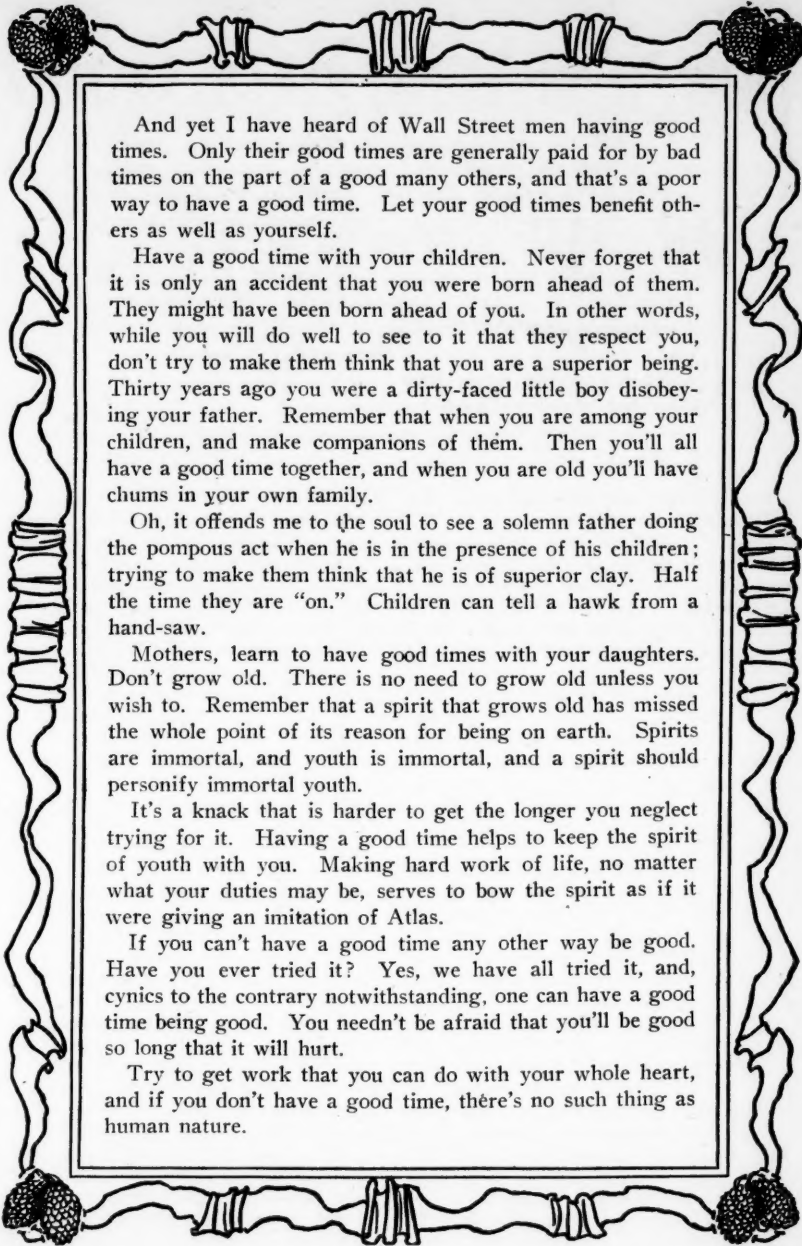
Fathers, see to it that you make it possible for your children to have a good time through life.

Once upon a time there were fathers who, having sons with a decided literary or musical bent, made lawyers or merchants of them; tried their best to kill their desire to express themselves in terms of art.

Nowadays fathers are so wise that when a boy shows that he has artistic talent he is at once allowed to cultivate it, and thus the boy is enabled to throw his soul into his work and he is sure of a good time. He may come near starving, but he will be happy. He may never arrive, but he will be successful. He may never satisfy himself, but he will be happy striving; he will have had a good time when life comes to an end.

And it is worth while thinking of this fact; artists live to be older than almost any class of men except farmers.

Wall Street men die young.



And yet I have heard of Wall Street men having good times. Only their good times are generally paid for by bad times on the part of a good many others, and that's a poor way to have a good time. Let your good times benefit others as well as yourself.

Have a good time with your children. Never forget that it is only an accident that you were born ahead of them. They might have been born ahead of you. In other words, while you will do well to see to it that they respect you, don't try to make them think that you are a superior being. Thirty years ago you were a dirty-faced little boy disobeying your father. Remember that when you are among your children, and make companions of them. Then you'll all have a good time together, and when you are old you'll have chums in your own family.

Oh, it offends me to the soul to see a solemn father doing the pompous act when he is in the presence of his children; trying to make them think that he is of superior clay. Half the time they are "on." Children can tell a hawk from a hand-saw.

Mothers, learn to have good times with your daughters. Don't grow old. There is no need to grow old unless you wish to. Remember that a spirit that grows old has missed the whole point of its reason for being on earth. Spirits are immortal, and youth is immortal, and a spirit should personify immortal youth.

It's a knack that is harder to get the longer you neglect trying for it. Having a good time helps to keep the spirit of youth with you. Making hard work of life, no matter what your duties may be, serves to bow the spirit as if it were giving an imitation of Atlas.

If you can't have a good time any other way be good. Have you ever tried it? Yes, we have all tried it, and, cynics to the contrary notwithstanding, one can have a good time being good. You needn't be afraid that you'll be good so long that it will hurt.

Try to get work that you can do with your whole heart, and if you don't have a good time, there's no such thing as human nature.

HOW SEMI-ANNE MADE GOOD



by ADELINE KNAPP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. A. LORENZ

BUT, father, if I were a boy you would send me."

All the bitterness of her rebellion was in the girl's tone as she said this. It seemed so hard that because she was only a girl her father could sit so quietly at his desk and ask her what good it was going to do her to go to college.

"Yes," Mr. Allison said thoughtfully, in reply to her outburst, "I think likely I should; but there's a difference. A boy would need the preparation. As the world goes to-day a man cannot know too much. He needs every possible weapon in order to fight the battle of life."

"But I want the preparation, and the training, too," his daughter persisted. "I am not content with the high-school training."

"Training? Preparation? What for? I don't expect you to teach school, little girl."

Mr. Allison laughed contentedly. He loved his daughter, although he had never forgotten his disappointment that she was not a boy. He wanted her to have a good time and to be happy; but a college education seemed to him in no way essential to a girl's happiness. Privately, he thought women and girls were best off at home.

"Look here, Semi-Anne," he said,

and despite the kindliness of his tone Semi-Anne winced a little. She felt sensitive, this morning, over the nickname her father had given her years before, "because," he had laughingly explained, "our Anne gets a brand-new set of fads every six months; sort of a semiannual outfit." If Mr. Allison noticed her annoyance he made no sign, but went on good-humoredly:

"If I thought this new desire to go to college was anything more than a passing notion, dear, I might consider it more hopefully, even though I honestly see no particular reason why a girl should go to college. But really, Semi, I believe that even you have lost count of your numerous fads. Let me see," he went on, "a year ago it was basketball; before that it was archery. Last winter I fitted up a table for you, here at the factory, because you wanted to bind books. All last summer it was botany."

"Father! I am as much interested in book-binding as ever; and you know that the chance to join Professor Archer's field-class was one in a lifetime. It was that study which made me want to go to college."

"Oh, you wish to make a special study of botany?"

"Why—no—not exactly. I want the preparation that college gives."

"Your ideas seem rather vague, dear," Mr. Allison said. "That is the point I am trying to make. Here you are, asking me to let you go away from home for four years; to spend a large sum of money, and to take a deep interest in something about which you seem yourself to have no definite notion. If you knew what you were going for it might be different; but if you wish to go drifting through college to come out at the end of four years as unsettled as you are now, I do not see the use of it."

"Why not let me go and find out what I *do* want? You said you would send me if I were a boy. Why doesn't a girl need preparation for life, just as well?"

For reply Mr. Allison took a strip of leather from his desk.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked.

Yes, Semi-Anne knew. In her heart she was a little ashamed of the knowledge. She had never felt reconciled to the idea that her clever father's time and energies were expended in the manufacture of those strips of leather. Yet not only was his life thus spent, but his father and his grandfather had been occupied in the same way. The old, weather-beaten sign:

**ALLISON.
HATTERS' SKIVERS**

had stretched along the front of the old, weather-beaten factory for seventy-five years; and she knew, vaguely, that her father was proud of it; that he regretted having no son to succeed him in the business.

"It's a hat-sweat, I suppose," she said, in answer to his question.

Her father did not speak for a moment, but sat surveying the strip of leather thoughtfully.

"I want to show you something, Semi," he said at last. "Come with me."

He led the way from the office, and Semi-Anne followed. She realized that her father was giving her a good deal of his time in the middle of a business day, and received a deepening impression that, despite his opposition to her

desire, he was considering the matter earnestly.

"I am afraid you will not find this pleasant," he said, pausing before a door. "But we shall not stay here long."

He opened the door and they stepped into a roughly finished room. Semi-Anne gave a start of dismay.

The place was full of strange, whitish-gray objects, hung about on racks. The floor was wet and sloppy, and strewn with dreadful debris, sodden wool, and bits of skin; and the smell that assailed her nostrils sent her gasping to a window. She wondered how her fastidious father could endure it.

"Tisn't a pretty place," Mr. Allison laughed, bending over an awful, steaming pool in the floor; "but we have to have it, to take the wool off the skins."

A man was stirring a long stick about in the pool, and Semi-Anne shuddered as she saw the mass of sheepskins he was poking.

"Come along," her father said, and they crossed to another room, worse if anything than the one they left.

"Here's where we split the skins," Mr. Allison explained. There was a little twinkle in his eye that warned Semi that she was being tested in some way, and the thought brought her pride to the fore. She was nearly strangled by the reek of raw hides and the smell of lime and of machine oil; but she stepped bravely to her father's side as he stopped before a machine where a jig-knife was just beginning to nibble its way through a skin, splitting its thickness into two thinner sheets.

"We use only the wool side for skivers," he explained. "The flesh side is worked up into chamois leather. All that stuff," indicating a horrible pile of wet refuse on the floor, "will be first-class chamois one of these days."

Semi-Anne shivered, remembering the dainty little chamois-leather bag into which she slipped her new watch every night. She was glad when her father turned away and they passed into the open air.

"We'll give your nose another sensation," Mr. Allison said, as they entered

the main building again. "Here's the tanning-room."

She did not mind this. Terrence Shea, the head tanner, was an old crony of hers. He had worked for her grandfather, and had seen her father grow up, as well as herself. He nodded to her now, across his big tan-tubs.

"I wish to goodness we could use it," Mr. Allison exclaimed. "Sumac is a big item just now; but the native stuff contains too much iron. It makes a hard, stiff leather. A hat-sweat has to be soft, yet firm enough to keep its shape."

He gave the band of leather, which



"Why do you send so far for it?" Semi-Anne asked. "Sumac grows all around here."

The place was full of the smell of sumac, acrid but not disagreeable.

"We've just got in a new lot from Sicily," her father told her, frowning thoughtfully at a great cask the boys were opening. "Terrence is going to set a new pickle."

"Why do you send so far for it?" Semi-Anne asked with surprise. "Sumac grows all around here."

he still carried, a little snap. Semi-Anne looked at the insignificant thing with new respect. It seemed such a trifle to require special treatment. She listened with new interest as her father explained that the tanned skins were sent away, before being dyed, to have all the grease removed from the fabric by a naphtha process. "They come back to us degreased, and all ready for

the dye-vats," he said, as they came into the dye-room.

She grew deeply interested in a discussion which Mr. Allison held with one of the dyers over the particular color and shade of certain skins they were working on. By this time she was not surprised to learn that there were fashionable tints even for hat-leathers.

"They've got to be just right," her father remarked, noting her interest, "or they'll all come back on our hands."

They walked through long, hot drying-rooms, where hundreds of skins, just from the dyers' hands, were tacked to dry, and came to a row of machines that Mr. Allison called "jiggers."

On these the skins were being surfaced. Some received a morocco surface; others were "pebbled," and others surfaced in big, irregular "blisters," as Semi-Anne called them. Some were left plain and burnished. These Semi-Anne liked best of all, and was pleased when her father said that he, too, considered them more elegant than the others.

In the last room on that floor were huge, revolving drums where the surfaced skins were stretched to receive the "dicing."

"You see," Mr. Allison said, "these drums turn slowly, and the points you will notice up yonder draw tiny, fine lines along the surface of the leather."

He showed her some finished skins, some patterned in fine lines, some in tiny squares or in diamonds. It was fascinating to note the minute differences in each.

"Here's a skin that's been spoiled in the dicing," her father suddenly said, tossing one aside.

It was marked in tiny parallel lines, scarcely a pin-point's distance apart, and near the center something had gone wrong. One line had in some way been skipped, and here two lines were two pin-points' distance from each other.

"That slip just takes away my profit on the skin," Mr. Allison said, putting a finger on the flaw. "It was a first-class piece of leather up to that instant. Now it can only be made up into seconds."

Semi-Anne looked at the tiny defect with something like awe. She was learning something besides the process of making hat-leathers, this forenoon. Her father gave her a shrewd glance from the corner of one eye, and half smiled to himself. It was no mere whim that had prompted him to give his daughter so much precious time.

They went up-stairs, where he showed her how the skins were cut and trimmed, and done up into bundles of finished hat-sweats, each with one neatly turned edge, and a long, indented line down its length. Then he led the way back to the office.

"I've given you nearly two hours this morning, Semi," he said, as he sat down at the desk and motioned her to a chair, "because I want you to get your ideas cleared up as to this matter of preparation."

"All you have seen this morning," he went on, after a brief pause, "is the preparation necessary to make a hat-sweat. It seems a mighty small result for all that labor." He turned the strip of leather over half whimsically.

"But the important thing about it, dear"—he suddenly grew earnest—"is that at every step of the way we have to be thinking of hat-sweats. There isn't a single stage of the process where we could branch off and make our product into harness, for instance, or shoes. We have to know what we are trying for, and make our preparations accordingly."

"Oh!" Light was dawning upon Semi-Anne. "And you think I do not know what I want at college, and would waste my time, without preparing for anything?"

There was accusation in her voice, but her father stood his ground.

"Something very like that, little girl," he said.

"But would a boy surely know what he was after, father?"

"I think in most cases he would," was the reply. "And, anyway, the cases are different. A man's field is wider—I don't say it's higher, mind you," Mr. Allison added quickly, for he had no

wish to hurt his daughter's feelings; "but it is wider. He has greater need of a wide training. A girl, if she goes to college, steps out of the beaten track, and she must justify the step. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps." Semi-Anne's voice was very low, and the quiver that she could not wholly keep out of it touched her father's heart.

"Your mother and I have talked this matter over, dear," he said gently; "but I don't believe in it. It means four years out of your life for no definite end. It means more than that in other ways. Your mother and I do not want to give you up for that long." He surveyed her drooping face a little sadly.

"If you care to go down to New York for a year, to a good finishing school," he suggested.

"Oh, father, don't!" It seemed to the girl that this was more than she could bear. A finishing school! Did her father take her for a baby?

"Good-by," she said dully, rising. "Thank you, father, for giving me so much time."

"That's all right, dear." Mr. Allison was already sorting over the papers on his desk. He was a busy man, and he had important matters on hand. Moreover, he felt very sure that in a few days Semi-Anne would have gotten over her disappointment. Then he would find something pleasant for her to do.

As for her, she was tasting the bitterness of sorrow. Ever since the great Professor Archer had spent a summer on the river, Semi-Anne had longed to go to college. The famous botanist was exiled from his work by illness that threatened his sight. He could not study, and had been glad to fill his time by tramping the woods with a class of young folks from the local high-school. Semi-Anne had been one of these, and her enthusiasm was great. The professor had made her aware of the wonderful realm of science, and she longed to enter it.

It was useless, she realized, to pursue further the question of college with her father. Mr. Allison was a decided

man, and she saw clearly that his mind was made up.

"I shall just have to vegetate here all my life," she muttered, as she walked homeward along the river-road.

Rounding a bend, she saw some one waiting for her at her own gate. A girl her own age sprang lightly forward to meet her. Semi-Anne groaned inwardly. Lou Harvey was her dearest chum, but just then she did not want visitors. She longed to get away by herself and have her cry out.

The visitor, however, had no knowledge of this. She came forward swiftly, her face aglow.

"Isn't it lovely, Semi?" she cried. "Father says I may go to college, too; how happy we shall be!"

II.

Terrence Shea, his day's work done, was fishing from a punt as Semi-Anne came paddling down-stream in her little green canoe.

"Not a single fish, Terrence?" she cried, seeing his basket.

"Single fish is ut?" he repeated disgustedly. "Sure, I'm not stuck on havin' single fish, Miss Semi-Anne. It's meself wud welcome some married couples wid big families, this minute."

She laughed, and the sound did him good. Semi-Anne had laughed but little lately, and the fact made the old man sorry.

"Sure, darlin'," he said, "I'm glad to hear ye laugh. That's better'n trapsin' off to college."

"So you don't believe in educating girls, either, Terrence?" Semi-Anne spoke half resentfully.

"Now—now—Miss Semi-Anne; I'd not go for to say that. No"—deprecatingly—"I'd not say that."

He was holding the blade of her paddle, to keep the canoe from drifting away, and he drew the little craft nearer the punt.

"I'm thinkin'," he continued, "that education don't hurt an intelligent person; not if they spake English."

"Why must they speak English, Terrence?" she asked.

"Because, Miss Semi-Anne, I've al-



"Is father in trouble, Terrence" she demanded.

ways observed that they's something about the use o' them furrin' tongues that's belittlin', so to spake, to the intellee'."

He swung his cast to the other side of the punt and resumed:

"Tek a Frinchman, now: I don't mind their atin' frog's legs. I ate 'em meself whin I can get 'em; but whin a Frinchman wants to say 'yis,' d'ye mind, is ut 'yis' he sez? Not a bit av ut. 'Wee, wee,' sez he, for all the wurruld like a little lost pig. An' I sez to meself: 'That's palthry in a grown person.'"

Semi-Anne's laugh trailed off in a little sigh. Terrence looked sympathetic.

"Now, mebbly it'll come out all right wan o' these days," he said, essaying to comfort her. "An' ye'll get your desire. 'Tis a bad time now, though, to think av ut, with your father so troubled like."

"Troubled?" Semi-Anne was startled into momentary forgetfulness of her own disappointment.

"Is father in trouble, Terrence?" she demanded.

"Well, now, to be sure that's puttin' it some strong," the Irishman replied, noting her distress. "'Tain't a thing I mebbly ought to be mentioning, but it just slipped off me tongue, seein' ye so blue. Truth, though, your father's mighty bothered these days."

"What is it? Can't you tell me?"

"I'd better, now you'r worryin'. It's just that the factory stands not to make a cint this year."

"Why?" Semi-Anne looked puzzled. "Father told me the other day," she added, "that there was work enough to keep all hands busy till snow comes."

"True enough; but there's more to ut than that. I mind your father was tellin' ye the other day how we tan leather with shoemaker?"

"Yes, I know; with sumac."

Terrence sniffed.

"That's part o' the palthryness o' them furrin' tongues we was spakin' of," he said. "That there stuff's shoemaker, plain's day—for why? Ain't it

what gets the leather ready for the shoemaker? But sumac's as near's them furriner's gits to sayin' it right.

"Well, annyway," he continued, "this here shoemaker comes from a place they call Sicily, which is a dago place across the ocean, an' this year the crop's clean failed up."

"But father's just got in a new lot."

"He has; an' the price av ut might well turn a man's hair white with the thought o' the more he's got to buy. The price is up, ye mind," he added, by way of explanation, "an' all unexpected like; so all the folks in our line'll lose on their contrahcts this year. Ye see, when things is bought in such big lots a little raise'll be enough to ate up the profits av a good ordher; an' that's what's happened."

"But what makes him manufacture the goods?" she asked, and Terrence snorted.

"Sure, he's got to," he snapped. "Ye don't need to go to college t' understand that. He's took the contrahcts, an' he's a man that kapes his worrur. It's all in the day's worruk," he hastened to add, seeing her look of chagrin. "It's the profit an' loss idee o' business. 'Twill not ruinat him; but 'tis goin' to be heavy sleddin' like, an' money's a little tight with him. That's what bothers a man."

Semi-Anne listened, studying the handle of her paddle.

"Father said you could not use our native sumac," she said.

"Not for hat-sweats," was the tanner's reply. "'Tis good for some leathers."

"It does seem," the girl went on, "as if among all the thousands of plants that grow, there ought to be something to take the place of that one."

"I dare say there's plinty." Terrence was frowning over some thought of his own.

"Most av thim, though," he explained, "costs more'n shoemaker even. I mind, though"—his frown deepened—"twas whin I was a kid. Me dad he took an' tanned me the first moleskin iver I got. An' he done it with a pickle he made

out o' some weed he got 'round the woods; but what ut was I dunno?"

He thought about it a moment and went on:

"I kep' me marbles in that skin, an' afterward me money, till now me youngest lad he's wore ut out carryin' his bits o' money in ut. 'Twas good leather, that. I wish I was knowin' to what the old man used to tan it with."

"Did he never tell you?" In her mind Semi-Anne was going over the plants she knew that contained tannin. Bits of knowledge gleaned from Professor Archer went floating through her memory.

"He did," Terrence replied; "but I disremember entirely; only that 'twas what had to do with ships."

"With ships?"

"The name, I mane. I bin thryin' to recall ut of late, an' I always thinks av a ship. Is there such a plant? I dunno."

"I don't remember any. Terrence! Your rod!"

Terrence dropped the paddle-blade and clapped a finger on the reel that was whirling wildly. Semi-Anne, across a widening gap of water, watched him land a big channel perch, and waved a hand in congratulation. Then she fell to paddling, mindful of the waning afternoon.

She spent the evening poring over dictionary and encyclopedia. Something about a ship, Terrence had said, and she scanned eagerly the long, bewildering list of the various parts of a ship. Nowhere, however, did it even remotely suggest the name of a tannin-yielding plant.

"If you are any good on earth, Anne Allison," she said to herself that night, in the privacy of her own room, "you won't be beaten by a thing like this. You've got as good a clue as you ought to need, and remember, Professor Archer said you had the making of a botanist in you. Now's your time to show whether he was mistaken."

She went next morning to the village drug-store. Doctor Gregory, the proprietor, was a friend of the family, and welcomed her to his own den behind



Lou felt the motion before Semi-Anne saw it, and with an upward spring she grasped a tough alder branch.

the tall prescription-counter. Here she sat, for hours, turning the pages of his big pharmacopeia, but she could get no further clue to what she sought. Her eager questioning of Terrence was again futile. He only knew that the name, bad luck to him for not remembering it, "minded him of a ship."

"But sure, Miss Semi-Anne," he said self-reproachfully, "'tis an old fool I am for telling ye. Don't ye be botherin' your pretty head about ut. Things'll be all right later on."

Then Semi-Anne took to the woods.

She had a fairly complete herbarium of the local flora, and she spent hours reviewing what the books had to say of each specimen. During every other moment of her spare time she botanized

"like mad," as Lou Harvey expressed it.

Poor Lou was not happy those days. It seemed too cruel that she, who had never thought of going to college until her chum put the idea into her head, should be getting ready to go while Semi-Anne must remain behind. She was studying hard herself, for her entrance examinations; but whenever she dared take the time she went faithfully with Semi-Anne on her woodland hunts. She had a theory that her friend was trying to drown her grief in botany.

The two girls had paddled far down the river one day. The summer was well along, and the time for Lou's departure began to seem near. They had planned a long afternoon's exploration of Black Pond.

They pulled the canoe up on the bank, when they had gone as far as they could by the river, and pushed on inland, toward the pond, through a stretch of alders and willow. The ground was swampy, and they were obliged to move carefully.

"We must be near the old Indian burying-ground," Lou called presently. She was in the lead, and far ahead. Semi-Anne had stopped at some small growth that reared an unfamiliar head. At Lou's call she thrust a bit into her specimen-case, and hurried on.

"Yes," she answered, "we'll be at the edge of the pond in a minute or two. Lou! Be careful!"

She gave a little shriek as the log upon which Lou was crossing a boggy

place suddenly tipped, threatening to roll.

Lou felt the motion before Semi-Anne saw it, and with an upward spring she grasped a tough alder branch. A jump and a swing, and she had landed, knee-deep in weeds, on a bit of higher ground. She laughed back at her companion, a bit startled but safe.

"Aren't your feet just dripping?" Semi-Anne asked in dismay.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "I'm high and dry. I landed on the dock, you see," she said, with a humorous chuckle and a glance at the rank weeds growing everywhere about her.

"On the dock?"

Semi-Anne's glance followed Lou's. Then she suddenly sat down upon an alder stump and stared at her companion. Lou was accustomed to having her friends pretend despair over her frequent puns; but few of them were as realistic about it as Semi-Anne at this moment.

"What in the world's the matter?" she asked in some anxiety.

"Oh, Lou! What a blind goose I am!"

"Is *that* all that ails you?" Miss Harvey replied with prompt cheerfulness. "It's a healthy state of mind to be in, I guess, but what particular thing has brought the truth home to you, Semi, dear? What's the trouble?"

"It's bitter; it's astringent; it *must* contain tannic acid; and it was dock made Terrence think of ships," was the astonishing reply.

It was Lou's turn to stare now, and she stared.

"For goodness' sake, Semi-Anne Allison," she cried at last, "if I felt like all that my mother would give me Peruvian bark."

Semi-Anne made no reply. She had whipped out a book from her specimen-case, and was reading eagerly. Yes, it was the common yellow dock; "especially rich in tannic acid." She read on, while Lou's perplexity increased.

"Semi-Anne," the latter finally asked half timidly, "hadn't we better be going home?"

Semi-Anne looked up, and the woods rang with her laughter. "You poor Lou," she shouted. "I'm a goose, sure, but I'm not crazy; honestly I'm not. You need not be afraid. But I want to take this dock home; some day I'll tell you about it."

They gathered great armsful of the weed and put it into the canoe, Lou helping, like a brick, and asking no questions, even when her friend chose to go on alone, leaving her at the Harveys' dock. Fifteen minutes later Semi-Anne, panting from her energetic paddling up-stream, confronted Terrence, beside one of his big tan-tubs.

"Was it dock your father used to tan that moleskin?" she demanded.

He regarded her with admiration.

"It was," he said. "Now, if you aren't the little wonder for guessing it."

It seemed a sort of special providence to Semi-Anne that her father should be away on one of his frequent business trips. They had five precious days in which to work, and they made good use of their time. That very night Terrence and his two grown boys, who worked in the tannery, took the factory launch, with the big punt in tow, and brought in a huge load of dock. The leaves, Terrence explained, would not have to be dried and ground, as the sumac must be. They were put into the tan-tubs whole, where the water quickly extracted the tannic acid. When all was ready Terrence put half a dozen raw hides into the tub.

"'Tis as pretty a pickle as ever I see," he said joyfully, tasting the infusion before the hides went in. "An' the boss may come home anny time he wants to, now."

He came home three days later, and on the following afternoon the hides were ready for exhibition. Terrence himself had done the degreasing; they could not wait to send them away, so he had cleansed them with naphtha, stretching them afterward and working over them lovingly until they were soft and pliable. Then, with Semi-Anne following, he carried them into the office.

Mr. Allison was looking over his

mail, frowning wearily over one letter which he held in his hand.

"What's all this?" he asked, as Terrence spread the skins over the back of a chair, and stood at attention.

"Tis a few skins of Miss Semi-Anne's tanning," was the reply.

Mr. Allison looked puzzled. He turned the skins over, one by one, holding them up to the light. They were undyed, and in the rough; but perfect skins, mellow and soft, and evenly tanned.

"Ain't they the fine ones?" Terrence demanded proudly.

"This is really very good leather," his employer said. "But I do not understand."

He looked at Semi-Anne, who was fairly trembling with excitement.

"They're tanned with yellow dock, father," she cried, "just common yellow dock. Terrence says it's a perfect substitute for sumac, and it doesn't cost anything. Black Pond swamp's full of it."

"Sure, sorr." It was Terrence whom Mr. Allison, thoroughly puzzled, looked at now. "Ye couldn't want a better tannage, d'ye see?" The head tanner answered his glance. "Miss Semi-Anne, she put her bot'ny on the job, an' here's this stuff to show what she's done."

Little by little Mr. Allison began to understand, and presently his face lighted with keen interest.

"We'll have to look into this," he said. "Show me what you two have been up to."

They went out to the tanning-room, Semi-Anne half frightened at the importance her father seemed to attach to her fortunate find. Now that the matter was out, it seemed incredible that

she could have done anything upon which he would actually set value.

Investigation showed, however, that she had really achieved something of importance. Further experiment with the new tannage proved that, for the purposes of the Allison factory, the dock was, if anything, superior to sumac. The new leather was an unqualified success, finer and mellow than that produced by the best Sicilian sumac.

Mr. Allison told Semi-Anne this one evening after supper, as they stood together on the veranda.

"Daughter," he said, giving her a loving little shake, "I reckon you've 'made good.'"

"Yes, father?" She could think of nothing more effective to say. But he went on, speaking rapidly:

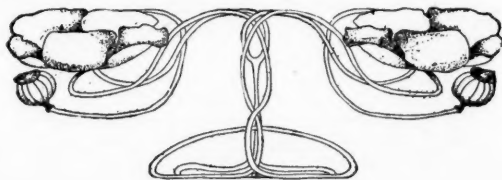
"You've saved me a lot of money by your cleverness. How much, I can't say, but your commission on it would more than put you through college."

"Oh!" Hope mounted high in her heart.

"But it's not a question of mere money, Anne," her father went on. And the girl noticed the shortened name with a thrill of joy.

"It is not a question of mere money; you've made good. You've shown that you are likely to make good use of your opportunities. You may go to college if you wish to, because you have earned the right to go; and because"—he gave her another little shake—"because I think it is eminently worth while to send you. I am very proud of my daughter."

He spoke at a disadvantage now, for Semi-Anne's arms were about his neck. And presently, hand in hand, they went in to talk to her mother.





BY WALLACE IRWIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

PRETTY maiden, Tim's me name,
I'm a simple naval gent.

Ain't ye glad when I have came,
Ain't ye sad when I have went?
Ain't I nothin' to yer? Oh, how
Can I seem not nothin' nohow?

When I scan the starlit sea
Sorrow sticketh in me craw.

"Moon," I says, "how I love she!
Yet I seen what I have saw—
Her and him just gettin' dearer,
Me not never nowise nearer."

Can't yer never care for I?

Artst thou keeping something hid?

Do I git the cool go-by

For some deed I didn't did?

I dost love thou till I'm dippy—

Thee doth treat I something snippy.

Oft I think, thinks I—like that—

"If I done did suicide

Wouldst she come where I was at

Saying 'I wouldst be thy bride!'

Or wouldst she, when I was founded
Cogitate 'Was best he's drowned!'

I'll not say no more—I've spoke!

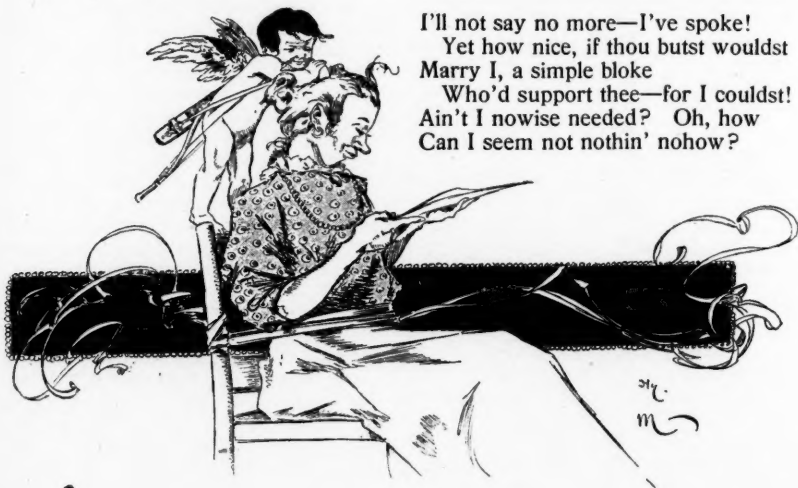
Yet how nice, if thou butst wouldst

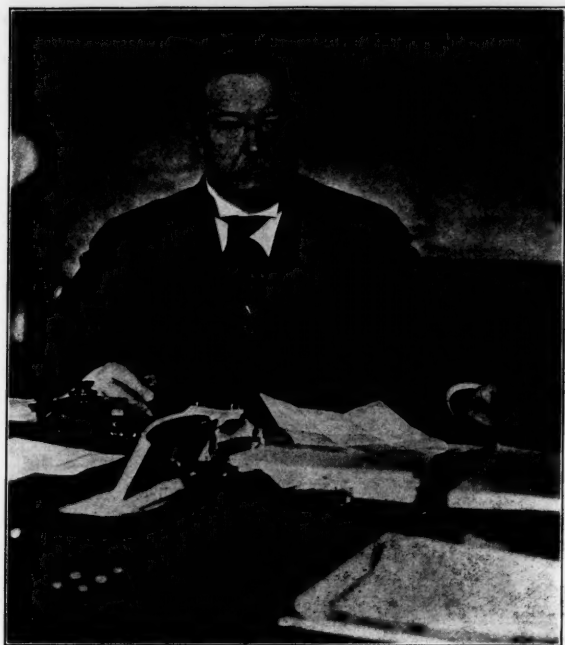
Marry I, a simple bloke

Who'd support thee—for I couldst!

Ain't I nowise needed? Oh, how

Can I seem not nothin' nohow?





SECRETARY TAFT AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR OFFICE

Why Taft?

By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay

"Another may be more expert in casting his opponent; but he is not more social, nor more modest, nor better disciplined to meet all that happens, nor more considerate to the faults of his neighbor."—MARCUS AURELIUS

IN the last Presidential campaign, the Parker forces could find no issue sufficiently robust to put life into the contest and arouse the enthusiasm of the voter. The nearest approach to anything of the sort was the Philippines question. But that proved to be a slender prop, and now it is a broken reed. Where, then, are the "outs" to find the issue necessary to put them "in"? The country is prosperous. It is progressing along lines that have the approval of

the leaders, no less than the rank and file of the Democrats. What argument, then, can that party advance for a change in the political complexion of the administration?

Without doubt the declarations of the Ohio and Nebraska Conventions voice the sentiments of the candidates from those States; and it is safe to assume—in the probable event of the nominations of Taft and Bryan by the respective National Conventions—that the dec-



THOMAS F. WALSH HOLDING UMBRELLA OVER TAFT DELIVERING
HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN SPEECH IN 1907

larations in question will form the main planks in the platforms of their parties. A comparison of these preliminary pronouncements reveals the fact that there are no essential differences between them. Both stand for the "square deal,"

the Ohio and Nebraska Conventions. Either candidate could stand upon the platform of the other without compromise of principle or violation of pledge.

Each of these conventions uttered a demand for the continuance of the

in consonance with the Roosevelt propaganda.

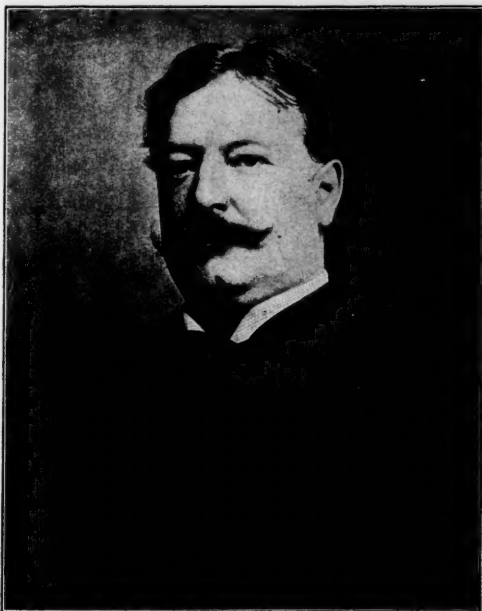
According to the Bryan platform, "The overshadowing issue at this time is equal rights to all and special privileges to none." The Ohio Convention enunciates the same sentiment with its insistence upon "those ideals of government which mean justice, equality, and fair dealing among men." Even in the matter of the tariff—that traditional bone of contention—these representative utterances are in practical accordance. One calls for "an immediate revision of the tariff"; the other for "a revision of the tariff by a special session of the next Congress."

Writing in SMITH'S several months ago, I drew attention to the fact that the two great political parties of the country have in recent years been rapidly drawing into agreement on the chief questions of government, and that there are now no vital differences between them. This statement is strikingly confirmed by a comparative review of the platforms adopted by

"Roosevelt policies." The leaders on both sides realize that a majority of the people, irrespective of party, desire to see the constructive and reformative work that has been incepted by Theodore Roosevelt carried on by his successor. They are in no temper to listen to academic discussions of unimportant matters. The gift of gab and the sop of sophistry will avail little in the coming campaign. The mass of the voters know precisely what they want, and they are not disposed to be put off with anything else. They are looking for a man with Rooseveltian qualities and Rooseveltian ideals.

Let the Republican National Convention nominate such a one and the Democrats will support him at the polls next November even more numerous than they supported Roosevelt before he entered upon his present crusade for good government and commercial honesty. If Roosevelt could draw so large a Democratic vote when he had but completed the McKinley term of administration along the lines laid down by McKinley, surely an exponent of the later Roosevelt policy may expect greater support by the Democrats. The offer of William Jennings Bryan has been twice declined with thanks. There can be nothing in its repetition at this time to make it more attractive to the country.

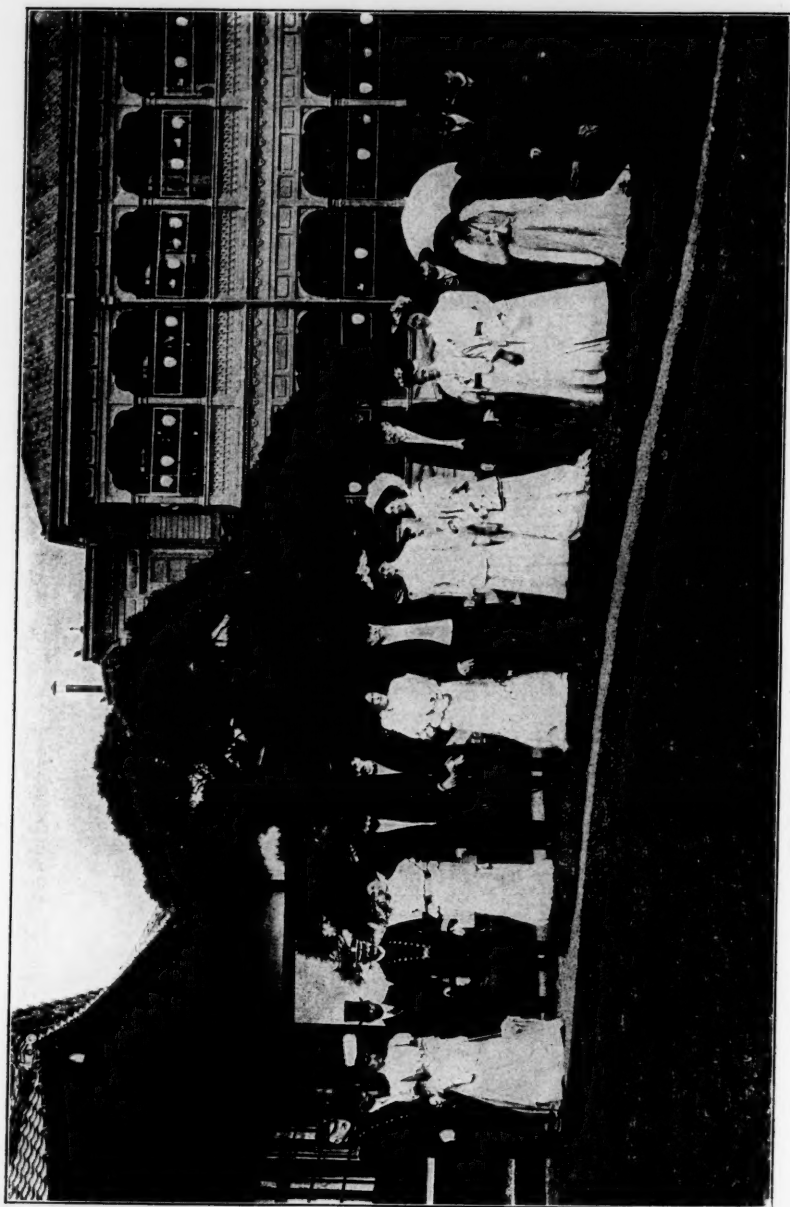
It may be as well to consider the possibility of the Democrats producing the desired leader. It is practically certain that William Jennings Bryan will once again receive the nomination of his party. Now, what qualifications has Mr. Bryan for the difficult task of administration that will be the lot of our next President? Why, none that we know of. When we come to analyze our appreciation of this gifted gentleman, we find that our estimate is almost entirely founded on faith. We



WILLIAM H. TAFT AS JUDGE IN THE UNITED STATES
CIRCUIT COURT

have been so absorbed during the long-ago-and-ever-since in listening to the silvery song of promise that we overlook the fact that it has not been accompanied by a single act of performance. Neither his State nor the nation has ever given Mr. Bryan an opportunity to display any administrative powers of which he is possibly possessed. He *may have* abounding executive ability; but, in the absence of any proof to that effect, it is well to remember that the most accomplished theorists are frequently—perhaps generally—the most impractical of men. With a man available who has done things, we seldom select for a difficult job one who has only dreamed them.

The delegates to the Republican National Convention will have offered to their choice a man tried and proved as preeminently fit to assume the sandals of Theodore Roosevelt and follow in the path that he has marked out. Along



SECRETARY TAFT (CENTRAL FIGURE IN GROUP) IN JAPAN

that path, in the near distance, are discernible complex questions of labor and capital, difficulties with Cuba and other West Indian republics, delicate problems relating to the Philippines, and the work on the Panama Canal.

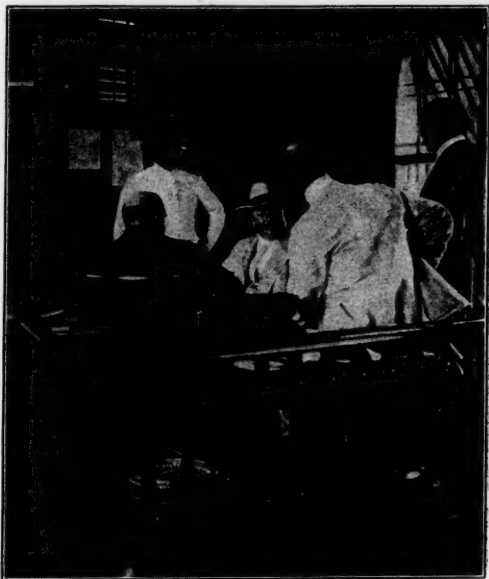
The delegates to the Republican National Convention will have the chance to cast their votes for a man whose public career has brought him into the closest touch with all the questions involved in these matters and who, as judge, governor, and department head, has had practical experience of them all; a man whose varied and brilliant public record is as free from failure as his private life and character are free from blemish. A man, moreover, who has repeatedly declared himself to be unequivocally in sympathy with the policies inaugurated by Theodore Roosevelt.

Never in the history of the country has a candidate for the Presidential nomination possessed so efficient a training for the office. Never in the history of the country has an aspirant to its highest honor had such a splendid tale of achievement to recommend him. Never in the history of the country has a man of nobler character or cleaner record offered himself to his fellow citizens as their leader. If the delegates to the Republican National Convention should nominate William H. Taft for the office of President of the United States, the people will elect him by a greater majority than has ever been given to a Presidential candidate before.

Almost from the day he left college, thirty years ago, William H. Taft has devoted his time and talents to the public service. Before a razor had touched his face he was known in his home community as a fearless and vigorous champion of clean politics. The corrupt soon learned to dread his antagonism; but

even they could not withhold their respect. Boss Cox, whom Taft overthrew after a long fight, voted for him upon the only occasion that he stood for an elective office, and frankly supports his Presidential candidacy.

Elected a member of the Superior Court of Ohio when only thirty years of age, Taft was appointed a judge of the United States Circuit Court five years later. Seated upon the Federal bench, he settled down to his life's work



WILLIAM H. TAFT AT WORK IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

—as he thought!—and to the pursuit of his highest ambition, which was an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States. Regretfully, he indefinitely shelved this ambition and forsook his congenial calling at the dictate of duty, when McKinley urged him to undertake the establishment of civil government in the Philippines.

The task entrusted to Taft was the most difficult one on the hands of the nation at that time, and he was selected for its performance because of his



From stereograph, copyright, 1907, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

SECRETARY TAFT, MRS. TAFT AND THEIR YOUNGEST SON, IN THE PARLOR OF THEIR WASHINGTON HOME

known possession of the extraordinary combination of necessary qualities. There was no precedent in our history, nor any experience in that of other countries, that might serve as a guide. In fact, we departed from the principles and practise of older nations in the rule of foreign dependencies, and established new methods of colonial government, consistent with republican theory.

The degree of success attained by Taft in this unaccustomed rôle of administrator is a matter of current history. He restored order in the islands, instituted good government, and carried the people as far along the path of material prosperity as was possible in the absence of adequate tariff legislation. And this he accomplished with the gloved hand. He inspired the Filipinos with the strongest regard for himself and the utmost confidence in his good faith. Even in absence, his hand is felt upon the rein and the peo-

ple respond to his touch.

The commingled patience, tact and firmness, which later wrought the pacification of Cuba, induced peace and mutual tolerance among the conflicting elements of the population in the Philippines; for no small part of the work of regeneration is directed toward knitting the Filipinos together and awakening in them a true spirit of patriotism. In the pursuit of the larger purpose, Taft was forced to oppose many minor interests and to obstruct many petty ambitions. But in Manila, as in Cincinnati, Taft's political antagonists could not withstand the spell of his magnetic personality. The leaders

among the extremists speak kindly of him. Aguinaldo is his friend.

Taft was still in the Philippines when President Roosevelt tendered him a seat in the Supreme Court. Here was the most cherished wish of his heart within the power of realization, if he would have it so. Ambition, personal comfort, temperamental predilection—every consideration save one—prompted to acceptance.

But the sense of duty outweighed them all, and he put the chance aside, knowing that it might never occur again. He was convinced that if he should leave Manila at that time the confidence of the natives would be shaken and much of his work undone. He would not hazard the welfare of the people who had been entrusted to his care for the sake of his own betterment. "I hope," he telegraphed to the President, "that the time may come when I can accept such an offer; but

even if it is certain that it can never be repeated, I must decline." The President insisted. The governor stood firm. At length, and after the exchange of several telegrams, Roosevelt became convinced that the man who yearned to be a member of the Supreme Court could not be forced there against his conscience.

When Taft was called to the head of the War Department, his reputation as a judicious and able administrator was firmly established. Since that time the

and the tremendous grasp of his Secretary of War, and when anything unusually knotty or perplexing, such as the California-Japanese dispute, or the question of the Oklahoma constitution, needs solution, it is very apt to be turned over to Taft. He has never failed to respond to the utmost demands upon him. He is a veritable glutton for work—the Oliver Twist of the administration. The depths of his capacity have not yet been sounded.

Surely this training and these



SECRETARY TAFT IN JAPAN, WITH DELEGATION FROM THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD

most important and difficult tasks that have come upon the government have been handed over to him. He has accomplished an enormous amount of work, involving special study of diversified problems, in the course of the past few years.

Aside from the regular work of the department, pertaining to the army, this man of infinite capacity has charge of the affairs of Alaska and the Philippines, Cuba and the Panama Canal. This would seem to be sufficient burden for even his broad shoulders; but the President knows the wonderful energy

achievements bespeak the experience and qualifications that go to the making of an ideal President. But they do not constitute the sum of the story by any means. In the capacity of Secretary of Peace—as the Japanese dubbed him—Taft has performed greater service for his country than we realize as yet, although some promise of the after-effects of his visits to foreign lands was given in the improvement of our relations with Japan and China immediately following his presence in those countries.

No other American statesman has so

wide personal acquaintance with the men who direct the policies of foreign nations. He is on friendly terms with the Empress of China, the Mikado, the Premier of Japan, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Italy, the Pope, and the Czar of Russia. South American presidents and West Indian governors have learned by personal contact to respect his ability and esteem his character. The personal equation stands for a great deal in international relations nowadays. Great Britain and Germany had been at war with one another ere this but for the friendship existing between their sovereigns.

Nor is this all. Secretary Taft has a thorough knowledge of the methods of the legislative branches of the government, and an appreciation of their point of view. He has been before Congress in connection with important matters more frequently than all the other cabinet ministers combined. As President, his relations with Congress would be free from unnecessary friction. Taft is conservative by temperament, as he is judicious by training. His ripe judgment, mental balance, and breadth of vision would enable him to carry on the policies of his predecessor with the maximum of effect and the minimum of disturbance. There is no danger, as the organs of some of his opponents have intimated, that he may be restrained by his conservatism from following along the course set by Roosevelt. Taft is conservative by temperament and habit, but he is radical on principle when it is necessary to go to the root of things in order to arrive at the right.

The personality of the man is peculiarly calculated to engage the popular fancy. Except for the President, no man in America to-day has made his way into the hearts of his countrymen as has the genial, whole-souled Secretary of War. His are the homely, human characteristics that appeal to all the world. He has the qualities that secured to Grover Cleveland the respect of his political opponents—the simple

honesty, the blunt directness, and the fearless independence.

A big man, physically and mentally; a man of massive frame and massive brain; a man of great conceptions and the broadest sympathies; a man who whistles at his work and turns a cheery face to the world in all kinds of weather. Nor is he a man lacking the quality of sternness. A story of injustice will bring the flame to his cheek and the fire to his eye. He finds a more genuine pleasure in righting a wrong than in receiving a personal benefit.

Duty is the man's guiding star. He knows no ambition separable from it. If, with the nomination for the Presidency assured, Taft should become convinced that duty demanded his return to the Philippines, to the bench, or even to the retirement of private life, he would obey the call without hesitation.

Fixed principles govern his every action. Wonder is often expressed at the quickness of his decisions. The explanation is not far to seek. He gives no time to the consideration of expediency, but decides instantly according to his sense of right. Thus, questions that would give the average man occasion for deep consideration are not cause for deliberation with him.

The instinct that prompts him to perfect honesty with himself leads him to the fullest frankness with his fellows. This trait endears him to the newspaper men in Washington. Among the two hundred and more of them at the capital there are many who, for one reason and another, do not hope to see Taft nominated for the Presidency; but there is not one who has an unkind word to say of him. And so it has been with this big-hearted, brotherly man everywhere. He has gone about the world, far and near, drawing men to himself as a magnet attracts steel filings. High and low, good and bad, feel the influence of his strong personality. He leaves the impress of his character, as he does the evidence of his labors, behind him in his path; and the world is better for his living in it.



LANDSCAPE NEAR MUNICH

Painting by Ludwig Dill

German Art in America

By Charles de Kay

A PROPOSAL made to the sculptors of Germany by two eminent Berlin men of the craft, Herren Schott and Eberlein, caused a little astonishment in New York when it was announced in the *New York Times*. It was that German sculptors should hold an exhibition in Manhattan some time during the season of 1907-1908. Architects were to cooperate. An imposing list of names was published in Berlin journals. The kaiser was to be asked to give his approval, and the American ambassador was placed on the honorary committee.

For a time at least the plan lay in

abeyance, owing to the following reasons: As soon as the proposal was announced, a rival scheme was projected by other sculptors. Then it was discovered that Manhattan had no fitting place which could be secured for such a show! Excellent reasons both. The matter is only alluded to here in order to point out how enterprising artists are to-day, and more particularly how German artists are taking a leaf from German manufacturers and reaching out for new fields of endeavor in America. Recently the kaiser has given Schott orders to visit New York and arrange if possible for the use of the Metropoli-



GIRL READING

Painting by Fritz von Uhde

tan Museum as a place for German Sculpture Show during 1908-1909.

Heretofore German art as represented by paintings achieved no small success in the United States, and the possibility of a repetition of this success on a larger scale has occupied a good many people in more than theoretic or speculative ways. If in the early part of the last century British art had its innings,

the time came when it lost ground. The National Academy of Design was planned to a large extent on the Royal Academy in London, whose royal charter, it should not be forgot, was obtained from King George by Benjamin West, the Quaker artist from Pennsylvania Colony. Sir Thomas Lawrence, last of the great portraitists of the British school, was an honorary mem-



LANDSCAPE IN DENMARK

Painting by W. Leistikow

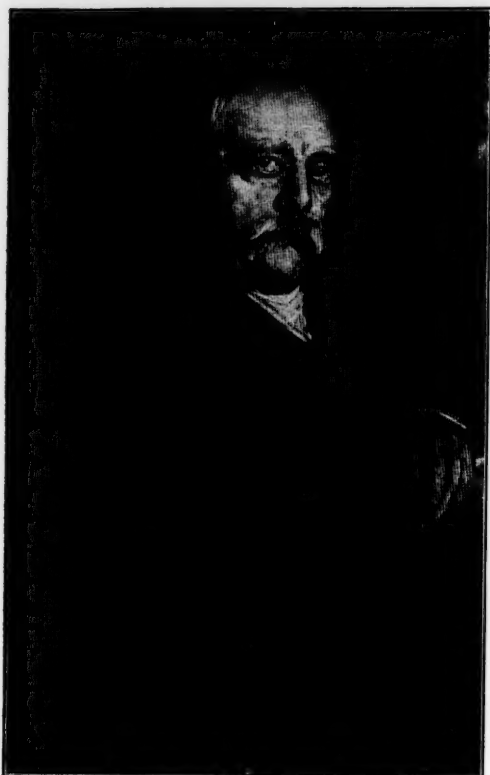
ber of the New York Academy. Thomas Cole, an Englishman by birth, shares with Asher B. Durand the distinction of founding the school of American landscape which contains many celebrated names. But as the century went on the artists of the Rhine, with headquarters in Düsseldorf, achieved the trick of surpassing in popularity on this side of the ocean not only the native painters but the British. Yet their reign did not last. The Düsseldorfers appeared to have a recipe for painting landscapes and marines, and genre pictures too, which recipes could be learned by anybody of ordinary acuteness and deftness of hand. The French painters revenged themselves in art for the beating their armies got in the field. Who so poor as to do the old Düsseldorfers honor now?

With the unification of Germany, however, there has come a corresponding ambition among German artists to place their national art on a level with the exalted place the country has taken

in material things. They send exhibitions to London. They swarm in Venice, Florence and Naples. Last year Mr. Kurtz, curator of the Buffalo Art Museum, brought to America a small collection of modern German paintings for exhibition in five cities of the United States. Mr. Hugo Reisinger, a merchant of Manhattan, has been considering a similar venture for some years, but on a larger and more catholic plan.

Mr. Reisinger owns American, Dutch and French pictures, but his gallery of German works is the largest and most comprehensive in the country. Surrounded by his favorite Boecklins, Stucks and Zügelns, this collector talked entertainingly of his last visit to Europe. He was particularly struck by the modern pictures in the National Gallery of Berlin as they have been arranged by Professor von Tschudi.

"The Boecklin room alone is worth a trip to Berlin, and it can now well stand comparison with the famous Boecklin



PORTRAIT OF BISMARCK

By Franz von Lenbach

rooms in the gallery at Basel, or that in the Schack museum at Munich."

Mr. Reisinger believes in modern German painting and attests his faith by works.

"Germany has a number of men who rank among the highest artists living. It is a great pity that these eminent men are almost unknown in this country, but I hope that ere long a great German art exhibition can be arranged in this city which will at least make American art-lovers acquainted with German art as it exists to-day. Perhaps they will then regret to have neglected the purchase of German pictures in favor of the

French for such a long time, and will come to the conclusion that no collection is complete without examples of the German masters of our time."

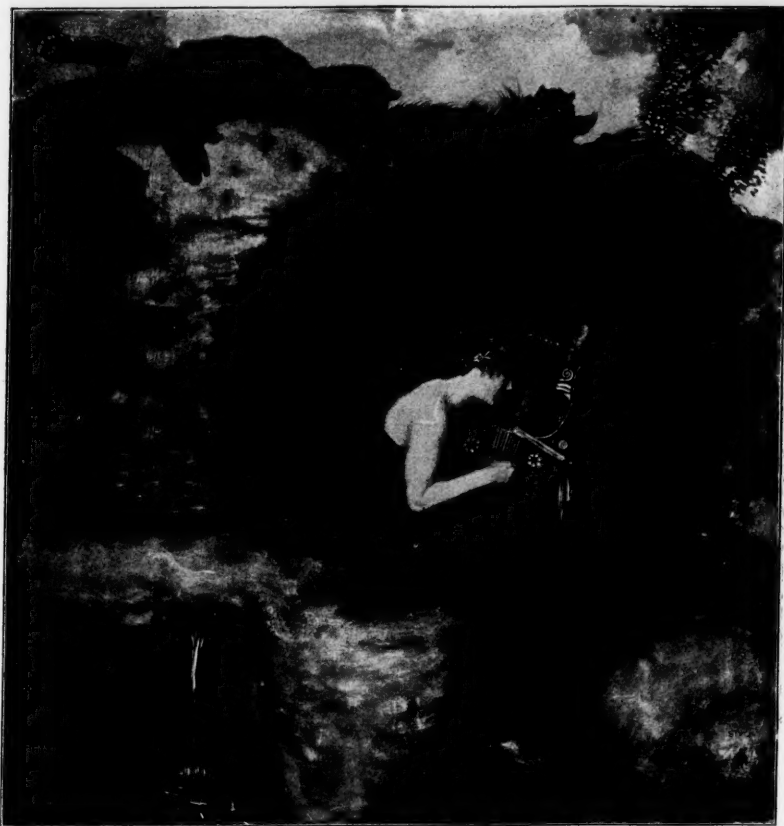
What every one will concede is—the necessity of offering Americans only the very best that is being produced in Germany. For the history of the Düsseldorf school shows that the flood of inferior pictures which set in, as soon as the American market showed readiness to take many works, occasioned a steady depreciation of the school in the minds of collectors. All the efforts of the dealers in the sixties and seventies to bolster the German imports were of no avail. In this connection Mr. Reisinger remarked with excellent judgment:

"While each visit I pay the European galleries largely increases my pleasure and improves my knowledge, yet my enjoyment of the great exhibitions held during summer in nearly all the large cities steadily diminishes. One has to wander for hours through halls and corridors, often badly lighted, hung pell-mell with hundreds of uninteresting pictures before one gets to a work that is really worth

serious attention.

"In Europe the same trouble exists as here. There is an overproduction. Jurors are not critical enough, and the art of hanging pictures correctly and artistically is almost as little known abroad as in the United States.

"An exception was the Tercentenary at Mannheim arranged by the well-known painter, Ludwig Dill of Karlsruhe. Recognizing that a picture is strongly influenced by its surroundings, Herr Dill divided the large halls into small cabinets by projecting divisions, forming thereby small rooms which receive light from the top. The walls of



LISTENING FAUNS

Painting by Franz von Stuck

these cabinets were hung with stuffs of various delicate colors, and some of them contained artistic furniture, bronzes and small sculptures. The gallery effect disappeared. One felt that it might be the home of a man of artistic taste."

Mr. Hugo Reisinger has been painted by Anders Zorn of Stockholm, whom he holds in the highest esteem as a critic as well as an artist. Visiting Mr. Zorn last summer, American art having been broached, he was glad to hear Zorn say regarding Gari Melchers:

"Melchers' pictures perhaps may not

be bought just now as readily as those of some other good American masters, but the time will come when they will attain much higher prices. They will outlive those of all other American painters."

In this connection Mr. Reisinger remarked: "I visited Melchers at his charming country-place, Egmond Hoef in Holland, and spent a day with him. He was at work on a picture of a baptism in a country church. It looked to me as if this would be one of his masterpieces. He is a serious artist.

who lives entirely for his art and avoids everything that might distract him from it. In every European museum you find a picture by this great American master, but I failed to find one in the Metropolitan here. Next to Sargent I consider Melchers the greatest American painter living."

Last year Mr. Reisinger made an interesting show of modern German paintings at the Arts Club in New York, but since then he has acquired several works much finer than any he has owned before, for example "The Amazon," by Arnold Böcklin. Perhaps the beautiful woman who has laid aside her cuirass and helmet to refresh herself in a fountain is that Queen of the Amazons who had to yield to the heroic powers of Theseus. Böcklin was a Swiss who studied in Munich and Berlin as well as in Paris, and in later life divided his time between Zurich with her lovely lake and Florence with her circle of exquisite hills and the silver thread of the Arno showing here and there. To the last he refused to listen to the demand of the French painters that technical perfection should be the first thing to be considered in the painter's art. By keeping away from Paris and pursuing his own dreams, closing his ears to the easy taunt of the modern schools that he was making "literary" pictures, Böcklin established a reputation which, now that he is dead, has been hailed by all Germany, so that he, a Swiss, is often reckoned the very head of German art to-day.

Franz von Stuck is another painter who has followed Böcklin in what may be called classical and mythological subjects with a Germanic touch to them, as if, like Böcklin, he had been a reader of the folk-lore of Germany, the gathering of which was begun by the Brothers Grimm. An example of Von Stuck's treatment of such subjects is the nymph absorbed in the sweet sounds of her lyre as she sits in a cave far away from the haunts of men. But the wild things of the forest hear her, and two impish satyrs, with eyes gleaming sensuously, wrapt in the stolen enjoy-

ment of music and song—for we can hardly conceive of the nymph not singing to the accompaniment of her instrument—have crept to the ridge above and luxuriate in the strains. The hypercritical may find fault with certain technical sides of this painting, but no one can fail to admire the ways in which Von Stuck has expressed the characters of the chaste nymph who lives on lofty planes of feeling and the animal satyrs who, while full of a quaint playfulness, are distinctly creatures of a lower moral and mental grade.

Böcklin and Von Stuck are more or less known in the United States, but Zügel, the cattle-painter, belongs to a younger generation and is scarcely recognized so far. But he deserves a high place as a painter. Lenbach was a portrait-painter whose ideal figures bring great prices in Germany. In the Reisinger collection there is such a symbolical or ideal figure by Lenbach in which one feels the model; but the chief treasure of this collection is a portrait by Lenbach of the Iron Chancellor taken from life at Friedrichsruh some time after Bismarck's resignation. Most of the painter's likenesses of Bismarck, and they are many, are replicas and memory pictures, but this one is immediately from the sitter. It represents the grim, testy old statesman to the life.

Although New York has many well-to-do bankers, merchants and professional men of German birth, it is seldom you find one buying German pictures, or any pictures, for that matter. Among American artists, however, there are not a few who were born in Germany or Austria. Niehaus, Bitter, Dielman, Groll, Ritschel, Caliga, Gaugengigl, Mielatz, and Funk are names that readily occur, but there are many more. None of these sculptors and painters, however, looks to German-Americans for patronage. Recently several German painters of well-established reputation have settled in New York for the winter, notably Herr Andreas Dirks, a gold-medallist whose specialty is marine. The sculptor Eberlein, already mentioned, passed the winter in New York.

Mr. Reisinger is faithful to German art and promises that an exhibition will soon be held which will convince the art-loving public of the superiority of the men he admires. The question is: Will New York welcome German painting and sculpture?

There are certain qualities in modern German art which are fine, but just now out of fashion. I mean more particularly a sympathetic treatment of the unseen world, the use of fairy lore to express nature, a naturalistic handling of religious subjects like the paintings of Fritz von Uhde. Will these things appeal to our picture buyers? On the one hand we have the artists educated under the influence of the hard logical teaching of France, all reasonableness, all technique and no imagination, and

on the other, working toward the same end, the cold, raw materiality of modern life in the United States as expressed by the stage and the press. These forces do not make for fancy or sympathetic feeling. Nor do our political methods fail to add a further touch to our groveling in vulgar things, our immersion in vulgar thoughts. But what will be the success of a given movement in art no man can surely foresee. Suffice it that Mr. Hugo Reisinger, who has given more thought to the question than any one else, believes that whatever impression the proposed German Sculpture Show may make, German painting at least has a good chance to rehabilitate itself in the United States through the best work of its modern exponents.



Honeymoon Cottage

THIS little house a haven forms
Against life's troublous weather;
Where twain may ride out fiercest storms
In perfect peace together.

Though small appears the space thereof,
'Tis ample for contentment—
There's room enough for tons of love,
But no inch for resentment.

The light that from the windows streams,
A beacon 'midst the gloaming,
Shall shine with loyal, steady beams,
As signal set for homing.

For faith and cheer, for smile—and tear,
For charity ungilded,
For night and day and changing year
This little house is builded.

EDWIN L. SABIN.



THE PASSING HOUR

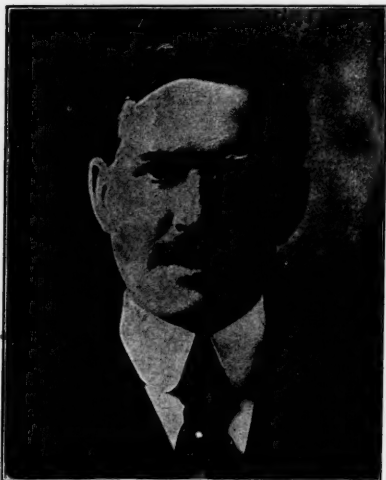
AN ILLUSTRATED CHRONICLE OF THE WORLD'S DOINGS

A Strenuous Secretary.

Most assuredly we do things very differently from the way our grandfathers did them. Take the case of a cabinet minister—the Secretary of the Interior, for instance. He does twice as much work as did his predecessor of fifty years ago, and does it twice as well. Nowadays our government officials conduct the affairs of the people with the same keen, businesslike energy that a

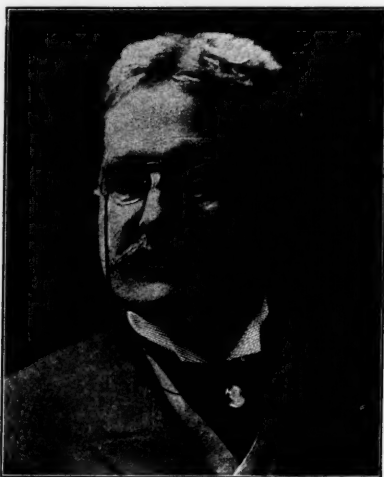
railroad president exerts in the interests of the stockholders of his line.

Scarcely had Secretary Garfield entered upon his office last year than he started upon a tour of the West with a view to getting in close touch with some of the biggest things under his direction, and especially the public lands, forests and reclamation projects. This was the way in which he spent his vacation. When this number of SMITH'S reaches



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JAMES R. GARFIELD,
Secretary of the Interior



FRANK E. LEUPP,
Commissioner of Indian Affairs

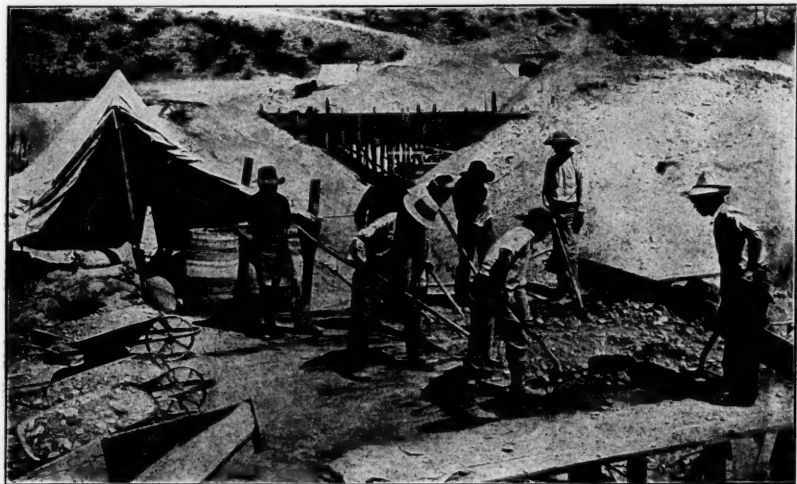


INDIAN CUTTING HAY ON ALFALFA FARM NEAR LAS CRUCES, NEW MEXICO

its readers the strenuous secretary will be upon the point of setting out for another round of investigation, the Indians being the particular subject of inquiry on this occasion.

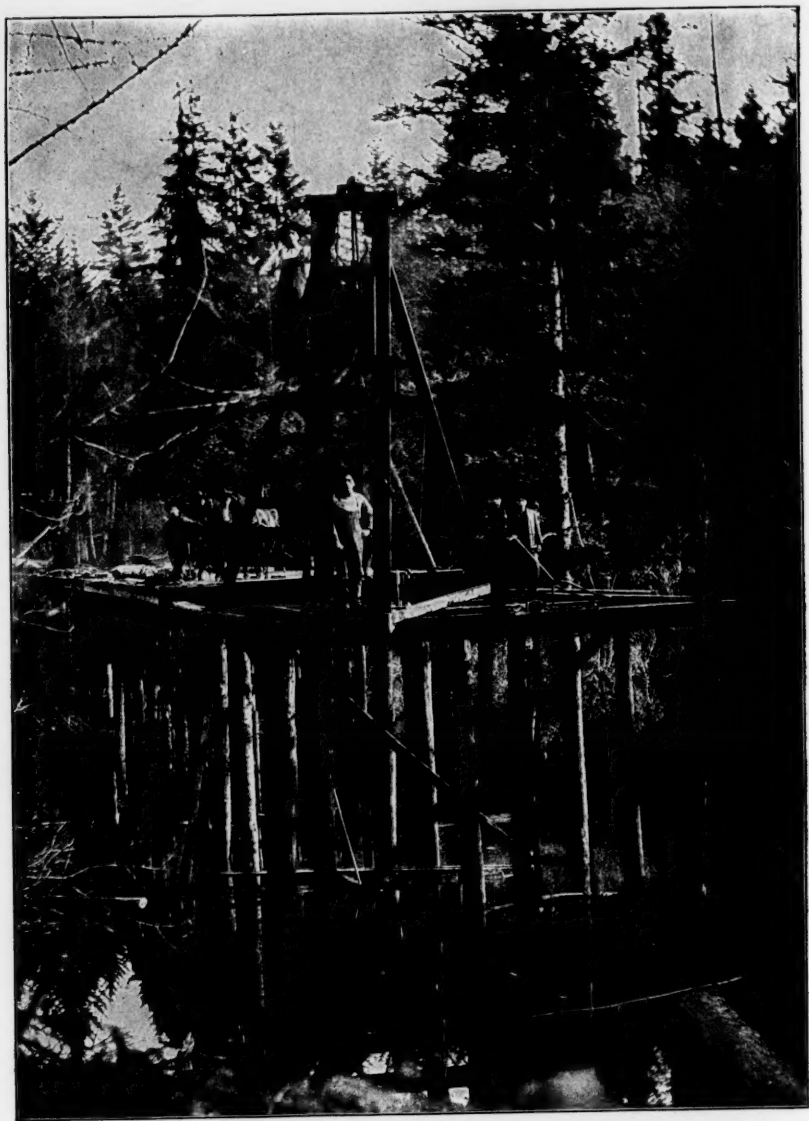
Those responsible for the administration of our new Indian policy have no light task upon their hands. We cor-

ralled the last generation of redskins and adopted every means to suppress their activity. Now we are emancipating the Indian, making him a landowner and a citizen, and requiring him to paddle his own canoe. In recent years thousands of the former occupants of the reservations, who had never



TONTTO, SAN CARLOS AND WHITE MOUNTAIN APACHE INDIANS

Engaged in mixing concrete at Harrison Construction Camp, four miles above Livingstone, Arizona



BRIDGE CONSTRUCTION BY SCHOOL BOYS ON TULALIP RESERVATION, WASHINGTON
Cost to Government when completed \$50. Valued by officials of Snohomish County, Washington, at \$3,000



A GANG OF INDIAN LABORERS

done a stroke of work, have, with the aid and guidance of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, been put in the way of becoming self-supporting and useful members of the community.

And, to the surprise of all but the comparatively few persons who are acquainted with the fine latent characteristics of the redskin, the Indian has made good and amply justified the confidence of his friends. As a farmer he is only a partial success, but as a herder he cannot be surpassed; and railroad contractors, as well as the engineers of the Reclamation Service, pronounce him the very best laborer to be found in the West. This does not apply alone to the men who have been through our schools. There are hundreds of Indians in slouch-hat and jumpers, wielding pick and shovel, who once were painted and befeathered, and fought the white man with rifle and tomahawk.

Kipling in Search of a Publisher.

The award of the Nobel prize to Kipling for his literary achievement has raised widespread discussion as to his merit, in the course of which many interesting reminiscences have come to light. Not a few American editors have been reminded of the time—twen-

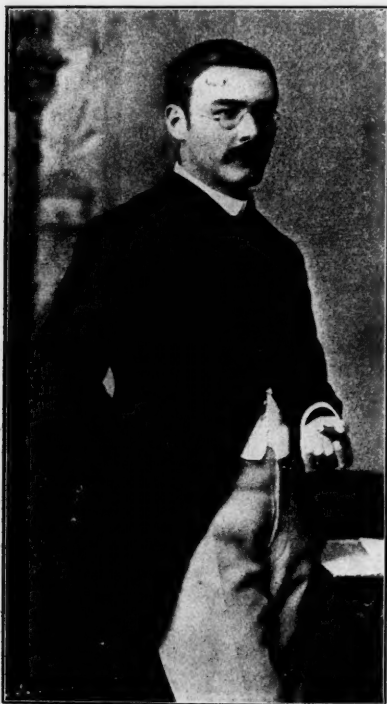
ty years ago—when the young unknown writer passed through this country in his journey "From Sea to Sea." The only things he had had published at that time were some short stories, that had appeared in papers in India. When he arrived in America he was long on manuscript and short on cash. In San Francisco he offered three of the Mulvaney stories to a newspaper editor and promptly received them back. In Chicago he sent out "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" and "The Phantom Rickshaw," with no better success. He reached Philadelphia with hopes of better luck, for there were two magazines in the city. With the editor of one Kipling left "Without Benefit of Clergy"—that critics have pronounced one of the best short stories in the English language—and "The Strange Ride of Morrowby Jukes." The editor could not fail to appreciate the ability of the writer, but he was staggered by the unconventionality of style and treatment. Those were days when editors were timorous and readers averse to change of mental diet. Kipling got his manuscript back and went on to New York. He had crossed the continent without having been able to dispose of a single story. Nor did he succeed at once in

the metropolis. It was some time before he found a purchaser for his peculiar wares.

Freed From a Felon.

It is passing strange that, in spite of the shocking disclosures that are made every few months, the foreign matrimonial market continues to be plentifully supplied with American heiresses. A title seems to have an irresistible attraction for many of our women, even though the bearer of it may be bankrupt in purse, health and reputation.

The latest case of disillusion is a strikingly sad one. It should—but there is not hope that it will—afford an impressive lesson to American heiresses and their mothers. Ten years ago Edith Van Buren—daughter of a general in



RUDYARD KIPLING.

As he looked twenty years ago



COUNTESS DE CASTELMENARDO,

Great grandniece of President Van Buren, recently freed from an unhappy marriage

the United States Army and great grandniece of a President—was noted for her beauty, her vivacity and her daring disregard for conventionality. She capped a series of sensational acts in 1898 by going to the Klondike, staking a claim and working it. Thence she started on a tour of the world and at Nice met an Italian who professed to be Count George di Castelménardo, a son of the Duchess Tortora Bruvdo di Belvidere Giuditta George di Castelménardo. He and his mother may have had more titles in reserve, but these served to accomplish the purpose. Miss Van Buren, who had just inherited a large fortune, married the man. The conventional honeymoon period had not expired before the American learned that she was united to a scoundrel and an impostor. He had no title, and the one which he claimed had no legal existence. The resourceful wife endeavored to save the situation. At a cost of four thousand dollars she purchased for the man the title under which he had

masqueraded, and had him regularly invested with it. Unprincipled and brutal as the American woman knew her husband to be, she was not prepared for the revelation that followed his arrest a few months ago, when it transpired that the count was a Camorrist and an ex-convict. She is now free from her rash entanglement.

Gibson and the English Girl.

The creator of the "Gibson girl," who got tired of her before she ceased to be a revenue producer, has been championing the English girl in defiance of Continental critics. Visiting the exhibition of Old English masters in Berlin lately, he declared that "England to-day is just as full of beautiful girls as in the days of Gainsborough and Reynolds."

Gibson, who is the greatest master of expression in black and white that America has ever produced, maintains that, in these days, when refined persons are schooled to control the features, their real feelings are more often revealed by the body and limbs than by the face. At a friend's house in London, he undertook one evening to show how much might be conveyed through a rough outline of the back of a human being. Taking a slate, he dashed off, one after another, a score or more of sketches of men, women, and children seen from behind. In almost every instance, the company was able to decide upon the feeling aimed at—pain, merri-ment, fatigue, sorrow, fright, coquetry and what not—upon the first attempt.



CHARLES DANA GIBSON,

The creator of the "Gibson Girl," who has gone to England in quest of new types of feminine beauty

Curzon of Kedleston.

Lord Curzon, who has lived in semi-retirement since the premature death of his wife, has decided to reenter the political arena and to take his place as a leader of London society. His household will be presided over by his widowed sister, Lady Miller, who created a well-remembered sensation at the Delhi Durbar by appearing in the actual costume that had been worn by her great-grandmother at the court of George the Second. The three daughters of the House of Leiter married Englishmen, the second being Lady Suffolk and the youngest the wife of Captain Colin Campbell, a retired officer of the Scots Guards. These young matrons will assist in making their brother-in-law's entertainments brilliant.



LADY SUFFOLK,
Formerly Miss Daisy Leiter



MRS. COLIN CAMPBELL,
Formerly Miss Nancy Leiter

Lord Curzon has always maintained the closest and most affectionate relations with his wife's family; and since the tragical death of Lady Curzon he has, with his little daughter, spent a portion of each year with Mrs. Leiter.

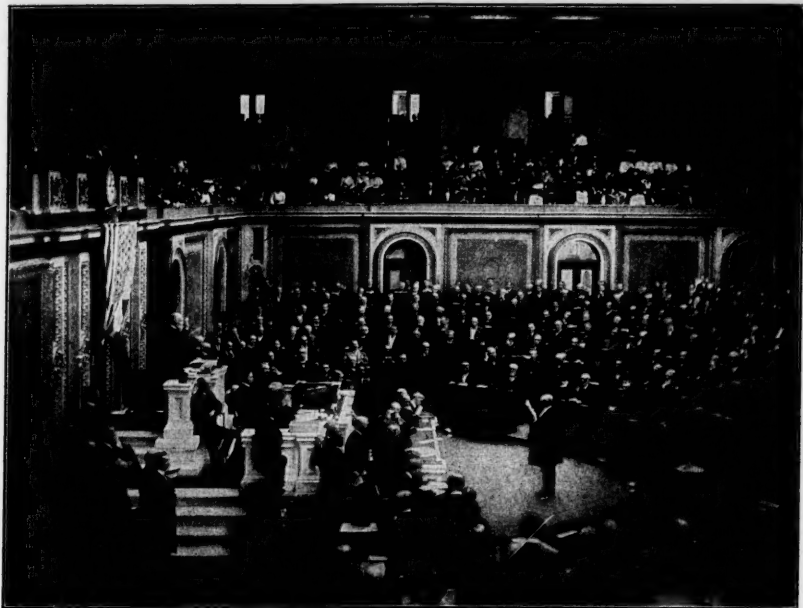
The Price of Place.

The terror of death — always present with Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey—has become intensely acute since the assassinations in Portugal, and the more recent poisoning of a



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY,
At present in daily fear of assassination

member of his own household. This old man, whom Gladstone dubbed the "Great Assassin," is as fearful of the dark as any child. With the approach of night every corner of his palace is brilliantly lighted, and remains in that state until the sun returns to brighten the dismal pile. The cost of guarding the private apartments of the Commander of the Faithful is upward of one thousand dollars a night. The Sultan sleeps in a strong light—when he sleeps at



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Which is soon to be remodeled after the arrangement of the British House of Commons

all, which is little. An attendant always reads to him while he woos elusive slumber.

Back to the Benches.

The House of Representatives is to be entirely remodeled. The sway-back armchairs and the desks, which so often serve as resting-places for the feet of honorable members, are to give place to benches after the arrangement of the British House of Commons. Our Congressmen will have to accustom themselves to carrying their papers in their hats and doing their writing upon their knees.

The change in the House, which is rendered imperative by the fact that it is already overcrowded and so large that few members can make themselves heard all over it, will be carried out during the summer vacation. The chamber is to be considerably reduced in size,

and the additional space thus gained on the outside will be devoted to the most luxurious cloak-rooms that it is possible to construct.

A Tale of a Shirt.

During the recent critical illness of Thomas A. Edison, which entailed a dangerous operation, letters of sympathy and encouragement came in thousands to the great inventor from every part of the world. Only once before had his correspondence, which is always large, been of such vast proportions. That was a few years ago, when a newspaper man concocted a purely imaginative story about a wonderful shirt which he declared that Edison had invented and was preparing to put upon the market. The front of the garment consisted, so the account declared with convincing detail, of three hundred and sixty-five very thin layers of a certain

fibrous material. All the wearer needed to do in order to maintain the pristine spotlessness of the shirt was to remove one of the layers each morning, when he would have—so far as the world could tell—a clean shirt.

The story was copied into about five hundred papers in this country, and immediately every one seemed to be possessed of a hankering for one—no inquirer expressed a desire for more—of the wonderful shirts. Soon the shirt correspondence ran into thousands of letters a day, and the mere labor of returning checks and money-orders kept a clerk constantly busy. The demand did not die down for more than a year.

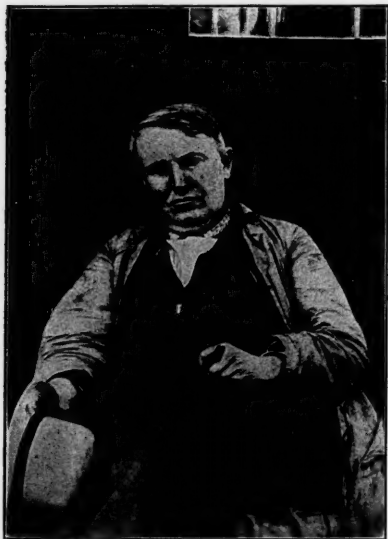
'Awks is 'Awks.

Sir Edwin Ray Lankester, the Nestor among naturalists, has just resigned his position as director of the natural history museum in South Kensington to take a well-earned rest. Sir Edwin, unlike most scientists, is a man of keen humor and jovial disposition. He delights in hearing and telling funny



SIR EDWIN RAY LANKESTER.

The great naturalist who has just retired to private life

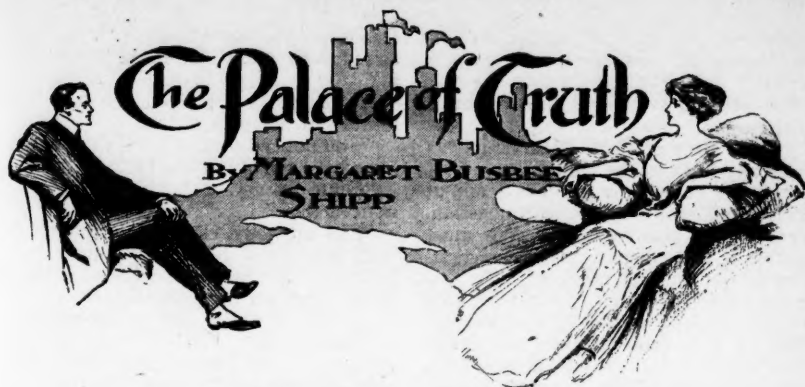


THOMAS A. EDISON,

Who recently recovered from a dangerous illness

stories, and especially such as have a bearing upon his own particular branch of science.

One day an old countrywoman, carrying a basket, came into Sir Edwin's office. "I've got 'em," she cried excitedly; "I've got two of 'em!" "Two of what?" asked the professor, beginning to feel interested. "Two 'awk's eggs," answered the woman, opening her basket gingerly. "I'm told they're worth lots of money." The professor carefully examined the supposed treasures, but the scrutiny was disappointing. "These are not auk's eggs, my good woman," he said. "Oh, but they be 'awk's eggs," insisted the old dame indignantly. "My son found 'em in the nest." Suddenly Sir Edwin understood. "The kind of eggs that are so valuable," he said, "are those of the now extinct bird named the auk—a-u-k." His visitor departed, sorely disappointed and vowing vengeance on the person who had told her "it was 'awk's eggs as was wanted."



ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

IN Mrs. Jeffry's face disappointment and amusement struggled for mastery.

"You!"

Osborne turned quickly from the book-shelves.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Jeffry. I was so absorbed in Mrs. Cartwright's collection of authors that I didn't hear you enter."

"Aren't they delicious? Carrie declares that rows of unread classics depress her; that her idea of a library is a place where one can find the books of the year and the magazines of the month, along with comfortable chairs. Try that one."

"Aren't you forgetting to shake hands or to express your pleasure in seeing me?"

"My only instructions were to offer you tea. But you never drink it." She made the simple statement with great positiveness.

"Quite true; but how do you know it?"

"Because tea is an integral part of my afternoon."

"Then we go by contraries, as dreams do?"

Melissa was scrutinizing his impassive face. She spoke with a sudden impulse, most characteristic of her:

"Carrie will have lions, and they aren't nice household pets. Last night I went into dinner with her new roar-

ing one, who is down here to write a novel of Southern life. He looked at me as if I were a type, and listened as if I were a dialect, and questioned as if I were an investigation. This morning I've been motoring with the tiny gilded one, whose mother is afraid to trust him with any one but a staid married woman like me. So after luncheon I went to Carrie with daggers in my eye"—her charming eyes, hazel-shot with light, rested on his for the fraction of a second—"and demanded recompense. Carrie declared that the least enticeable man in the State had been won to a week-end, and I should give him tea. She played with my curiosity, and then sent me here!"

"Am I to understand"—the clear-cut voice, without emphasis or inflections, differed from her own as greatly as the fall of water from the trill of a bird—"that an afternoon with me is not adequate recompense for the dangers endured in the lions' den?"

Mrs. Jeffry leaned back, putting the tips of her fingers together, and regarding him speculatively. Mischief and daring were in the mobile curves of her mouth, though her eyes were suspiciously grave.

"It might be made so," she admitted "Did you ever play 'Palace of Truth' when you were a little boy? It's that highly commendable game in which one has to tell the truth—the nice, plain,

calico truth, no frills, no ruffles, no embroideries. If one doesn't he pays a forfeit."

He glanced around at the fripperies of the room.

"Our Palace of Truth? So be it! Is there any limit to the game?"

"If you knew how prudent I am at bridge you wouldn't ask the question. Yes, a very positive limit. We must confine it to a dispassionate investigation of our mutual antagonism." Osborne started slightly. "Is that too pale a term to pass muster in our Palace? Shall I say our positive antipathy? Now when you dislike people, you eliminate them from your consciousness and never think of them except when they bump against you, and they never jar your serenity at all."

Osborne smiled, and nodded at the accuracy of the diagnosis.

"And your dislikes are definite, concrete," she continued; "you know why, just as impartially as you would state the cons of a legal proposition. But my dislikes are purely irrational:

"I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.

"It's atmospheric; it's merely because we don't move in the same electric circle. Perhaps 'circle' isn't the right word, for it's so catholic, and takes in so many people. My orbit must be a zigzag. Yet when I meet any one who is antagonistic, I recognize it at once. I feel as if I were struck with a cold, contrary current, and every fiber is resistive."

"So when we were introduced you felt this chilly draft, and I wasn't well enough versed in your peculiar psychic condition to bring your furs?"

"It preceded our introduction. The night after we came home, at Mrs. Hurst's dinner, Ed proposed a toast—you had just won some tremendously important case. As you responded, your glance swept the table, and our eyes met for the first time—like the unexpected flashing of two sheathed swords. I detested you, all in a moment."

"You didn't drink to my success,"

Osborne observed quietly. "You only raised your glass and made a feint of it."

A delicate color dyed the roseleaf texture of her skin.

"You noticed that? Why, there must have been twenty at the table."

"Quite twenty, I should say. Yes, I noticed that."

"Did anybody else only pretend to wish you good fortune? Jimmy Anstruthers, for instance, whose interests were rather on the other side?"

"I did not notice any of the others."

"Delightful! You see you felt the antagonism as immediately as I did, only subconsciously. I did not see you again until the Bachelors' Cotillion. I had a really satisfactory gown that night."

"It was white. I remember, and I suspect it was what the newspapers call 'a creation.'" Nothing could have sounded more lazily indifferent than his voice.

"Well, the gown had pleased me, the music was delightful, and during an intermission I was chatting to half a dozen of my friends, when I chanced again to meet your gaze, grave, disconcerting, and I suddenly felt, what was the use of anything—anything. I was standing near a bank of roses, and I noticed that they were beginning to droop in the heat and glare, that the music had stopped, that the women's faces were tired under their smiles, that the—"

She broke off, turning her face away from him, so that only her profile was visible. A chance ray of light touched her hair. Osborne wondered if it was called gold because of the wealth of light in it, or brown because of the shadows.

"Or even red?" he said aloud, with a sudden amused recollection of being in the Palace of Truth.

She looked up in amazement, caught his speculative glance, and laughed.

"You mean my hair? It is termed chestnut or bronze, sir. You are the first to suggest red. 'Have you found it, O mine enemy?'"

A butler entered noiselessly, and deposited a silver tray. Osborne asked

for salt, which the man brought, inwardly wondering if it was to be used in tea.

"One lump?" asked Mrs. Jeffry.

"Just as you like," he returned carelessly.

Melissa dropped three lumps into the smallest cup, and Osborne drank it, remarking casually to the draperies: "Palace, what a spiteful child!"

Then to her, with the cool, certain note of mastery which had won for him juries:

"I've taken sugar with you, and now you must return the courtesy by sharing salt with me. You know the Oriental significance when one dips salt with an enemy?"

He broke one of the thin slices of bread-and-butter, dipping each end into the salt, and handed a piece to her, taking the other for himself.

"I don't like salt," she pouted.

"Yet I have understood that you have more than your share of the Attic variety."

She acknowledged the bald praise with a disdainful bend of her head.

"You haven't made your confession," she pursued, ignoring the bit of salted bread. "I've fulfilled my part of the contract, but you——"

"I have paid the forfeit," he returned.

His manner was so deliberately colorless that the words puzzled her.

In another moment a laughing crowd entered the room, their coats splashed with mud.

"A sudden shower decided us to hurry back, though we had been at the club-house only a short while. Do ring for more tea, somebody, we're starving."

Mrs. Jeffry involuntarily sought the cause of the

quick return, and found it. Her husband's careful manner, his expression, at once vivid and vacant, was too familiar for her to need further explanation.

"Why, what babies you are!" She laughed. "Tom, let's go for a spin. We don't mind a tiny sprinkle."

She slipped a coaxing arm through his.

"Want—to—smoke—Melissa."

He brought out the words slowly, as if he found them with difficulty.

She did not argue, experience having taught her the futility of it, but helped him off with his coat, and tried to draw him down to a divan by her side.

"Think I'll go smoke," he said again, still standing near the door in that rigid attitude.

"Wait for tea, won't you, dear?"



"Our Palace of Truth? So be it! Is there any limit to the game?"

"Oh, don't desert us!" cried the Anstruthers girls in a breath. Pleading of this sort only made Jeffry more obstinate. They all would help; was there no one who could? pierced through Melissa's brain.

Walking over to the tea-table, she said lightly: "I forgot to finish my sandwich."

Only Osborne realized that she had taken the bit of salted bread.

"I'll go with you for a smoke, Jeffry, if the ladies will excuse us," he suggested, rising.

His manner was courteous and deferential, with no lurking suspicion of the patronage which Jeffry had learned to detect and resent. Fifteen minutes later, Melissa saw the two whirl by the window. She breathed a sigh of relief. Tom would be all right at dinner. She had learned never to look to the tomorrows.

"By Jove," said Hurst, when Osborne and himself chanced to have the smoking-room to themselves later, "I feel like *particeps criminis* when I recall that I was best man at Tom Jeffry's wedding. Who would have thought that little girl would have such pluck? Did you know her the winter she made her debut?"

"No, I was in Congress at the time."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. Her aunt had educated her abroad, and when she came back at nineteen, she had seen less of mankind than a Southern girl has at fourteen. There was a natural, inborn coquetry about her, which, combined with her beauty and pellucid innocence, was most alluring. Half a dozen fellows lost their heads about her, but most of them fell back before the onset of Tom's courtship. Her house was kept a bower of roses and orchids, he besieged her with every graceful attention, with every plan for her pleasure. I think the child was carried away by the sweep of his devotion; and he gave up drinking, stopped dead short, which appealed to the aunt—very pious and unworldly old lady. They were married that spring, been abroad ever since. It's easy to see why! Wonder how long he has been going at

this pace? Wonder what's the drug, eh? There's something besides alcohol. Tom's a good chap, generous and all that, immensely proud of his wife, wants to see her the center of things. She is always bright; don't know whether she's bluffing or just used to it."

Melissa avoided any tête-à-tête with Osborne during the rest of his stay at Mrs. Cartwright's home on the Sound, and it was not until she was in town again that he found himself near her, at the Anstruthers' ball. They were no longer in the Palace, so it was not necessary for him to confess that in looking over stenographic reports of certain evidence, he remembered a radiant, glancing face—a face in which the red of mobile lips, the fairness of brow and the glinting brownness of hair and eyes made a symphony of harmonious color, yet a face which with all its beauty was still distinctively a child's face, unawakened.

He wondered if she would wear white to-night? Then he laid aside the report and went to his chambers to dress.

As he came into the ballroom from out of the sleety darkness, he saw that she did wear white, of an indescribable softness, and in the curve of her arm was a wealth of daffodils, making her look like a vision of spring.

"I thought you abjured balls," she greeted him carelessly.

"I don't dance. Perhaps you will let me find a cool place in which I can talk to you for a little while?"

Melissa's hesitation was so perceptible that Jimmy Anstruthers laughed.

"Mrs. Jeffry's afraid of you. Our latest light, a yellow-haired poet under Mrs. Cartwright's all-embracing wing, has just called her 'Our Lady of Mist and Dew,' and there was something about a rainbow which I didn't quite catch. Just then you came in the door, and Mrs. Jeffry asked him how he would phrase you. Osborne, I grieve to state that he cast one shuddering glance at that affidavit face of yours, and exclaimed: 'You mean that man of ice and iron?' Now, no lady of dew could trust herself with an ice-man, she would freeze or he would melt."

"Shall we risk it?" asked Osborne, in the indifferent drawl which made one of his newspaper friends declare that he put "in quads" between his words.

"I run no risk," she answered, with light disdain, as she laid her hand on his arm.

He found a corner screened with dwarf orange-trees.

"Can you fancy yourself in California?"

"I have never been there. Isn't it absurd to live abroad so long that my native land is a terra incognita?"

"And I have been to Europe only once, while every time I can snatch a breathing-spell from my work, I grow more intimate with some corner of the States."

"Tell me about them," she asked, as simply as a child demands a story.

He saw that she was tired, that she listened relaxed and resting, as he talked of the alluring beauty of Tahoe, the austere white majesty of Mount Rainier, the panorama of wonder which lies along Bright Angel Trail in the Great Cañon. Nearer home he pictured South Carolina's enchanted azalea-gardens, and the primeval charm of Virginia Dare's little island, which rests in the heart of four tranquil sounds while two miles away a storm may be lashing the Atlantic waters.

Hurst's voice broke in, cajoling, protesting.

"Here, old man, let's come into the conservatory. So confounded hot in there."

Pushing through the trees, Hurst led Tom Jeffry. With mingled relief and regret he exclaimed:

"Why, Tom, here's your wife! Sorry I have to rush away from this inviting corner, but I have this dance."

Melissa had risen from her seat, and with a pretty gesture drew Jeffry to a seat beside her.

"I have this, too," she said, consulting her card. "But I can't desert this tempting orangery for the heat of the ballroom. Look at my poor fan, Tom; I've broken one of the sticks."

She laid a dainty toy of ivory and lace on his knee. Her manner was as caressing and gentle as if he had been a sick child, while Jeffry looked at her with glazed, blank eyes.

"I mustn't detain you longer, Mr. Osborne. It was pleasant to take an airship voyage with you over an undiscovered country, though mine own."

Dreading to leave her with Jeffry,

whom he had never seen so wholly lost to himself, Osborne rose reluctantly.

"So I am driven out of paradise to earn my supper 'by the sweat of my brow'? Good night, Jeffry. Good night, Lady of the Mist."

"How damp it sounds! Tom, do you hear how he is slandering me?"



In the curve of her arm was a wealth of daffodils, making her look like a vision of spring.

Something awoke in the sluggish brain, he vaguely caught her word, snatched up the fan and struck at Osborne with all his might.

"Good God! Did I strike you, Melissa!"

For a little white figure had flung itself between them in the flash of an instant and the fan had been broken against the soft roundness of the shoulder. Osborne had seized Jeffry and flung him against the wall. His eyes were blazing, his breath came in hard, deep pants. Melissa's laugh rang out before either could speak.



He vaguely caught her word, snatched up the fan and struck at Osborne with all his might.

"Tom, you goose, I wasn't in earnest when I accused Mr. Osborne of slander. Next time please listen better, as I don't care to repeat my Pocahontas effort. I'll be having offers from managers next. Good night again, ice-man."

Half an hour later Osborne caught a glimpse of her as she was leaving. Her ermine coat concealed the vivid red mark which Osborne felt was branded on his very soul; her lips were colorless, but he could hear her laughing rejoinders to the circle who crowded to bid her good night.

Osborne accepted no more invitations that winter. A pressure of work furnished a ready excuse, and he felt that his presence would recall to Mrs. Jeffry the humiliating scene he had witnessed.

He was surprised one morning when her card was handed to him in his private office.

"Why didn't you summon me to you?" he chided.

"As I wanted to speak to you on business, I thought it was better to come here." She paused a moment. "I find it difficult to begin. I suppose the best course is to plunge in *medias res*. But it isn't an easy subject." Then with a quick note of irritation and appeal, "Why don't you help me, Doctor Fell?"

"I wish I might, but I'm in Egyptian darkness. Is there really something serious you wish me to undertake?"

"It is vital. I am told you never accept a divorce case; but there are things a woman cannot bear, conditions she ought not to face. The law is there to help her; you, who represent the law, ought to help her, too. Can you see a woman struggling, overwhelmed by the difficult conditions of her life and her own weakness, and not lift a hand to—save her?"

There was silence in the room. The man, with a sudden movement of unspeakable torture, bowed his head on his desk.

To the girl, quick in intuitiveness, there was a hard-won self-mastery in his haggard face when he raised it again.

"Let us speak plainly. I have always refused divorce cases, as you have heard, but if you apply for a divorce from Mr. Jeffry, I shall continue to act as his lawyer. I have always served him in that capacity; in any suit you may choose to bring against him he may count on my assistance."

"I!" cried Melissa, bewildered. "I get a divorce from Tom? Why, I was speaking of Carrie Cartwright!"

Her words trailed into a helpless note, half sob and half laughter.

"You know Carrie's predicament. It's all so flagrant and horrible and hopeless! And she is getting into a foolish flirtation with that cad, Jimmy Anstruthers, which will serve to muddy the waters if everything isn't quickly ended. She said if she could get a divorce and proper alimony, she would go to her uncle's. He has a delightful place in the Virginia valley and is eager for her to live with him. Her two children are darlings. I am thinking most of them. Clara is really devoted to them, but reckless just now."

Cartwright's notorious infatuation had reached the point where social ostracism had followed, and now feather-brained, sentimental Carrie by a silly flirtation was losing the sympathy and protection with which her friends were eager to surround her.

"Why didn't Mrs. Cartwright come to me herself?"

"Poor Carrie! She declared she wouldn't try for a divorce unless you represented her, that she wouldn't have a lawyer who wasn't in her set. She asked me to come with her, but just as we were starting, she remembered that she was to have a fitting this morning. 'The dress can't wait and the divorce can,' she phrased it. Jimmy is away, and when he returns he will persuade her against the suit—he doesn't want to marry anybody—so I felt there was no time to lose. I offered to come for her. Carrie isn't capable of keeping her personality detached from her circumstances and environment; take her away, and the children will reassert their claim."

As he seemed to hesitate, she added:

"Divorce has always seemed to me, not a weapon for the strong, but a defense for the weak. You will help her, won't you?"

"Yes—because you ask it."

"Yet you wouldn't have helped me against Tom." She extended one little gloved hand. "He won't know, so I'm thanking you in his name. This is the first time we've ever shaken hands, Doctor Fell."

"I know that." He detained hers in his own a moment. "I don't deserve it, but am I forgiven for being a fool and misunderstanding you so glaringly?"

"I am glad you did. It was good to know you would have stood by Tom. You saw—that night. Perhaps I ought to speak and make things clearer. Tom was wild with remorse because he had hurt me accidentally. As to what brought it on, I have never blamed him for that. You know that is a hereditary weakness; and since I have seen how it masters him, my only wonder is that he conquered himself those six months before we were married. There was a month after, too. Then one day in Provence I was thrown from a carriage. The excitable French doctor would have it that I was gravely hurt, and Tom—poor Tom!—poured out a full goblet of absinth and drank it. In a few weeks I was well again, but he had gone back to his old habit. We traveled, we saw specialists, nothing helped. Then he wanted to come home, said it would brace him, but things have grown steadily worse. Divorce Tom! Why, I should as readily steal a crutch from the lame!"

The tears were in her voice. It was borne in upon Osborne that in her heart was a wide, kind, comprehending affection, a maternal patience untinged by a wife's reproach. She might have loved him more, and have been less patient.

"Nothing has been so sweet to me in a long time as to have you take Tom's part. You will see me to my carriage now?"

A fortnight or so later, Osborne was returning from an investigation of some disputed timber lands, when he saw a ditched automobile in the road ahead.



"Are you hurt?" he insisted.

In another instant, he discovered that the disconsolate little heap that leaned against it was Melissa Jeffry. Stopping his horse and springing from the dog-cart, he was beside her in an instant.

"Are you hurt?"

She gave an exclamation of relief.

"Oh, I was so frightened! I was shrinking in the shadows so that no one would see me. Are you sure it's you, Doctor Fell?"

"Are you hurt?" he insisted.

"No, not in the least. The chauffeur had one of the thousand and three accidents which can befall a motor, and he has gone to search for a conveyance from some stray farmhouse. Tom said at luncheon that he was going to the country club with Mr. Hurst, and for me to join him at dinner. I had an afternoon engagement, and hurried from there to the club, only to find that the café is closed temporarily, and that Tom hadn't been there. He must have forgotten to phone me of his change of plan. We had this break and Bobbitt has been tinkering with the machine for

ever so long, until he went to find a horse—and then I grew lonely and frightened."

Osborne's heart was hot within him at the callousness which had exposed her to fright and perhaps danger. The club was midway between town and Carrie Cartwright's home on the Sound. It would have been easy for Bobbitt to return to the club and telephone for Mrs. Cartwright's automobile, but to shield Jeffry, his wife had chosen the delay and difficulty of finding a buggy.

"You little, brave, helpless child!" he muttered, half to himself. "I'll leave a message for Bobbitt."

He tore a leaf from his note-book and scribbled a line.

It was one of those warm nights that come in early spring in the South, like a whisper of summer, and Melissa made a gesture to throw off her coat. The fastening at the throat was caught, and as he helped her to unclasp it, she saw that his hands trembled, and she looked up at him in surprise.

Unsought, there came to her a sud-

den, swift lifting of the veil—a revelation of the sanctuaries of his soul.

Again they were in the Palace of Truth, vaulted with far-off skies, floored with the white strip of road, curtained with pendulous gray mosses which hung from the live-oaks on either side. His face, stern, yet broken with tenderness, with worship unspeakable, brought to her the depths of his struggle when he had declared he would lift no hand to free her from her husband. A long, long moment, in which eyes met with comprehension dawning, deepening; in which she saw his heart, and the control that bound it in fetters of ice, which could melt at the touch of his Lady of Mist if honor could say aye.

He lifted her into the cart, the impatient horse sped on. Neither spoke! It scarcely seemed to him that she breathed, yet it was enough in the sweet, dim silence to feel her near; enough to protect her for this hour. The miles slipped behind them; he turned in at the driveway of her home, and there had not been a futile word spoken to mar—or to regret.

There was a strange confusion about the place. A hooded doctor's buggy stood under the porte-cochère, a sobbing maid stood sentry at the door.

For Tom Jeffry had given up ambition, talents, love, to the greed of his importunate mistress, and yet she was unsatisfied until she had claimed life itself—or rather the poor wreck of life lying unconscious, past rallying, from an accidental overdose.

Long and leaden months slipped into a year, and again from spring to the warmth of midsummer. Long months, each with more than double its quota of days. Osborne had never seen Melissa since that night. Immediately after Jeffry's death she had joined her aunt, who was still living abroad.

He thought of Jeffry's vehement wooing, of her nature so sympathetic and sensitive that it was easy for her to mistake reflection for responsiveness. Had she also misunderstood the feeling he had power to evoke? Was it the awakening of deeper sensibility which

she had mistaken for antipathy? Or was it—and this was the fear that oppressed him through each of those long and leaden days—that the diametric difference of temperament, for which he loved her all the more, seemed to Melissa the bar insuperable? When the doubts and fears had grown intolerable he took passage, and sought her in the small Swiss village where she was passing a month.

Mrs. Jeffry was in the garden, the concierge told him, and unannounced he sought her. She was leaning back in a rustic chair, her glance lifted from her book to the jagged, dominant outline of the Dent du Midi. She heard footsteps, turned, and rose, her book dropping to the ground.

"You!"

"That is the very first word you ever said to me. I am quite sure it is *you*, for there is nobody else in the world."

"When did you learn that?"

"Always, I think—in the years of loneliness before you came into my life and the year of longing since you slipped away."

Between them was the length of the little path which lay in the shadow of the stone wall.

"I have come to you in hope all unfounded; in fear which seems suddenly swept away in the infinite joy of seeing you. The little path between us seems as harsh a distance now as the vanished miles. I will not try to wrest a concession from your gentleness; listen only to your own heart and tell me: Can you come the rest of the way?"

Her eyes met his, wavered at the steadfastness and yearning she read there. She was swept by an answering current of emotion, which only he had ever had power to stir in her. Timidly she made a step toward him—another—and then she felt herself caught close in his arms.

She knew that together they had entered the fair, untarnished portals of the Palace of Truth.

With a low cry in which were blended great gladness and an exquisite surrender, she sobbed:

"Oh, Doctor Fell!"

TO A WOODSMAN IN HEAVEN

By

JEANNIE
PENDLETON
EWING

How fare you in that soft delight,
My sturdy one that loved the trees,
The pang of chill pink dawns, the white
Of winter fields and crackling seas?

I think the Pitiful will mark
Your dull hand on the golden string,
Point you a task among His dark
Cool uplands where the forests cling!



ON THE PUNKIN CIRCUIT

BY
HOLMAN F. DAY



ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

L EFT rather cavalierly to his own devices by Hiram Look after they had arrived on the grounds of the Smyrna Gents' Driving Association, Cap'n Sproul wandered around and asked himself why he had let Hiram cajole him into coming.

In any other surroundings he would have enjoyed the blandness of that summer forenoon; but he scowled to right and left as he trudged slowly along the grassy avenue that led him past the stalls.

He hated the whole atmosphere of horse-trotting. The foundation of that dislike was an old sailor's natural antipathy to a horse. One or two experiences with horse-flesh and horse-traders since he had settled in Scotaze had clinched certain convictions, formerly more or less vague.

He was willing to admit that a horse hitched to a plow or a wagon and attending strictly to business had some right on earth. But these horses that he saw loafing in stalls, strolling about the grounds at the end of a halter,

hooded to the end of the nose, blanketed to the tip of the tail, stirred his disgust.

At the open doors of stalls men kneeled servilely and rubbed the legs of horses with arnica and witch-hazel lotions. Bandages steamed in kettles over open fires. Everywhere men waited on horses, talked horses, praised horses.

He was suddenly confronted by the hateful visage of Marengo Todd, Scotaze's most incorrigible horse-jockey.

"I knew you'd be gittin' into it sooner or later, cap'n," he cried cheerfully. "All go-ahead men do. There's nothin' like hosses to stir the laggin' blood and get you interested in livin'."

Cap'n Sproul shot him one disdainful glance and trudged on without replying. A certain occasion on which he had been obliged to kick Marengo Todd with a force that dislocated a toe was still fresh in the cap'n's memory. In the light of that memory Marengo Todd's jovial forgetfulness seemed ominous. It was certainly disquieting. Mr. Todd dropped into step with him, and

remarked that he had never seen a better crowd of horses on the grounds.

"And among 'em all there ain't none better'n the five your friend Hiram Look has got in his string," continued Mr. Todd amiably. "I'm lookin' to see him get a slice of the money in every class he tackles."

Cap'n Sproul halted and looked Mr. Todd in the eye. He wondered whether he were lying about Hiram. The old showman had never said anything about owning a string of trot-horses. He had solicited the cap'n to accompany him to Smyrna simply for the sake of the ride. Once there he had certainly dropped the cap'n rather brusquely and had gone away with a slim man who chewed a straw and wore a cap with a scoop vizor pulled around over one ear.

"They all get into it," vouchsafed Mr. Todd. "It's the sport of kings. If you was thinkin' of investin' a little something yourself"—Mr. Todd's tone was oily and appealing—"I'd like the job of helpin' you get the right bunch together. You ask anybody if I don't know the hoss business from eyewinker to crupper!"

The cap'n was silent. He was pondering upon the duplicity of Hiram Look. If he owned five trot-horses why had he kept it from his friend?

"I've seen you lookin' around," went on Todd. "Mebbe you've seen something that interested you, and if so and you—"

"I've got interested in a couple," admitted the cap'n, a strange gleam in his eyes.

"Leave it to me to get figgers on 'em!"

"Yes, I've got interested in two so far. One of 'em I see kick an arnicky rubber about twenty feet; t'other one was havin' medicine give to it in a beer-bottle and yanked the bottle up in the air and brung it down and hit the man a clip that near split his head open. Them is the only two I've got interested in up to date. If you know of any savager ones I'll be pleased to look 'em over with a view to lettin' 'em loose on a few cheap critters that I know."

The sarcasm reached Mr. Todd all right, but he only smiled. Twenty years of horse-swapping had made him a diplomat.

"Life ain't worth much without its little joke as we meet along the way," he said condescendingly.

"I can't calkilate it out how I ever give you the impression I was a humorist," observed the cap'n, his memory still dwelling grimly on the dislocated toe.

"It ain't in my nature to lay up grudges," protested Mr. Todd, feeling himself unable to dodge this reference and the glare that accompanied it. "I hope it ain't in yours. That hoss I sold you once—"

But this threatened grave-robbing of a buried memory was too much for the cap'n. He whirled and stumped away.

The sight of Hiram Look changed the current of his resentment. Hiram's shiny plug hat towered above a knot of men—the hub about which they revolved. There was a horse in the group, and when the cap'n arrived a thin, sour and sallow man was making an interested survey of the animal. He stepped back and squinted at his contour, jabbed a stiff thumb into several slight protuberances that seemed suspicious, and scowled and shook his head disappointedly when the horse failed to flinch. Then he removed his cigar and spat reflectively upon the animal's fore foot, tipped his hat over his eyes, and scratched the back of his head with an air that expressed doubt and hesitation.

"By spider, when they get 'Encyclopedy Bart' stuck on pedigree, relatives, previous condition of servitude and other matters pertainin' to and so forth, a hoss has certainly lived what you might call a monastic life," remarked a spectator on the outskirts of the crowd when the cap'n came squeezing in. "Bart's memory goes so far back that he can prove that Bucephalus, owned by the late Aleck the Great, cocked his left hind leg when he stood in the stall, had a nicked ear and a wind-gall puff behind the right fore shoulder."

The thin man stepped forward and

seized the horse by chin and nose and uncovered his teeth.

"That's the third time you've peeped that hoss' mouth," remarked Hiram acidulously. "You'll get so you'll know them teeth after a while."

"Ain't afraid to have him looked over, be you?" demanded the investigator.

"Not a mite!" assented Hiram, with the air of a satisfied proprietor. "Put your X-ray on him if you want to. Get a perffesser to examine him with a microscope."

"We ain't never owned circusses down here in Smyrny nor we ain't traveled quite so much as some folks," retorted the thin man with sullen sarcasm; "we ain't up to date on royal Pee-ruvian cockatoos and infant anacondas, but when it has come to hosses we ain't ever knowin'ly let any gent come in here with a ringer and clean us out in the free-for-all."

The crowd growled murmur of indorsement.

"Am I takin' it to mean that you're callin' this hoss here a ringer?" demanded Hiram, with menace in his gaze and grit in his tones.

"Gents that grab a coat the first time it's shook at 'em and try it on must think it fits 'em."

Another concert of indorsement indicated that the thin man was the chosen spokesman of all those that stood about.

"Tellin' us to go to hell and examine the records ain't a gent's way of tellin' pedigree when it's asked for polite," whined a man on the outskirts, feeling safe behind a bulwark of shoulders.

"Get out your pencils and write this down," Hiram shouted. "He's Pod-auger Pete, sired by Carpenter, he by Sawhoss and out of Hemlock Maid. He's been raised in the woods on chips and cracked bark, and his favorite pastime is to climb a tree and eat from the top down. He's got a mark of two-eighteen, but that was made on a cloud track when he had wings and the wind was with him. But I've cut off his wings and I'm entering him as a

green hoss. Now, if any one here knows more about him than that and can prove what he says, then I'll be much obliged for the information. If you don't know, shut up and let an honest man mind his own business."

The bystanders received that flood of knowledge in silent gloom.

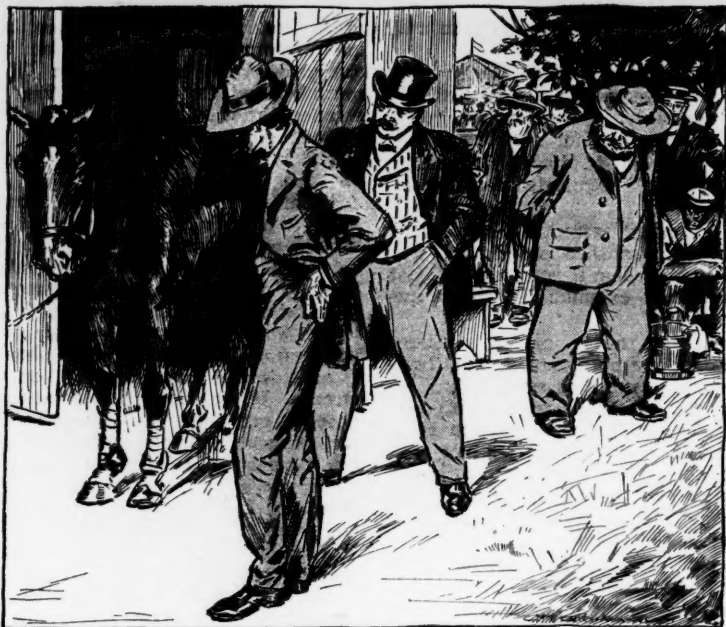
"I ain't to blame because I've brought a good hoss here," Hiram went on. "When your association advertised for entries there wasn't anything said about belongin' to the Smyrny second-money-and-no-mark order of pullers. I'm here to trot hosses. If you've got any speed buttoned up here you've got to show it. I ain't waitin' for anybody on the stretch. If you ain't got speed and propose to get under the wire ahead of me, get some gas-pipe reins, put your live cat-meat on roller-skates, and push 'em if you want to get inside the money. You ain't had an honest trot here for ten years. You might circulate it that this season you're goin' to have one. It may draw a bigger crowd."

He yanked the horse's halter and strode out of the throng towing the animal. The cap'n hastened along by his side.

"Why didn't you tell me you was comin' down here to trot hosses?" inquired Cap'n Sproul.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," admitted Hiram. "Now don't go to jawin'. I've got enough on my mind as it is. But I tell ye, Aaron, I've been a sportin' man in my day, with sportin' blood in me, and I've squatted up there in Scotaze till that blood's got as thick as molasses. It had to be stirred up, that's all! I've brought you along so that you can help me by lyin' to my wife if she gets word of my goin' into the trot-hoss business. And then again, I'm up against the worst gang of pirates here that ever hooked britchin'-straps. I need a friend. They're tryin' to do me. But it will be what I need to stir my sportin' blood; and I've got to have you to stand by me. I'm dependin' on you. I've seen you through your scrapes. Now it's your turn."

In his heart Cap'n Sproul had to admit Hiram's claim upon him. But as-



"Put your X-ray on him if you want to. Get a pesser to examine him with a microscope."

sociation with the hateful tribe of horse-jockeys was a bitter task to require of his loyalty.

"I don't take it kind of you," he remonstrated. "Askin' a friend to help fight skunks ain't the same as askin' that friend to help in a bear-fight. You got me into one hoss-trot once and you know what come of it. There's some things you can kalkilate on—some kinds of trouble you know whether to use your hands on or grab it with tongs. But a hoss-trot row with hoss-trot men ain't ever been charted. You're askin' me to up killick and bang off hellity-whoop into a fog-bank, and I tell ye I don't like it in you. You come off a-huntin' up this trouble; I ain't ever took you huntin' for trouble. You've helped me when I couldn't dodge it. That's all!"

Hiram bridled under the reproachful complaining.

"Be you goin' to back out and leave

me alone here to get my rights?" he demanded.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do. It's come on me sudden."

The man with the scoop of the vizor over one ear was down on his knees in one of Hiram's five stalls bandaging the legs of a horse.

"He's my driver," explained the showman. "These shad-eyes round here don't know him any more than they know these hosses in my string, and we're goin' to give 'em some surprises."

"How any man can be hired for money to dry-nuss a hoss and wait and tend I never could understand," said the cap'n sourly. "There must be some-thin' wrong with a man's head that'll do it."

"Well, there ain't!" snapped his friend. "I'd rather associate with hosses than with the human sculch you used to go to sea with."

"Every man accordin' to his own

taste and every man accordin' to his own experience," replied the cap'n grimly. "I never owned and associated with but one hoss in my life, and I bought that hoss off'n my wife's cousin, Marengo Todd. That hoss was recommended to me as bein' right and tight, without bump, pimple, wheeze, scratch, trick, or shenanigan. And he run away with me, breathed like some one rippin' shingles off'm a barn roof with a shovel, turned nineteen handsprings, danced every jig that's laid down in the back part of the almanick, and then tried to climb into the wagon with me. I don't propose to associate with any more hosses—not on any terms of equality. I'd like to stand by you as a friend, but if you'll take my advice you'll let me start for home before I make trouble for you worse than is piled up already. I don't like a hoss, I don't like the men that hang round 'em, I don't like hoss-talk, and there ain't any tellin' when my feelin's is goin' to get away from me. Now that's fair warnin', and it's between friends."

But Hiram resented the proposition. Equally did Cap'n Sproul resent the showman's veiled references to ingratitude and cowardice. But at last he sat down on the end of a box and indicated by a surly grunt of resignation that he would remain. With the zeal of an owner Hiram stripped off his coat, hung his plug hat on the outside of a stall, got a bottle of lotion, and began to scrub the leg of a horse vigorously.

Men lounged past in the sunshine and attempted to enter into pleasant converse with the cap'n in regard to records and pedigrees, but he merely glowered somberly at them until they went away.

One individual was more persistent. He took off his hat when he came into the shade. His head was so bald and his whiskers so luxuriant that one might imagine that his face had been turned upside down. He was amiable and conciliatory. He set down his little glazed valise of cracked enamel-leather and remarked that it was a good day for the race, a bit of banality that fetched a snort of disgust from the cap'n.

"Doctor Rotheus Spinney, vet'inary," he introduced himself. He evidently accepted the cap'n, serene in his idleness, as the owner and the two men busy in the stalls as the hired help. "All cases of critters treated with neatness and despatch. Horse ail, scratches, hock bunches, spavin, broken wind or ragged teeth—on everything worth knowin' about I've got old Medicom-bobulus himself backed into a stall and tied to a stanchion. Inventor of Spinney's Magical Bit, compounder of Spinney's Equine Renovator."

Cap'n Sproul was disgustedly inattentive, but Hiram pricked up his ears.

"Can you file hosses' teeth as well as you can make your mouth go?" inquired the showman.

"It's my strong holt," affirmed Doctor Spinney. "Vittles that ain't chewed ain't digested. What's the good of a trot-hoss that's luggin' a lot of oats and hay ballast that ain't bein' absorbed into the system? If your boss, here, says to go ahead on this string of hosses I'll have their teeth slicked off prettier'n a schoolma'am's. Prices as low as is consistent with first-class work."

"Northin' is too good," stated Cap'n Sproul, with grim humor. "Go ahead and give 'em gold fillin's."

Before the doctor, glancing from one to the other, had time to reply to this sally, an equestrian with a faded red sash around his waist and a rusty badge marked "Marshal," galloped up to the stall and informed Hiram Look that he was wanted immediately at the office of the association.

"I might as well tell ye that they've protested that hoss you've entered in the free-for-all," stated the marshal, "and if you've got any papers, letters or dockyments that will prove pedigree, you'd better take 'em along and save a trip back here."

It was a summons not to be gainsaid. Hiram, cursing soulfully under his breath, slipped on his coat and took his plug hat down from its nail. "You've got to go along with me," he informed his driver. "It will take the two of us to keep even with them gee-heifered liars we've got against us. Cap'n

Sproul, I want you to stay here as a friend and keep an eye on these hosses."

"I won't," replied the cap'n promptly. "I've told you I don't like hosses, I don't know anything about hosses, and what's more, I don't want to know anything about 'em. This is all your business and your fight. It ain't mine. And I don't propose to be picked up and slammed into the middle of it."

But Hiram started away post-haste. "You ain't mean enough to slip up on me at a time like this, and I know you ain't," he called over his shoulder.

When Cap'n Sproul had recovered his presence of mind enough to note things about him, he found Doctor Spinney talking.

"And I'll say again, seein' that you didn't seem to notice me the first time I said it, that hossmen is most of 'em short-tempered and unreasonable, like your friend there."

He drew a slab of tobacco from his hip pocket, inspected it thoroughly, and finding a spot that looked inviting, he gnawed off a big chew and settled it into the bulge of his cheek.

"I've been thinkin' of droppin' vet'nary work and startin' in on human practise. Hossmen ain't at all pleasant to meet or be thrown amongst. Doctorin' dumb critters is mussy work, the best you can make of it. I ain't got the standin' I ought to have, for a man that knows as much as I do. Other doctors ain't recognized me yet, but the public is beginnin' to. I've got a start on human doctorin'. I've been called in on one human case already. It's a chronic case. It's tookerboobles on the lung."

At that remark, the cap'n, distraught though he was, surveyed the practitioner with reviving interest.

"It's my cousin's wife," Doctor Spinney went on, settling his chew more firmly. "In the old times that ailment would be called ling'rin' consumption. Us modern fellers call it tookerbooble-osis. I didn't have the things to do with as I'd like, not havin' got a fair start in human doctorin'. But I dag-nosed it. Done it the first time. Used a spoon-handle for an anasthetic, and

held down her gullet di'phragm with it, and located tookerboobles. She's spoke for, of course, but I may help her to linger some time yet. Where do you live and how are you off for doctors? If I was properly encouraged and appreciated I might conclude to settle down in your place. But in makin' the change I wouldn't want it knowed I was shiftin' from vet'nary to human practise. There's lots of folks have foolish prejudices about them things."

Still did Cap'n Sproul refrain from comment.

"What be the doctors in your town—all-opaths? Most likely they be. But they ain't to be depended on like a home-opath. It don't stand to reason they should be. They ain't so certain of what they're doin'. The very name of 'em shows it. All-opaths! That means they pick up their medicines in all paths—all over God's creation. Just as soon take an Afriky herb—them fellers would—and use it on a white man, when all it grows for is to cure niggers. I'm a home-opath and I'm proud of it. I get my own herbs and such like right around home, and I know what I'm doin'. And I ain't stingy with doses. If it takes a tin dipperful for a dose they get the tin dipperful."

"I hadn't been thinkin' of gettin' any more doctors into our town," said the cap'n, taking advantage of a moment of silence. He looked Doctor Spinney over with much disfavor but with a squint of shrewd calculation. "But after listenin' to the few remarks you have dropped and after gettin' a sort of cursory insight into your system of doctorin' perhaps you and me can make a dicker, provided you let me pick out the patients and name the herbs. There's a few men in Scotaze that I'd like to have take a course of treatment from you."

"There ain't no call for either slurs or sarcasm," objected the doctor, throwing back his head and jutting out his whiskers. "You're like a lot of other men that think they know and throw down real knowledge! I'll bet ten dollars you can't tell me the difference between a tritchernose in pork and a

sheep-tick! I'll bet you twenty dollars you never heard of a tookerbooble till I told you of it. I'll bet you——"

The eminent practitioner had raised his voice and was smacking his hairy fist into his palm with a great deal of violence.

Cap'n Sproul, with a seaman's scent for impending trouble, atmospheric or otherwise, was asking only to be let alone in those hateful purlieus of horsedom. He saw men approaching, attracted by the colloquy. These men wore jumpers and were chewing spires of hay. They were surely horsemen.

The cap'n did not propose to be the center of any more conventions. There was a pitchfork handy by. He grabbed it and with a mighty toss of the tines threw the glazed valise as far as he could. For an instant Doctor Spinney made a stand, naturally choleric and encouraged by cries from sympathizers. But when the cap'n shortened

the fork-handle in his grasp and came lunging at him with a threat to "vaccinate him," the doctor ran away.

"Fend off! Fend off, the whole of you!" shouted the offended guardian of the premises. "No one allowed aboard!" He brandished his pitchfork furiously, and the men walked away, mumbling to each other and es-

corting Doctor Spinney and his glazed valise.

"If all this will happen to a man just because he is mindin' his own business and sittin' out in the sun," muttered the cap'n, "I reckon I'll get out of sight before something comes up that will make me kill one of these hoss mack'el round here."

The stall occupied by that disputed star of the string that Hiram dubbed Pod-auger Pete, was a spacious compartment, and the cap'n noted that the horse was tied up in one corner of it. He took his box, went in, closed the door, and sat down in the opposite corner. The horse rolled a red eye at him and whinnied appealingly.

"You needn't talk to me," muttered the cap'n. "I ain't one of your kind. You won't find any hoss manicure set round me. You needn't think that every man that comes along ain't got anything else in his mind but to give you a bath and tie rags round your legs."

The animal swung his head as far as his halter would allow, and fixed an appealing gaze on the visitor. Splotches of foam hung at his jaws. He champed his teeth and whinnied softly and coaxingly.

The cap'n noted that the bloodshot eyes shifted from him to a pail of water that was placed at one side of the



"Doctor Rotheus Spinney, vet'inary."

stall. He remembered then that Hiram's driver had merely swabbed a wet sponge in the horse's mouth instead of lifting the pail to him as he had to the others. He had reflected at the time that this was a stingy method of watering a horse in July weather. The animal seemed to divine what was passing in the cap'n's mind, and whinnied more appealingly.

"I wouldn't keep even a Portygee sailor away from the scuttle-butt if he was thirsty," exclaimed the old ship-master. "I swore I'd never wait and tend on a hoss, but handin' up a pail of water is a different thing."

When he lifted the full pail the eager horse drove his nose into it almost to his eyes and drank, spouting the water furiously. At the same time he rubbed his nose against the side of the pail as though something on that nose made him uncomfortable.

Cap'n Sproul noted that the nose didn't look quite the same after the water was gone. He set the pail down and went back and gingerly scraped at a bit of hair with his finger-nail. Color was transferred to the end of his finger. As the horse appeared to welcome this attention he dragged his palm down over the nose, and then gazed from hand to nose with amazement.

The nose was painted. • The whole inside of his hand was dull red. Already he had revealed that the horse had a strip-face.

When Cap'n Aaron Sproul was once started on a line of investigation he attended strictly to business. He secured a sponge from Hiram's kit and a bottle of tintured alcohol that was used in some part of the daily horse toilet, and went at that horse. After five minutes of diligent scrubbing—which the appreciative animal seemed to enjoy thoroughly—he had the nose revealed as white from eye to eye and from forehead to nostrils.

The cap'n was ignorant of jockey schemes, for he had always contemptuously refused to absorb any of the lore of race-tracks. But looking at the nose he remembered some of the animadversions of the man they had called

"Encyclopedia Bart," and it occurred to him that his friend Hiram Look was not wholly ingenuous.

The cap'n had not overlooked or forgiven the fact that he had been cajoled to Smyrna by false pretenses. Once there, Hiram had shown no compunction about dragging him promptly into his own personal row. And now it appeared that deeper guile was being practised than he had realized.

Under the circumstances, Cap'n Sproul decided that some prayerful reflection on the situation would be good for him. Being a man who had done the most of his thinking out of doors—as a master mariner should—he took a box and went into the sunshine at the door.

"I warned him and advised him not to get me into this," he pondered, his elbows on his knees, his eyes on the grass. "I told him I was sure to make more trouble for him. I don't fit in among hosses or hossmen. There's goin' to be worse come out of it."

Cap'n Sproul's intuition was certainly prophetic in that instance. Had not his absorption in his own troubles been so intense, his ears, or a chance wandering of his eyes, might have given him warning.

Hiram's horses were in the end of a row of stalls. Several men had been stealing about the end of the row while the cap'n was meditating. One of the men carried a huge sack such as horsemen use for a hay-bag. Doctor Spinney trailed the group, his face pale but resolute.

"I want it understood that I'm doin' this cheap," he muttered when the group halted, while the man with the sack went softly to reconnoiter about the corner of the stalls. "I should have charged you ten dollars instead of five if he hadn't insulted my professional knowledge and taken the pitchfork to me. It ain't safe to insult knowledge, gents. I want it understood—"

"Shut up!" hissed a man at his elbow. "You've got your money. Now do your job when he says ready."

The man with the sack signaled and ran forward on tiptoe. The others

leaped to help him, and in a jiffy they had the sack down over the pondering cap'n's head, arms and body to his knees, and were sitting on him, three of them. Obeying previous instructions, Doctor Spinney hurried into the large stall.

"This strip-face, hey?" he called.

"It ain't a strip-face," said one of the captors over his shoulder in a hoarse whisper. "They must have changed stalls. He's all bay. Get to goin' there! This feller's kickin' like a steer!"

In the next stall Doctor Spinney found a bay horse. It must be the one, he decided. A glance had shown him that two of the other three in the string were chestnut and the third a flea-bitten gray.

Whatever his shortcomings in "human practise," the doctor certainly understood some of the arts of the veterinary. The bay horse laid his ears back when the doctor rushed in. The doctor welcomed this sign of recalcitration. He promptly cuffed the bay horse's chaps and the animal opened his mouth threateningly. The doctor carried a bolus in his hand and he deftly tossed it into the horse's throat, grabbed nose and chin and drove the jaws together, and kicked the horse in the ribs at the same time. The astonished animal gulped and swallowed.

When Doctor Spinney ran away the men left the writhing sackful on the ground and ran after him. It probably occurred to them that a few moments' start was better than the possession of their sack.

When Cap'n Sproul had finally worked the thing off him he sat up on the grass and stared about with fully as much bewilderment as wrath on his features. The attack had been so amazing, so apparently uncalled for, and so fruitless, so far as capture or injury of himself was concerned!

No one was in sight. There was no sound except the thudding of horses' hoofs here and there in stalls and the distant murmur of the throngs arriving for the races of the afternoon.

Struggling in his sack, he had not heard the whispering of the men who

held him. So far as he knew, they had come and gone in silence.

He arose and looked in at the stalls, one after the other. The five horses were apparently all right.

And after another prolonged stare about the landscape and a cautious peering around the corner of the stalls from which, so his good sense told him, the attack had come, he sat down on his box with the sack across his knees and fell again to pondering. The nub of all his cogitation was that unalterable conviction that he had long entertained—that horsemen were a set not to be comprehended or endured by sailormen. And the more he reflected the more he resented the fact that Hiram Look had brought him down to Smyrna to serve as the—well, he was a bit uncertain as to what rôle he had just been playing.

He had arrived at no definite conclusions when Hiram Look came back. He sat there with the sack across his knees; then he held it under the nose of his friend, and shook it wrathfully.

"Seein' that you're all hell and repeat on hosses and them that train with 'em," he yelled, "perhaps you can tell me why it's considered society manners down here to come along and ram a man into a bag and set on him a while to enjoy the scenery like he was a sofie cushion, and then go off and leave him to get out the best way he can! I told ye that things would happen and you didn't pay no attention, but went rammin' off and left me here!"

Hiram cast one look at the cap'n and the bag and then darted into Pod-auger Pete's stall. He was too thorough a horseman not to understand. He took one look at the horse and understood the wrong thing.

He came out and stood over the cap'n, anger and contempt in his mien.

"By the wall-eyed Judas, but you ought to be proud of yourself," he snarled, "an able-bodied man sittin' here and lettin' a gang of skyoogles come round and wash that hoss' nose!"

"I didn't let 'em do it," snapped the cap'n, stout in his own defense. "I done that myself!"

"Done it yourself? Showed me up as

teamin' a ringer? Busted all my plans? And you call yourself a friend of mine? What did ye do after that—get out cards for a reception and have 'em all pass round and look at that nose, or have ye had handbills printed advertisin' it?"

"I told you I didn't want to be left here," insisted the cap'n. "You took your own chances in doin' it." He stood up and threw down the sack. "Now if you come round here molly-whackin' me with your tongue I'll cuff your old ears up to a pick. There's somethin' been done to me, and I don't know what it is, but it calls for some one to get a lickin', and seein' that I'm a little puzzled just who to tackle I'd just as soon have it out with you and get it off'm my mind."

Hiram quailed before such prompt belligerency; he knew Cap'n Aaron Sproul well enough to hedge.

"It's no use for you and me to have trouble after it's done and over with," he admitted. "But who was it come here, and what did they do and say?"

"They didn't say anything. They whopped that bag over me, and set on me a while, and went off, and there wa'n't any one in sight when I got loose."

"Who was here when you washed that hoss' nose?"

"No one. I gave him some water to drink, and I see it was painted, and cleaned the paint off. I was sittin' down meditatatin' on it when they come and done what they done to me."

Hiram's driver had not lingered to listen to the colloquy. He had scented trouble of a different brand than that which had taken his employer's attention. Now he came out of the second stall, the scoop of his vizor farther down over his ear and his face working with excitement.

"They've done it, Mister Look," he gasped. "They've doped Drum Major. He's standin' there weavin' like a coyote in a cage."

Even then, Hiram, being much wrought up, did not grasp the full significance of the situation.

"They've doped a hoss that I ain't

goin' to start in these races, and that they know I ain't goin' to start," he cried. Then his face cleared. "Hold on, boys! It's plainer to be seen than a jay's wallet on circus day! In the rush they didn't recognize the strip-face and passed the snooze-powder to the only straight bay in sight! Gawd a'mighty! If you'd have read that in a dime novel you wouldn't have believed it!"

He strode up and down in front of the stall muttering to himself, his face gradually taking on a joy that was impish.

"I beat 'em in the association meetin'," he explained at last, facing the cap'n, who was watching him with brooding and sullen gaze. "They had the suspicions all right, but they didn't have the papers. I trotted hosses here thirty years ago and they had the ringers then and I had the suspicions, and they got the money. I've come here this time to do 'em at their own game. I ought to have explained the whole plan to you, Aaron, but you've been so cussed set against hosses that I didn't dare to let you in. I'm glad I didn't, now. For you've turned a trick for me by luck, chance and just plain stub-toe cuss-foolishness, that the slickest operator on the grand circuit couldn't have framed up and made to work."

Cap'n Sproul did not look as though he relished this back-handed compliment, but Hiram was too excited to choose his phrases.

"They couldn't prove anything against me in the meetin'," he repeated. "They've got to let me start him. But they had it fixed to get me comin' and goin'. Listen!" He put up his broad hand and whispered in the cap'n's ear. "That hoss I call Pod-auger has got a mark of two-eleven. I bought him six months ago through a Western agent, and I've been runnin' him through farmers' hands with bills of sale to show for it till you can't any more trace his history than you can follow old Adam after he left the garden of Eden. I've got these shad-eyes, here, chawin' guesses like a hoss tryin' to bite this-

ties. All I was reckonin' on was draggin' off first money and puttin' the whole field behind the flag in the last heat, so that they wouldn't get the sniff of a dollar. But now! But now! Say, Aaron, you come along with me!" He set his hat more firmly on his head. He spoke cautiously low to his driver. "Seth, lock that stall door, hang that sackin' over the winder, light your lantern, get your paint, and if ever you did a fancy job on a strip-face ringer you do it now. Get that paint back on, and when it's on watch it! Now you come along with me, cap'n."

"No, s'r," objected his friend stoutly. "I don't know yet what it's

all about nor I don't care. All is, you ain't goin' to drag me into any more messes. If washin' the paint off'm that hoss' nose and gettin' bagged up for people to set on was any benefit to you, as you seem to think it, then you're welcome so far's I've gone. But I've gone as far's I'm goin' to."

Hiram, however, was not to be gain-



In a jiffy they had the sack down over the wondering cap'n's head.

said. He grabbed the cap'n's arm and dragged him away.

The principal aggregation of horse-men was in front of the secretary's office where one by one those proposing to start horses were paying the final percentages of entrance-fees. A couple of men were moving busily about in this crowd, whispering intelligence that seemed to amuse their associates mightily. Hiram and the cap'n sat down on the steps of the office porch. Hiram was gloomy because he forced himself to be. The cap'n did not have to assume the expression. He felt that way.

Once more it seemed to devolve upon the thin, sour and sallow man to go up against the hated champion on behalf of those who wanted to see him drawn out. The thin man accepted a fresh cigar from an admiring constituent, who whispered suggestions as he held a complimentary match, and then strolled over and placed himself before the two living exponents of dolor.

"You ought to be feelin' better'n you look, gents, seein' what the association has done for you," he remarked.

The cap'n scowled at being classed as one interested.

"I reckon you feel that your man won't have to lick along with a chain in order to win the free-for-all," suggested the thin man, with fine satire.

"He may have to push him round the track on a cot bed with casters on it," stated Hiram grimly. "He ain't actin' right, that hoss ain't." The crowd pressed around more closely. "He's been off his feed for most a week; I've been lookin' for him to pick up. But just now when I was back there at the stall he seemed to be as logy as a bull-frog in February." The faces of the bystanders displayed much interest.

"Any danger of your not startin' him?" inquired the thin man.

"If he's able to stand in front of a sulky he starts to-day," declared Hiram with emphasis. "If he can stand up he can tumble around that track faster'n anything on these grounds can trot."

There were murmurs of indignant dissent in the crowd.

"I ain't takin' anything back. I've got a green hoss there—he's a green horse in spite of all your slurs. But I know what he can do. He's goin' to win that free-for-all in straight heats to-day."

The thin man blinked pretty hard and seemed to be trying to make up his mind. A stubby man concealed behind him whispered: "I tell ye it's all right, Bart! I helped do it, and the dope is in him. He can't trot a mile in ten minutes!"

The thin man licked his lips.

"Feelin' that way I s'pose you'd allow some odds in a bet, wouldn't you?" he suggested.

"Ten to one!" replied Hiram promptly. "That hoss ain't noways right nor in trim, but there's nothin' in Smyrna on two legs or four that can back me down. And I'll put ten dollars on every dollar that you or any other man in this crowd lays out here in sight. Now that's my talk!"

"We might be able to get up a pool to go in against you, seein' that you're better fixed financially," said the thin man at last. "I'd like to step to one side with some of these gents, here, and see what we can do." Hiram assented with a surly nod.

The stubby man who had whispered and another solid individual did the most talking when the group had withdrawn to a safe distance.

"Doc knows what he's doin' when it comes to dopin'," protested the stubby man. "He's got a dose into that hoss that will make him quit on the last half of every heat like a stone-drag was hitched to him. Don't you get scared. He may act pretty fresh after scorin', but there's no hoss with that slug in him that will do much more than walk the last half. I'll make a side bet of two to one that he's shut out the first heat. I tell you, we've got old Look right where we want him, and all we need is a little sand to clean him out. I've got a hundred and fifty in my pocket and every cent goes up. That's the way I feel about it."

"Well, then, boys, dig!" gasped the thin man, crossing the Rubicon between

fears and hopes with a plunge. And they "dug."

When their money was counted they reported to Hiram that they had a thousand dollars for him to cover. Hiram quailed a little in spite of himself. He had not realized that the horsemen of Smyrna could find so much money in their clothes.

"I ain't a travelin' national bank," he grumbled, gazing on the packet of bills that the thin man held.

"Your name is all right on a check," protested the spokesman, as anxious now as he had been wary before.

Five minutes later the secretary of the association had the stakes.

"Horses is undependable critters," quavered an old man when they were out of doors again. The old man was not one of the better. "If he stubs his toe you stand to lose a lot of money, Mister Look."

The thin man seemed to develop some apprehensiveness at this point. He had reflected that Hiram might easily, after taking second thought, plead that his horse was sick, draw him from the race and call the bet off.

"How sick has that hoss of yours got to be so that you won't start him?" he inquired solicitously.

"Say, you ain't pickin' me up for a quitter, are you?" demanded the old showman. "That hoss will start if he's able to stand up. I ain't goin' to cry-baby. And I'm willin' to clinch it. The hoss is sick." There was complete belief in that crowd. They took his word with a readiness that exposed their guilty knowledge. "If any one wants to go look at the hoss, go look!" It was a masterly bluff, but Hiram knew why it would work. "I'm ready to clinch this thing. But the odds have got to be my way. I'll bet the hoss starts and lasts the three heats—my five hundred to your thousand."

Under any other circumstances such a wager would have been scorned, but the asseverations of the Smyrna "dope" conspirators had been too strong. Again the group of horsemen "dug," borrowing from friends when they themselves lacked the amount.

"And now, gents," said Hiram, when this second preliminary to the free-for-all had been attended to in proper shape, "you'll have to excuse me while I go over and attend to Pete with a fan and a bottle of smellin'-salts. There's nothin' any more discouragin' than a trot-hoss in a delicate state of health. Come along, Cap'n Sproul."

But when the two were out of ear-shot of the crowd the cap'n halted, straddled his stubby legs and balked unmistakably.

"You go on and dry-nuss your hoss," he said, with a grate in his voice that impressed Hiram. "Then you go on and have your ten-thousand-five-hundred-dollar riot and hog-wrastle, and if there's anything left of you and your hosses you'll find me waitin' to ride home with you. I'll wait on top of that hill yender." He pointed to a tree-crowned eminence fully a mile away.

"But, Lord o' mercy, man, you ought to see this race. It's goin' to be one, two, three and all down! It will be the sight of your life. I want some one to grab holt of when Pete leaves the whole gang behind the flag. Why, it's dead open and shut, Aaron. It's——"

"It's a damn good place for me to keep away from," broke in the old ship-master ferociously. "You got me to lookin' at a hoss-trot once, but you never will again! That hill! See? That hill!" He shook his stubby finger at the eminence. "I'll be there under a tree." He turned and stamped out of the grounds.

All the afternoon he sat with back against a maple's trunk, smoking his pipe. The distant strains of a band came up to him, mingling with the hum of the bees about him. Every once in a while there was a pandemonium of yells. He did not try to figure what those yells signified. The noise merely bothered him. If it had not been so far to Scotaze he would have started and walked.

He went farther away from the road when the teams began to stream past on their homeward way in the late afternoon. He did not like to look at

people who found enjoyment in horse-trots.

At last his keen seaman's eye saw Hiram coming afar off. Behind him trailed his horses, towed by the man of the scoop cap, who rode on a sulky.

The old showman hailed his friend with a yell of triumph that split the evening air. And when the cap'n had clambered in beside him he began, sputtering in his excitement:

"You ought to have seen 'em when we ripped the blankets off'm Pete in the stretch. It was the same kind of a look the Christian martyrs give the lion when he come out of his hole in the wall. And then when Seth scored down for the word——"

"Have I got to set and listen to a warmed-over hoss-trot all the way to Scotaze?" demanded Cap'n Sproul, firing up.

"Well, if that's all the interest you take in the success of a friend who has cleaned out a gang of pirates and won two thousand dollars and had the time of his life, I reckon I won't waste breath on you," Hiram growled indig-

nantly. "I never see a man before that couldn't get interested in a hoss-trot."

"I ain't braggin' any on my moral character," Cap'n Sproul explained, "but any time you see me hangin' around a country hoss-race afternoons, you can reckon that I'm gettin' into the proper frame of mind to rob banks nights. If ever I saw scalawags and land-pirut's that's the place to find 'em." He jabbed a gesture with his thumb over his shoulder.

"Oh, yes," agreed Hiram readily; "you're right about that crowd in Smyrny. They're hard tickets. See what they tried to do to me. I don't stand for shenanigan in hoss-trottin'. You can make it a square game if you try. I"—he tucked his reins between his knees and relighted his cigar, holding the match between his hands and lighting up a face that was bland and serene—"I've always believed in and advocated honest horse-trotting."

The cap'n gave him one sideways look, set his elbows on his knees, and they drove on, each absorbed in his own thoughts.



Poppies

B RILLIANT blooms of gleaming scarlet
 Star the fields of waving wheat,
 With soft petals all aquiver
 In the glowing summer heat.
 Are these bits of vivid color,
 Flashing in the golden light
 On their shining, silken pinions,
 Spirit blossoms poised for flight?

GRACE E. CRAIG.

Letters From An American Girl



ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

V.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 17th.

VENICE! We are actually here, and it seems too marvelous to be true.

On arriving late last night we sent our luggage to the hotel, and then we took a gondola and drifted about on these enchanting canals for an hour in the moonlight. Not a sound was there to break the spell; only the voices of the gondoliers calling to one another in low musical tones: "*Stai oh! Lungo ch!*" Or here and there a craft-load of dusky people singing to the accompaniment of a guitar.

We drifted and dreamed, passing the Bridge of Sighs where the condemned of long ago took their faltering way to torture and to death; the Rialto, *Shylock's* Rialto; the palaces of the Grand Canal, whose façades in the pale moonlight seemed bathed in silver tears, tears for the long ago, tears for the "days that are no more." We gazed at the threshold which George Sand traversed with Alfred de Musset, the palaces where George Eliot lived, where Browning wrote, where Wagner composed his "*Tristan and Isolde*."

Ah, what a night! I shall never forget it. But there, I am getting quite sentimental, and that isn't permitted at this distance from Jim, although really I defy any one, no matter how madly in love she may be, to come to Venice and not get slightly sentimental.

There's something I can't help wondering, and that is if we're to see the "man on the raft" who was speeding down from Cortina to Venice that exciting day.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 18th.

I am trying to write up my "trip abroad" every day now, the time is getting so short. We are "hustling," as there is so much to fit in before sailing for home. Five months, only think of it, five months since I left Rawlins and Jim. Everything has been wonderful, but Venice certainly is the most wonderful of all.

We have hired a gondola by the day—one dollar and twenty cents for ten hours is the price! With some lovely brocade, which we bought at an antiquity shop on the Grand Canal, we draped the seats and then we put in our own cushions; and I'm sure I feel like a princess of the Middle Ages when we go gliding along over these mysterious waters, with our own gondolier standing at the poop as though he really belonged to us.

Such churches I never imagined. We've seen nothing equal to them. I can't begin to remember the names, there are so many. One rather sad thing is the beggars; there are dozens everywhere. As soon as your gondola stops they swarm to the wharf's edge and, under pretext of helping you out, they show you a dismal face or some



Not a sound was there to break the spell; only the voices of the gondoliers calling to one another in low musical tones: "Stai oh! Lungo eh!"

awful deformity which quite takes your breath away. I fill my purse twice a day with pennies, and I never seem to have enough.

This hotel we are staying at is an old palace, made over with steam-heat and a few modern improvements. When we arrived and saw our rooms, Mrs. Walker was disgusted because mine was on a court. She asked the proprietor why he couldn't give me the corner room next to hers on the Canal.

He hesitated, and Mrs. Walker got impatient.

"Well," she said, "what's the matter? That corner room's not occupied, the chambermaid told me it wasn't. Why can't we have it? We are paying a big enough price to get the best."

The proprietor shook his head. "It's not the price," he said, "and of course you may have the room if you want it, but"—here his tone grew more mysterious—"that room is haunted."

I couldn't help "butting in" at this stage of the game. If there is anything I have longed to "experience" it is a haunted room.

I explained my propensities to the proprietor and he, encouraged by my enthusiasm, told us that when the hotel used to be a palace three hundred years ago a lovely girl of noble birth lived there. She was betrothed, but her brothers despised the man she loved because he was of a family inferior to theirs. So, one dark night, when the suitor came to the balcony of his be-

loved, the brothers hid themselves and laid in waiting, and as he passed they stabbed him and killed him.

After that, he used still to come every night just the same, or at least so the young girl thought. Sorrow, I suppose, had unsettled her mind, and I should think such sorrow might have. But there on the very balcony of the room I am to have she used to stand and converse with the ghost of her departed.

Well, you can imagine whether I was excited at the thought of such a romantic setting for such a modern girl as I, from such a modern place as Rawlins!

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 19th.

I'm writing in the very room of the mystery. I'm all comfortably settled, but nothing has happened yet. That is, nothing's happened in the way of a ghost, but in another way there has been a slight occurrence which I must record at once.

Last night, while we were sitting in the reading-room, Mrs. Walker and I, with a lot of stuffy English people rustling newspapers and talking in undertones, I got awfully bored, so I thought I would try to make out my accounts. It's such a novelty yet for me to have money that whenever my spirits droop I do up my accounts, and that makes me so grateful I cheer right up.

Well, as I was sitting at one of the little double desks scribbling away, a man came in and sat down at the other desk. First he'd dip his pen in the ink, and then I'd dip mine in, and then we'd both look up, and naturally our eyes would meet.

When we had done this about ten times something flashed across my mind. I wasn't sure, but I was almost sure, for I have an extraordinary memory for faces. I suppose that one last glance of semirecognition he took for flirting, for he smiled at me and then I smiled at him, and then I said:

"Aren't you— Oh, I'm sure you must be"—he was smiling all the time—"the man on the raft."

The color rose almost purple into his cheeks when I said that, and he looked horribly confused.

"The raft, you know," I said, "that you were on coming down from Cortina?"

"You saw me?" he sort of gasped. "You recognized me?"

I supposed his emotion was due to some attraction he felt toward me, and I was awfully embarrassed. In fact, he was the first to recover himself, and give me his name and say how much touched he was that I should have noticed him. I explained that I had supposed he was a Swede, being so tall and blond, but he told me he was a Belgian; the Baron van den Brule. He said he was in the King's Guards, and that he was traveling incognito, and that was how I happened to see him on the raft; like the young Austrian nobleman at Toblach, he feared notoriety through "inquisitive" foreigners, I guess.

I was so proud of having all by myself made the acquaintance of one real nobleman that I didn't know whether I'd let Mrs. Walker meet him or not. She was over in a corner deep in the latest American novel, but it didn't take her long to "smell the blood of a nobleman," and over she came.

After she had met him we couldn't make plans fast enough for sightseeing together, all the rest of the time we were to be in Venice.

I couldn't help telling Baron van den Brule about the haunted room and the legend of the ghost concerning it. I've always got that ghost in mind. The baron asked loads of questions—regular Sherlock Holmes sort of inquiries about the room, the balcony, everything—rather gruesome in a way, and I finally exclaimed:

"But you know it all happened three hundred years ago, and it's only a ghost-story anyway!"

"Then you don't believe in ghosts, Miss Marsh?" the baron asked.

"Believe in ghosts?" I couldn't help laughing at the idea.

"Well I do," he responded, so very solemnly that I began to feel quite



Everything has been wonderful, but Venice certainly is the most wonderful of all.

creepy. But I could see that it was for him no joking matter, so I thought it best to drop the subject; and besides, it was late anyway, so Mrs. Walker and I bade our new friend good night. The man of the raft! A baron, and in the King's Guards! Beatrice Marsh, what's coming next?

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 20th.

This morning when we started out Baron van den Brule asked if he could accompany us and take us to see the *streets* of Venice. We didn't suppose there were any! But there are and they are perfectly fascinating.

You oughtn't to miss them, either, as you get more of an idea of how the Venetians really live there than anywhere else. They are little tiny, narrow, almost-alleys, with cobblestone pavements and no sidewalks.

The shops thrust their wares out pell-mell into the very street itself, and there are lots of little stores where you

can buy food already cooked, principally fish—crabs and queer, small fish. They call it all *fritura*, because it is fried in boiling lard and then sold hot and crisp. It tastes something like our cod-fish balls.

The women in the streets are decidedly worth seeing. Their hair, the true Titian red, seems like glossy copper that has caught the sun's rays; it waves naturally, and makes so flattering a head-gear that they wear no other except a flower or a blossom caught in among the soft curls. Then they throw over their shoulders a silk shawl folded in a point, whose edges are bordered with deep fringe.

The way they walk is too lovely. They do not strut or stride or stroll or even just plain walk. They sway along, their pretty heads slightly tilted to one side, their shawls moving with the rhythm of their graceful lines. Really, they're too charming!

After the streets, we visited the Palace of the Doges. There were hosts of

tourists. They rushed around like frightened chickens, and one man was writing in his note-book all the time and not looking at a single thing.

It rather took away from the charm of that wonderful old palace to have a guide calling out all the time in his awful broken Italian-English such things as:

"Dees is dee Palace of dee Dogs. Dees is where dey lived it, and where dey died it!"

Doges really means dukes—the Palace of the Dukes. I only found that out this morning from Van den Brule.

At noon we went and fed the pigeons on Saint Mark's Square. You can buy a cornucopia full of corn for a few cents, and then you hold out your hand with some grain in it and these lovely doves are so tame they come and light on your arm and nibble and coo.

After lunch we went and bought photographs and lace, Venetian lace made right here, and so fine that you'd think

it would have put out the people's eyes to stitch it.

I bought—oh, it's so heavenly!—my wedding-veil at Jesurum's. I do hope Jim will like it. It's just as simple as it can be, but then I've found out since I've been over here that the simpler things are, the more they cost. Simplicity and good taste are synonymous, I guess, and good taste always means the most expensive. Well, it's a perfect veil. I shall be so happy on my wedding-day!

Oh, Jim, I hear your voice for the first time calling me that sweet name: My wife! Jim, darling, I hope that all our dear married life I shall see the world as I see it on my wedding-day, through the enchanting mist this little veil of purity draws before my happy eyes.

Well, all that's a long way off yet, and I mustn't get to thinking of it too much or I shall die here and be left by Mrs. Walker in the Campo Santo



"You saw me?" he gasped. "You recognized me?"

at Murano! No, thanks, I'm not quite ready for that yet. In the first place, I've not seen that ghost. So my romantic education is still quite incomplete.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 21st.

The ghost is becoming the object of my hopes! At night I love to lean over my balcony and gaze out on the moonlight shining across the Grand Canal. When I close the blinds at last, it always seems to me as though I were shutting out that poor ghost. I imagine that Jim would be quite huffy if he knew how attentive I am to a "bugaboo." I haven't dared tell him yet; but I really must, for I begin to sort of imagine that ghost is standing between us.

We have done a lot more sightseeing.

It was raining this afternoon when we went into Saint Mark's, but the beautiful gold mosaics are so brilliant that it appeared as though there was an inward sunshine in that marvelous church.

It was beautiful beyond words—and so old. I could not realize that those foundations had stood there for eleven hundred years; that they were already built six hundred years before Christopher Columbus even caught sight of the U. S. A.

I must say it made everything American seem awfully young, and me and Jim along with the rest, though I can't really mind being in my teens with a fiancé in the early twenties, because we shall have just that much more time together, Jim and I; and we need it, for here he has made me already lose six months of my existence rushing after an "education" or some "culture," as they call it, and being followed up by a lot of dagos and—I was going to say ghosts!

But the ghost hasn't yet put in his appearance!

After leaving Saint Mark's this afternoon—Baron van den Brule was with us—we went over to a famous café called Florian's, where they are celebrated for the ices they serve. It's true

they were very good, sort of lemon ice, the kind we make on hot summer days in the U. S. A.

Well, one thing does seem queer to me: the Baron van den Brule talks all the time about money, and not about his own, about *ours*. He keeps telling us that it is very dangerous to have so much cash with you when you're traveling. How does he know what we have? And he asks so many questions that it almost seems as though he wanted to find out where we do keep our money!

Of course this is a silly idea, but he returned to the subject of strong-boxes and secret locks so often while we were at Florian's that I began to feel sort of creepy. Still, as he's one of the King's Guards, I can't help having faith in him. And yet he exasperates me even if he is a baron. I don't care, he does!

He hasn't tried a particle to be attentive to me, either, nor to flirt the way Perselle did, nor to go in for heavy tragedy like the Prince Armegnina, and yet somehow I feel as though Jim wouldn't like the baron.

But for sightseeing any sort of a man is better than no man at all.

After Florian's we went to the Academy of Fine Arts and saw some wonderful pictures by Bellini and Tintoretto and Carpaccio. There! I remembered those names without looking in the guide-book. I guess even Jim will think I'm getting quite "cultured."

The Baron of course was with us. He's really very good-looking, and it certainly is more fun to have a man with you than to be always two lone females poking around by your lorn selves.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 22nd.

The most extraordinary and awful thing has happened!

I am so excited I can hardly write, and yet I mustn't let the day go by without jotting down my impressions—and such impressions they are!

Well, to begin at the beginning, last night I hung sentimentally over my bal-

cony for half an hour as usual, listening to a gondola-load of people who were singing in the most charming way on the Canal in the splendid moonlight.

We had had an awful day—sixteen churches. Mrs. Walker insisted on my seeing every church that was named in the Baedeker, so we hopped in and out of our gondola, prowled around damp crypts, feed sacristans to show us "treasure" that didn't amount to a row of pins, and generally exhausted ourselves.

Nevertheless, last night, as I say, I spent the usual time dreaming dreams on the ghost balcony, little dreaming the truth—that I was to see the ghost himself so very soon.

Well, this is how it happened.

At least I will try to tell, for I was so frightened that I can't remember all the details.

When I finally got to bed, being perfectly worn out, I sank into a heavy sleep. I must have slept until about three or four in the morning, for when I woke there wasn't a sound on the Canal; and often the merry-makers go on singing until long past midnight.

I didn't think much about the hour or anything else, I was just drowsy and ready to drop off again. But all of a sudden I heard a queer noise, a sort of scraping and grating. I turned, and to my amazement saw the window open, open onto the balcony. I had left it tight shut because they say the night air in Venice is very bad for the health.

Still rather dazed, I didn't collect

my thoughts much, when, there, right in my room I saw *something white!*

The white thing was moving; it seemed human and at the same time inhuman.

Like a flash it crossed my mind: The ghost!

This was the ghost!

The room was really haunted!

If I had wanted to see an apparition and had longed for the romance of a "bugaboo," I now had my deserts. But the reality was less pleasant than the dream.

I gave one wild shriek. I leaped out of bed. I ran for Mrs. Walker's room, pounding on the door with all my might. She opened, drew me in, and scolded me furiously. She told me I was a perfect idiot, that I had roused the whole hotel by my shrieks, that there were no such things as ghosts, that she was disgusted with me and very much surprised that I could lose control of myself in such a way. In fact, she gave me a regular lecture that made my

hair fairly stand on end—what wasn't already bristling with the fright I'd had.

Well, when I got calmed down I went back to my room, and we had a good look around. The shutters and the windows were closed. Evidently I'd been victim to a nightmare.

At least, so I thought until next morning.

Then, just as we were starting out, I opened the bureau to take my purse. It was a lovely gold-chain purse I had





Mrs. Walker insisted on my seeing every church that was named in the Baedeker.

bought in Paris, and I simply adored it. It cost an awful lot—I'd hate to say how much—there were diamonds and sapphires in the clasp, not to speak of the money there was in it. I had been to the bank the day before and drawn out enough money for our whole trip up through Germany and until we should meet the automobile at Berlin.

Well, it was gone!

And it had been right there in the drawer when I went to bed, for the last thing I did was to give it a good look. I felt sort of tenderly toward it because it was that money that would bring me a whole three weeks nearer to Jim.

It was gone, just plain gone! There was no denying the fact. And the more we looked for it the more we found other things that were gone, too. My pearl necklace which I had bought at Monte Carlo and a lovely little swallow pin in rubies were gone; my mother's watch, the adorable one in enamel and diamonds that I loved even more since I had been to Geneva, was gone, too, and lots of other things.

It was awfully discouraging.

Mrs. Walker, who had taken the ghost episode so lightly, began now to question me pretty closely. I couldn't tell her any more than what I had seen.

It is certainly the most uncomfortable thing that has ever happened to me or to Mrs. Walker either. I never supposed that ghosts were thieves, I must say. And if that were a thief, where is he? It's awfully strange, that's all I can say, and I wish I were back in Rawlins with an able-bodied man to protect me.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 23rd.

We meant to leave yesterday, but of course we can't. They're investigating the robbery. Nobody seems interested in the ghost.

The only person who could possibly have helped us has simply disappeared. Since that day at Florian's when we ate ices together we have not set eyes on the Baron van den Brule. Where can he have gone to? I wonder.

GRAND HOTEL, VENICE,
May 24th.

Talk about strange things!

This is one of the cases, sure enough, where truth's stranger than fiction.

Well, we have found out who the thief was—and who the ghost was.

I am not quite so crazy about romance as I was when we arrived in Venice. I've had just a trifle more than my share of the romantic, I guess.

This morning while we were dressing—so blue, both Mrs. Walker and I, that we had nothing to say to each other—the proprietor of the hotel came up rather pale and breathless and asked to see us. He has been awfully nice through the whole thing. We had him shown into our little sitting-room, though we were rather skeptical as to what he was going to say about the robbery.

And this is what he said:

He began by drawing from his pocket a telegram and a letter. Then, in a decidedly embarrassed manner, he explained that these were messages which the police of Venice had just received from the Belgian Legation in Paris. They were warnings, sort of warrants. And against whom? Against our friend, the *baron*!

The baron, it seems, was nothing more than a very elegant and a very accomplished thief.

The letter from the Belgian Legation warned the police to look out for the man, tall, blond, traveling under the name of Baron van den Brule, and declaring himself to be in the King's Guards. He had, the letter said, stolen a lot of things at Munich, but he had escaped from there to Innsbruck and had followed the river down from Cortina to Venice.

This was the man of the raft! And this was why he had seemed so horribly embarrassed when I said I had seen him on that raft! And this is why he believed in ghosts!

Well, the long and the short of the matter was, that he had simply questioned us about that ghost and about the way we kept our money in order that, by putting two and two together,

he could disguise himself as the ghost, and thus get into my room, and know just about where things were, once he was in there.

This thought is a little too much to bear. He must have draped something white all around him, and then crawled along from his room, which opened onto a balcony, to my window. I can't think of it without shuddering. The proprietor and the police are going to do everything they can to get hold of him.

I'm perfectly sick of Europe, and I wish I were back in Rawlins. Yes, I do, Jim Stapleton!

They may have said an awful lot about our great financiers in the last

few years, but really I think it's better to rob a whole lot of people and be a great financier than to rob a few persons and be a common thief. Van den Brule was nothing at all but a common thief. He was no more in the King's Guards than Jim is. Jim's in the Queen's Guards.

It's pleasant, too, to think I've said good-by to all my pretty belongings!

To think of his daring to come into my room that way! It makes me boil with rage!

But there is one consolation. For a few hours at least, I did think I had seen a regular bone-fide ghost. And the sensation was worth traveling for, all the way to Venice!

The sixth letter of this series will appear in the August SMITH'S.



The Conscientious Ghost

(Psychical)

MY duties," he remarked, with tears, "I've never sought to shun; Yet hard it is that at my years They have again begun.

"No one believed in me, or cared If I my vigils kept; My diligence the public spared, And undisturbed I slept.

"Yet now I never close my eyes But in my dreams I see These Psychical Societies Descending upon me.

"They ask me whether I forgot To wander round the moat; They wonder what I mean by not Steering my phantom boat.

"They would not think it such a joke To rattle fetters through The weary night till morning broke, As Duty bids me do!

"Alas," he groaned, "on blood-stained floors Again to fight and fall! To shiver round the secret doors, The drafty banquet-hall.

"I say it was a heartless thought— Wherever he may dwell Who on us this disaster brought, I'd like to haunt him well.

"And, ah!" he cried, with rapture grim, "One thing consoles me most: We'll make it very warm for him When once he is a ghost!

"When every honest phantom sleeps He'll have to freeze in cells, And wring his hands by moldy keeps, And jangle rusty bells."

He paused, his fetters to arrange, Adjust his winding-sheet; He murmured: "In this world of change One can't be too complete!"

He fixed on me a glance of woe, Then vanished into air; I heard his clanking fetters go Right down the winding stair.

Yet sometimes, when 'mid wind and rain I seem to hear him clank his chain Beneath the dismal sky, I'm lying warm and dry.

MAY KENDALL



MISS MEHITABLE'S TROUSSEAU

BY

MARY HEATON VORSE

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR PERARD

SAY, Mabel, c'n I speak to you a minute?" She stood there a quaint, touching little figure, her hair braided primly back from her forehead; in her voice shyness and excitement strove with each other.

Mabel looked at Felicity with a smile.

"Why, how pretty you look," she exclaimed, with astonished sincerity. For youth had taken Felicity by the hand, shaken curls out of her primly braided hair, painted her smooth round cheeks deep scarlet and set her eyes dancing.

"What's come over you, F'liss? If you'd only do your hair like anything but a little old maid——"

"Oh, Mabel," cried Felicity, "will you show me?" For the first time in her life her stupid shyness hadn't taken her by the throat and choked her dumb in the presence of Mabel.

"You come up to my room," the older girl suggested kindly, "and I'll do your hair so your own Aunt Mehitable won't know you."

Felicity obediently "let down" her hair, which spread out over her shoulders down to her waist in great curls; the breeze caught little soft tendrils of it and framed her excited little face. Mabel gasped. In a moment before her eyes the primmest, shyest little relic of Puritanism had been transformed into a heathen wood-nymph.

"Well, if you're not a regular little beauty, F'llicity Meadows!" Mabel ex-

claimed. "You've got a perfectly lovely head of hair!"

"It's awful hard hair to do up nice and neat," Felicity complained.

"Awful hard—why, child alive, there's nothing you couldn't do with your hair, nothing."

At this unwonted praise Felicity blushed a deeper red, but her great news wouldn't let itself be suppressed another minute.

"You'll never, never guess what I've come to tell you," she began. "Cross your heart you won't tell, Mabel? Things get 'round so before one wants 'em to."

"Cross my heart!" Mabel went through the solemn rite laughing.

"Well"—Felicity lowered her voice—"I'm going to have five new dresses. Five! Think of it!"

Exultation put to flight the prim little tones so humorously reminiscent of the elder Miss Meadows.

"Aunt Mehitable says there's no one in town knows as much about the styles as you, and you've got city catalogues an' all. You'll help me, won't you?" And with a pretty impulsive gesture she reached up and patted Mabel's hand.

"Of course I'll help you."

Felicity in her excitement never noticed the constrained note.

"You see," she went on, gladness liting in her voice, "Aunt Mehitable says if any one was to know I was getting—

five—new—dresses all at once, they'd go guessing right away it was a trousseau or some such nonsense." Another blush painted Felicity's face. "And she says you're not *nosy*, and that you can hold your tongue."

"I won't tell a soul." Mabel shut her mouth as if she would never open it again.

"Oh," cried the child, "won't it be lovely to have some real clothes to look like the rest of the girls. Oh, Mabel, looking like I've always had to's made me *bad*. In church I'd look right straight ahead of me so's not to see what folks had on, and I'd see all the same! I couldn't help seeing! I've spent whole prayer-meetings trying not to think about your white leghorn—the one with the plume—and wishing I had one like it. It's not the folks who've got 'em that think too much about clothes, but the ones who haven't got a thing!"

Felicity spoke with a passion that Mabel had never suspected under her prim, repressed exterior.

Meantime Mabel's thoughts played an accompaniment to Felicity's prattle. In the little village in which they lived five new dresses meant nothing short of preparation for a wedding, and there was exactly one man to whom Felicity could be engaged, for Owen Kenwood was the only visitor at Felicity's house. And Owen—it was preposterous, thought Mabel. It couldn't be! Hadn't he always spoken of Felicity as a shy child out of whom he couldn't get a word? Hadn't he always pretended he went there to see Miss Mehitable, who was such a character in her way? Wasn't he open as the day and honest?

And when she got to that point, the door of Mabel's heart shut itself against Owen Kenwood. No men were honest, she decided passionately. He had thought he could play with her while all the time he was getting engaged to little Felicity—how he must have laughed in his sleeve as she had flirted with him, put him off, tormented him with a thousand caprices.

And while her wounded pride burned her—wounded pride, yes, and wounded faith and love—Mabel listened to Fe-

licity's shy voice vibrating with its little triumphant recital of the pretty things she was to buy.

"I never thought of having such things," Felicity went on. "I never dreamed I could have them. But grandmother put aside money for Aunt Mehitable's setting-out, and she's never touched it, and so—"

"And so it comes to you," Mabel supplemented.

Not a word about Owen—nothing but clothes. Who would have suspected that serious wide-eyed child of such a light soul? Well, there were more people than little Felicity whose souls were light, thought Mabel. Hadn't she herself played with her own happiness and with Owen's? Had she ever been sure of herself? Had she ever cared?

That brought her up with a round turn. "No," she told herself stormily, "I never cared, never, never!" But all her pride and anger wouldn't keep her heart from crying aloud in its pain and loss and disillusion.

Then a suspicion shot through her mind. What if Felicity had come to triumph over her? Standing behind her, she looked at the girl's reflection in the glass. The flushed face was all candor and ecstasy over the clothes that were to be.

Mabel put the last pat to Felicity's hair.

"You look sweet—you're a regular beauty, F'liss," she said.

Felicity looked at herself. It was a charming little face, piquant in its blend of demureness and fire.

"I can hardly believe it's me," she breathed. "I know just how a caterpillar feels when it wakes up and finds it's got wings. You're so good, Mabel. But you ought to be. You've got everything."

"Well, haven't you enough, greedy?" said Mabel, holding her at arm's length. Then she kissed her. "I hope you'll be happy," she said.

But Felicity, catalogues in hand, was out of the front door and down the brick walk. Kenwood's name had not passed between them.

"Perhaps it's not so. Perhaps it's

some one else. Perhaps she's just getting clothes," flashed through Mabel Dale's mind, for one moment, then she put it from her.

Every one in the village knew the Meadowses were poor as poverty, and

She saw Felicity's gay little person going toward him. Half-way up the street Felicity would turn off to her own house. If he only came on down the street it might mean——

Felicity ran gaily along, absorbed in



"Well, if you're not a regular little beauty, Felicity Meadows!"

for only one occasion would Miss Mehitable have parted with her pathetic little fortune—her own "setting-out"—money that she had hoarded through so many pinched years. Still, Felicity hadn't spoken of Owen, hope whispered.

Far up the street Mabel saw a familiar figure swinging toward the house.

the splendors of the new organdy; she hadn't seen Kenwood, and fairly ran into his arms; by her attitude, the turn of her head Mabel could imagine her stammering out shy apologies. How pretty she had looked with her charming hair becomingly dressed for the first time in her life!

If only now Kenwood would listen, raise his hat, and continue toward her house! Owen and Felicity! It couldn't be so. After all, he wasn't that kind, and while her heart plead for him with her pride, the moment's respite was over and Kenwood had turned down the road toward the Meadows' house.

Mabel Dale sat looking after the two; even yet it was hard to believe. Then anger blazed in her. She was no man's fool to be played with. If Owen had other loves so had she, and that evening she went "buggy-riding" with Charlie Summers, and when she passed Kenwood she gave him a little nod, radiant as if she were perfectly happy.

Then there came five empty days. The first day she waited for Owen and the second—perhaps there was some explanation, after all. Twice she went over to the Meadowses, meaning when she went to ask pointblank if it were true, and twice her pride failed her, for the little house seemed full of wedding preparations, and Felicity was hemming lovely yards of blue ruffles in which she was presently to blossom out.

At the end of the week Owen came.

He had been called out of town unexpectedly, he explained. Then—and it was a surprise to Mabel, for she had meant to dismiss him with nonchalant pleasantness—then all her bitterness against him overflowed, for he had dared to come with his old affectionate manner, his eyes full of the old admiration. She turned on him angrily.

"I didn't expect to see you so soon after you got back," she said meaningly.

He looked at her with honest, troubled eyes, which asked mutely what he had done to displease her. "I'm going out driving with Charlie Summers," she continued. "Why don't you go round to Felicity's?"

"Why, I think I will," he answered slowly, his questioning eyes on her face.

"C'n I come in?" It was Felicity's voice again. Youth and spring breathed from her. There was about her a radiance that transfigured her. "Are you alone?" she went on. "I came over because I wanted to tell you first—be-

cause I don't believe if it hadn't been for you it would have happened." She spoke in a hushed little voice as a devotee might of some miracle. "I can't believe it's me talking—it don't seem real. It all began the day you fixed my hair for me. You remember. Everything seems to have begun that day. I was so happy about my clothes and everything I didn't see him coming. I ran square into him, and then he looked at me and I saw—I saw he—thought—I wasn't ugly. I don't believe he'd ever looked at me before, and somehow when he didn't think I was ugly I didn't feel so frightened to talk. And he came again when he came home, and I had my new dress on. And now, and now"—she buried her face in Mabel's lap—"my things will be my trousseau after all."

The color ebbed from Mabel's face, and flooded slowly back. It seemed to her that her heart stopped beating.

"And you weren't engaged when you came over here to ask about your clothes?"

Felicity laughed. "Deed no. I guess I'm about the only girl who ever got her trousseau before she even thought of getting married. I thought you knew. I told you it was Aunt Mehitable's setting-out money; perhaps I didn't explain, I was so excited."

"No, you didn't explain."

"Well, you see, grandmother put aside every cent she could so my aunts could have a fine setting-out even if the Meadowses were poor's anything. My Aunt Felicity died, and grandmother bought her a grand tombstone with the money, and auntie never needed a setting-out. There was something between her and Owen's father, but it never came to anything; and that's what made Owen come to see us first, because his father'd told him so much about auntie."

"And then your aunt got your things?" suggested Mabel.

"She said she'd always made up her mind that as soon as I was old enough she was going to have me have things like other folks. I thought I was just going to grow old just like Aunt Mehitable, and one day—the day I came to



When she passed Kenwood she gave him a little nod, radiant as if she were perfectly happy.

tell you—she found me crying and she asked me what ailed me, and I just came out like a great silly: ‘Oh, if something would only happen! Nothing ever happens in this house!’ She sat thinking a minute, then she told me she was going to get me all those clothes. I’ve got to go now,” Felicity wound up, “Owen’s waiting.”

She flitted off through the dusk. Down the village street came the sound of singing. A boy and a girl passed the house talking in low tones, then three laughing girls in light dresses. The night was full of noises, every one was out on the street.

With unseeing eyes Mabel watched the white laughing shadows that passed and repassed the house. All she saw was Owen, whom she had sent away.

A little more faith, a little less pride—and Felicity wouldn’t have come to her with her golden story.

Mabel recalled all the events of the last weeks, how she had sent Owen away, how his look of hurt wonder had given place to something like contempt—why, he must have thought of her all the things she had thought of him.

Then came heavy footsteps on the brick walk, and Miss Mehitable’s figure

loomed ponderous among the lilac-bushes.

“Is that you, Mabel?” she said. Embarrassment irradiated from her. She seated herself in a chair which creaked under her weight.

“My, it’s hot!” She waved her handkerchief back and forth.

“Take a fan,” said Mabel. “F’liss has just been here to tell the good news. I think she’ll be real happy. Owen Kenwood’s an awfully nice fellow.” Had the old woman come to gloat? she wondered.

“I knew F’licity’d been here, that’s why I came. There’s sumpthin’ I’ve got to tell you, Mabel. I thought I wouldn’t, but I’ve got to. Nobody can do wrong an’ not suffer for it. An’ I’ve suffered.” She paused again in embarrassment.

“Not but what I’d have to do it over again jest the same way, and more, too, if I hed to. I’m a bad old woman, I s’pose, but I can’t help it, and I ain’t done right by you, though what I done I don’t believe’s hurt you a mite.”

She stopped out of breath. In the half light she loomed up grotesque, elephantine. Her fat hand flapped the fan rhythmically to and fro. Mabel didn’t



"'Twas me got Owen Kenwood away from you ef you want to know!" Miss Meadows burst forth, with sudden defiance.

speak. Only the caretaking of the fan and the fat woman's difficult breathing broke the silence. Then:

"'Twas me got Owen Kenwood away from you ef you want to know!" Miss Meadows burst forth, with sudden defiance.

"I don't know what you mean," Mabel managed to say.

She could feel Miss Mehitable's sharp eyes on her, as she answered:

"Oh, yes, you do. You know Owen Kenwood would 'a' served you hand an' foot till judgment if I hadn't come between you. For 'twas all my doin'—don't you believe F'llicity had no hand in it! She wasn't thinkin' o' anythin' but her new clo'es when she come up here that day."

Mabel peered through the dark at her visitor's face. In the shadow it was as round and expressionless as a white dinner-plate.

"Do you mean you sent her up here on purpose to make me think she was engaged to Owen?" she demanded.

"Yes, I do, I mean jest that." Miss Mehitable didn't flinch, she gripped the

arm of her rocker with her great hand.

"I mean I did jest that. I seen you playin' with Owen Kenwood like you play with every one an' I seen you the prettiest girl in town—everybody running after you, an' you with pretty clothes an' all. And me—I ain't never had nothin', nothin' in this world but F'liss!" She spoke with all the childless woman's passion for the one thing she has been allowed to love. "An' I'd made up my mind F'liss wasn't goin' to be me over agen. My F'liss was goin' to have things like other folks." The pent-up torrent of bitterness and abnegation was unloosed. "Oh, I've set up nights prayin' that I might see the way to do for her, for she scared me comin' up so bashful an' quiet. Some way she never seemed grown-up to me till one day I caught her cryin', and then it all come to me what to do. I knew you'd think F'liss was gettin' weddin' clothes—and that 'twas Owen. An' I knew you wouldn't stand no man triflin' with you an' you'd send him along over back to us. An' I knew when a man's been awful hurt there ain't nothin' he likes

better'n bein' comforted." She stopped for breath.

"I don't see why you come telling me all this now," said Mabel dully.

"I ain't been able to sleep. I ain't had no rest. I kep' a-thinkin' what if Mabel Dale cared for him, what if I've come between folks that really cared for each other?"

"It's pretty late to think about that, isn't it?" Mabel asked bitterly.

"No," said the old woman, "no, it ain't too late. You c'n tell Felicity what I done. You c'n tell her what you thought. You ain't the only one in the world that's proud! D'you s'pose she'd stand in your light a minute ef she thought you cared for Owen and that she'd took him from you? Then you so pretty an' all, you c'n get Owen right back."

There was silence between the two, and between them came the same picture—Felicity's pretty face glowing with her new-found happiness.

"But you don't care for Owen," the older woman burst forth. "You know you ain't never cared for him. You don't care, not the way I care for F'liss—not the way she cares for *him*. We ain't never had anything to do but care! We ain't never had anything else to care for." All her loneliness and yearning spoke through her prim tones.

Mabel didn't move; she saw it all as it might so easily be. It would be so easy to explain away her coldness—and she could teach him to forget Felicity, Felicity who was having her first draft of happiness and of youth.

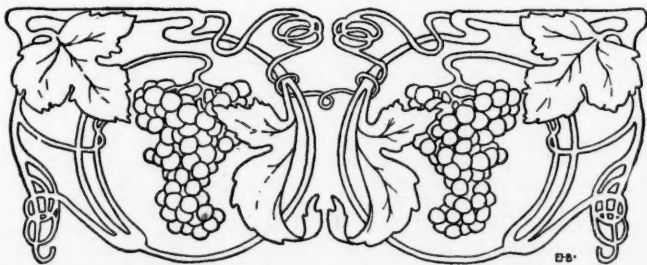
"You was just playin' with Owen, Mabel," the old voice went on in entreaty. "You jest think you like him because somethin' came between you. You wouldn't never've valued him none without that. F'liss'll make him a good wife. He'll be happy with her. He's happy with her now. Oh, think well before you decide, don't do nothin' before you're sure! Ain't you got enough? Can't you leave Owen for F'liss an' me?"

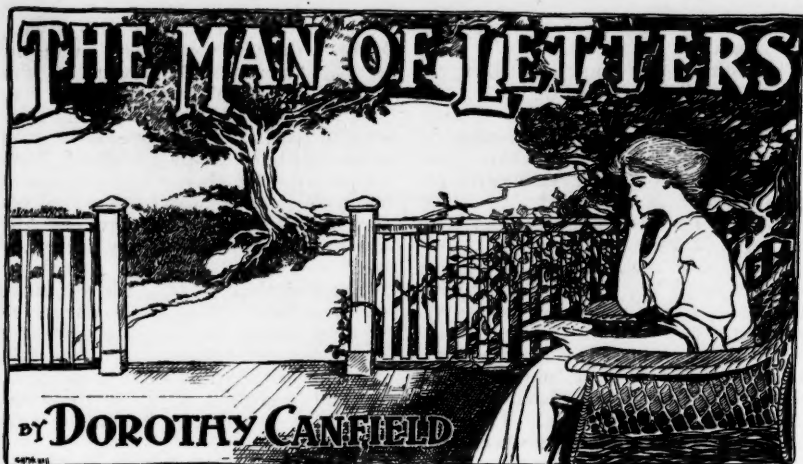
She had risen to her feet and stood swaying back and forth in the moonlight, a ponderous, almost grotesque figure, her great bosom rising and falling with her short, labored breathing.

"You was only playin' with Owen, Mabel," she repeated. "Don't do nothin' ef you ain't sure."

Somethin like a sob rose in Mabel's throat, for all at once she knew she was beaten, that she would never raise her hand to beckon Owen to her, however her heart cried out. She knew herself beaten, not by the old woman's guile, but by her defenselessness and her long years of loneliness, by that and by Felicity's unsuspecting happiness; again she fought with the sob that would come, then pride and anger came to her aid.

"What right," she cried, "have you got supposing I like Owen Kenwood? What right've you got talking as if I wanted to get him away from F'liss? You've got him. Keep him. I don't care for any of 'em." She stood straight and tall, quivering with resentment. "I've never wanted him," she flamed.





ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. MITCHELL

I WAS sitting on the veranda in the shade correcting proofs when my Uncle Abimelech came up the steps. Not that I am a literary person! Far from it! The only reading that I ever do is the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the sporting page of the newspapers, and I write as little as possible; though, as my brother is steward of our golf-club, and as he won't write at all, I have to do the business letters about tournaments and such things. Indeed, the proof I was correcting was for a little booklet of the rules of the club that we were just getting out.

But Uncle Abimelech is literary—a regular dyed-in-the-wool paper-blackener. You may not believe it, but it is a fact that he makes as good a living at that as my father does in the woolens business. It does seem as though things were awfully unfair in this world, doesn't it? My uncle was baptized Abimelech Hezekiah Haskins—that comes of being born in Maine—but of course he doesn't sign his novels that way. If I should set down his writing-name everybody would know it in a minute, but I think it would be mean to give poor uncle away like that.

Well, as I said, Uncle Abimelech is

as literary as anybody can be and live, and I thought he would be pleased to see his niece doing something beside golfing and motoring and playing bridge. But you never can tell about literary people. He looked perfectly horrified and shouted out: "Mollie Haskins, what are you doing? You are not correcting *proofs*!"

"Why, yes, Uncle Abimelech!" I said quite proudly.

Uncle sank down in a chair and waved his hands at me without being able to say a word for a minute. I thought he was going to have a fit—he's the sort of thick-necked man that looks that way—but by and by he broke out: "For the love of Heaven, throw them away! Don't let anybody fool another Haskins into being an author!"

"Good gracious, uncle!" I begin, as much shocked at the idea as he.

But he cut in: "If I wasn't so much overcome with horror I'd rush over there and snatch the pernicious papers out of your innocent hands, and save you while it is yet time. Look at my blasted life, and be warned."

Now, Uncle Abimelech's daughters dress a great deal better than I can afford to and they've been abroad ever

so many times; so I couldn't imagine what he meant by saying that his life hadn't been a success. "Whatever do you mean?" I asked. "I'm sure you've done as much for your family as anybody could."

At this he bounded in his chair, so that I was afraid he would go through the seat. "You self-centered sprig of infancy, how about *me*? Am I nothing but the father of a family?"

"Well, what's the matter with you?" I asked. You have to be really blunt with Uncle Abimelech to bring him to the point.

"Since the evil hour in which I first put pen to paper I have never had a moment's life like other men!" he exclaimed.

I sat back in a comfortable position, for I know the tone he puts on when he's in for a long, solitary spiel.

"Never for an instant has anybody been able to forget that I am an author, and that is the more bitter as I am not an author. I scorn the mean accusation. I am a man who writes, and I deserve to be treated as a man." He stopped, drew a long breath, mopped his forehead, and really started in. "I remember the first time my destiny was revealed to me. I had read a story—one of the 'best sellers' of those early primitive days, and I said to myself: 'Why, I can do that,' and I set to work and did it.

"I wrote a story laid in colonial Massachusetts. The plot I got from a newspaper paragraph, the history from my old school history, and the characters from a wide range of reading in similar novels." He wagged his head with reminiscent pride. "It was as poor a story, if I may permit myself to speak of my own work, as ever sold its hundred thousands—but that is not the point. No sooner was it published than I began to be aware of a coolness toward me on the part of all my fellow townsmen.

"I still lived at home in Kennebunkport, and the town had no more devoted son than I. It grieved me to see myself ostracized thus, and finally I drew my erstwhile best friend aside and

demanding to know what had happened. He answered me with concentrated bitterness, saying that it was bad enough to send out ridiculous and degrading caricatures of all the leading citizens of our mother town, thinly disguised in colonial garb, to a mocking world; but that to take my own father, the much-respected lumber merchant, and use his peculiarities as material for my villain—really, the united feeling of the town was that I had gone too far. They felt they could never trust me again."

Uncle Abimelech's face grew red with anger as he thought of it.

"I was horrified at the charge, and explained to my accuser, as I have constantly and unavailingly done ever since, the wholly upright method of literary composition I pursue, a method which, I flatter myself, brings literature up to the level where a sensible and honest man can engage in it without loss of self-respect. I never by any chance put a real character into a book, I never by any chance choose a subject I know anything about from personal experience, and so far as my powers serve me I go even further than that.

"I try conscientiously never to put a character into a book who might have been real, who is at all possible. What's the use? There are plenty of real people all about us, and very dull they are. Folks don't want to pay good money to see their tiresome neighbors over again. It stands to reason. However, in spite of my entirely convincing explanations my friend remained hostile and incredulous. 'Why, look here,' he said, 'you make your old innkeeper say on page twenty-seven: "It's hot enough to fry eggs in the sun to-day." Now you can't deny that you've heard old Uncle Abijah say that time out of mind. The poor old man feels you've been spying on him.' 'Good gracious,' I said, 'but so I've heard every other old man in town say it, and my own grandfather into the bargain.' 'Ah, you see you can't say that you don't use your friends for copy,' he said, and left me."

At this point Uncle Abimelech fell into a long silence, shaking his head



At this he bounded in his chair, so that I was afraid he would go through the seat.

mournfully, till I asked: "Well, what then?"

He sighed heavily and went on, "Oh, I had to leave Kennebunkport, of course. Life was not possible for me there. I went to Bangor and began work on my next novel, which I wrote in the most profound seclusion from society. It was a story of Kansas during the Civil War (I had never been out of Maine at that time), and as the Clara Morris type of stormy and emotional woman was in vogue, I formed my

heroine after that model, making her act throughout the book, at breakfast, dinner and supper, as Miss Morris did at the most desperately clinging crisis of her most emotional love rôles. She was very well received by the public, I remember, the first real success I had.

"Just after I finished this story, and began to read the proofs, I met your Aunt Abigail that was to be, and paid my court to her at once. By the time the book came out, we were engaged; but that happy time was ruined for us

by the so-called friends who flocked around my poor sweetheart, whispering that I had violated the most sacred secrets of love in thus describing for all the world to see matters that should be kept between us two.

"Thank Heaven, Abby was as level-headed then as now, and somehow we came through it; though she, as a true, reserved and dignified daughter of New England, was exasperated to the last degree by having attributed to her all the hysterical goings-on of my quite impossible Evalina. It was of no use to explain to a set of utterly unliturgical folks, not only that I had written the book before I ever saw Abby, but that if one wrote love-scenes the way they really happen, one would never make money enough to buy shoe-strings; and that my unailing recipe for constructing an emotional scene was to imagine the exact opposite of what Abby or I or any sane person would do, and then set it down.

"It's perfectly self-evident! Did you ever in your life read a story where the people acted the way you would yourself—of course I don't mean stodgy failures like Henry James or Meredith, whose sales are too small to mention—but a real, honest, rattling hundred-thousand-sold-in-the-first-month novel such as live folks really read. *Did you?*"

I ran over in my mind the "best-sellers" I'd read lately, and was shocked that Uncle Abimelech could have such doubts of any Haskins. "Good gracious me!" I cried. "I should hope I wouldn't act like them! What an idea!"

"There, you see," said he, settling back in his chair and pulling down his waistcoat. "Of course you wouldn't! But if you didn't there wouldn't be any story. But you can't get anybody to take that in! The conceited things! They imagine that from their insipid lives you can get the colors for your conscientiously impossible pictures. But to go back to poor Abby, all my arguments didn't help her a bit. Because she was tall and fair and so was that hussy of an Evalina, everybody believed and insisted on her believing that I made love with a note-book in my hand.

"Her girl friends said among themselves that they were thankful they were going to marry honest merchants and farmers who wouldn't go around telling everybody how many kisses they had every evening; and one of them told Abby that she should think it would make her come up in goose-flesh all over to think that every time I put my arms around her I was noting down just the color of her back hair or how her shoulder looked through her thin dress. The poor girl felt as though she weren't really a decent woman by the time they got through with her—but that was nothing to what came after our marriage.

"I continued to write, as I always have, from documents and newspaper paragraphs—thank Heaven, there's nothing of the artist in *me*! And I put my trust then as now in the good business methods which have never failed me. As fashions in literature changed I changed with them. Everybody was still doing colonial stories, and so I wrote another; not of New England—I was too wary by this time to trust any subject so near home—but of French Canada. Warned by the experience about the resemblance of Abby to the objectionable Evalina, I made my new heroine the exact opposite of my dear bride.

"Abby was tall, slender, blonde, and serious. I made my Lucette short, plump, dark, and overflowing with animal spirits. Did I escape? Not the ill-fated Abimelech Hezekiah Haskins! Everybody said it was disgraceful so soon after my marriage to publish broadcast the fact that I no longer cared for the type of woman to which my wife belonged; and there were not wanting those who could pick out on the next block the original of my new infatuation in the person of a fat, vulgar little widow, who at once gave herself the most exasperating airs of shocked and flattered prudery whenever we met. If it had not been for your dear aunt's restraining influence I think I should have shaken her on one occasion at least, till her false teeth rattled in her silly head!"

Uncle Abimelech breathed so hard at the remembrance and grew so red that

I made haste to throw him a fan. Armed with this he went on more quietly: "The book sold famously, but what is money compared to the possibility of a shattered home? My brave Abigail, though sorely tried by the veiled sympathy and pitying commiseration of her family, was, as always, the sure comfort of my life. Even she, however, thought that it would be well to lay the scene of the next novel, in a social class quite different from ours, and suggested the smart set of New York. I had been quite heart-sick at the thought of ever writing again, though I had no other trade to provide for my steadily growing family; but this seemed a real inspiration.

"I would certainly be safe on that ground, since I know no more of the smart set of New York than of Patagonia. So I set about work with a fresh hope. Looking through my newspaper paragraphs, I found one about the adventures of a housemaid who was also an expert burglar, and putting her in the most exalted families of New York and Newport society life—I learned their names from the society column of the *New York Tribune*—I wrote a story which made my publishers raise the royalties of their own accord.

"There were three results from that story: first, the handsome sum of twenty thousand dollars before sales ended; second, a long string of libel suits from New York people I had never heard of; and lastly and most important, the indignant departure of our two faithful maids and the complete boycott declared on us by all the help in Maine. Abby did her own work because no maid would set foot in a house where the master made everybody believe the help were thieves and robbers.

"We finally moved here to this sub-



I shall never forget the grieved expression of injured honesty in Uncle Abimelech's eyes.

urb, forced to begin life over again at middle age, and hired two Chinamen, after first making sure they could not speak English. The publishers used the libel suits for free advertising, and it was time to think of another masterpiece.

"Profound psychological and excessively gloomy novels were in favor at that period. Surveying our happy family of five children, their blooming and contented mother, and myself, then as now wearing an eighteen-inch collar and shining disgracefully in my well-fed serenity, I decided to invent a story so different from our own life in every particular that everybody should wonder how I knew anything about such conditions. I proceeded to concoct a heart-

breaking tale about a woman, ultra-modern, ultra-sensitive, ultra-everything she shouldn't have been, married to a hard-headed, brutal business man, whose whole heart was in his belly.

"The pair grew more and more apart, until finally the wretched, half-insane wife, in sheer nervous folly, throws herself into the arms of an artist, pathetically unconscious of anything that was going on. Repelled by his perfectly natural movement of surprised dismay at her arrival at midnight at his rooms, in a white satin ball-dress with snow lying in her hair, she rushes out wildly into the cruel storm, sinks down and freezes to death at the corner of Sixty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue.

"Abby and I worked out all the tragic details together, sitting on our vine-shaded veranda. I remember we had her freeze to death because the evenings were hot and it quite cooled us off to think about it. The book appeared, made a great success, and a deserved one, for I had given readers more solid gloom for their dollar and a half than any other author—and was nearly the death of my wife and myself. Our children, then ranging from eleven to nineteen, united to denounce the brutal attack on their sainted mother and the conceited caricatured apotheosis of myself."

Uncle Abimelech turned to me for sympathy in his perplexity, wiping his forehead, for he had grown very shiny as he talked. "Can you *imagine* where those three oldest children get their idiotic theatrical way of doing things? They said their confidence in me—in all humanity—was shaken by my 'making copy of the sacred secrets of the home,' as Freddie put it, when he came home after his freshman year at college. They said that if it would do Abby's bruised sensibilities any good to leave me forever, that they would go in a mass with her and proclaim to the world which way their sympathies went. It was a question whether Abby or I was more shocked at this revelation of the vision

our children had of us, and the breach in the family has never been really healed since. I learned afterward that Maria, then seventeen and in her first love-affair, identified the artist of the story with a rollicking, jovial painter friend of mine, and wrought her usually self-controlled mother up to the pitch of boxing her ears by her pitying and romantic condolence for the ill-fated attachment."

I never thought red-faced Uncle Abimelech could look forlorn, but he really did, so that for a moment I was sorry for him. "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

He nodded his head up and down meditatively, that unbecoming way that men with double chins so often have. "I am going to make one more try. 'New thought' the 'occult sciences,' 'psychic powers,' and such nonsense is in the air nowadays, and as always I shall lead the van. I think you can say safely that nobody keeps his literary ear to the ground with more assiduity than your Uncle Abimelech. I shall write an occult novel, and lay most of the scenes in the cell of the Great Lama in Tibet." Here he got up, pulled down his waistcoat, and put his hat on the back of his head so that the bald spot wouldn't show below the brim behind. "But will it help me any? Not A. H. Haskins! I dare say the very grocery-boys will hoot after me in the streets that I am attacking the unions, and my best friend will refuse to play billiards with me."

I have always been thankful that we are not a literary family, but never so much. "Oh, Uncle Abimelech," I called after him, "you ought to be managing a factory, or something like that, a real out-and-out trade, where business is business."

I shall never forget the grieved expression of injured honesty in Uncle Abimelech's eyes as he stopped at the foot of the steps and looked up at me.

"Why, for goodness' sake, what do you *think* I'm doing?" he cried, with righteous indignation.





HENRY MILLER

From a Crayon Portrait by M. Downing

Henry Miller

By Rennold Wolf

ONE night about twenty years ago Charles Frohman and Henry Miller were strolling together along Market Street in San Francisco. Miller was a member of a stock company of which Frohman was the business manager at a salary ten sizes smaller than his ambition.

They spoke feelingly of New York, that goal of all theatrical apprentices. By railroad it was a week distant; measured by their immediate prospects it was as remote as the North Pole.

"Never mind, Henry," said Frohman, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "one of these days I shall have a theater on Broadway and you will be its leading man."

The actor did not appear to derive much solace from the outlook.

"Suffering Shakespeare, Charlie," he exclaimed, "have I got to wait that long before I am a leading man?"

Frohman kept his promise. In the course of a few years he acquired not one but a half-dozen theaters in New York, and then leased or built nearly as many more in London.

As for Miller, he became Frohman's leading man exactly as the schedule had been outlined that night in San Francisco. But he did not stop there. He became a star, then he became a manager, and at the time these lines are written he is being mentioned solemnly as the managing-director of the New National Theater. And, in the opinion of the writer, on his demonstrated qualifications he looms head and shoulders above any other candidate proposed for this office.

From struggling player on the Pacific Coast to a nominee for the highest honors of the American stage is a long jump, and intervening there have been

numerous incidents proving clearly enough that Henry Miller's success, like anybody's success if one will take the trouble to investigate it, is not accidental. Before considering Miller as the man and the actor, I shall tell a story which he relates of himself, because it has a bearing upon his advancement.

Just after the death of Edwin Booth a number of players and theatrical managers gathered at the concert-hall in Madison Square Garden to hold a memorial service. Tommaso Salvini was appearing in New York at the time, and he had been invited to deliver an address. Miller had been chosen to translate his remarks, for the great Italian actor did not speak a word of English.

To this end the translation of Signor Salvini's speech had been delivered to Miller in advance. He had never witnessed one of the Italian actor's performances, but when he read the speech he appreciated its beauties and strength, and fancied that the moment had come when he might create a profound impression by redelivering it in his best elocutionary style. Inasmuch as those assembled at the service would not understand Signor Salvini, Miller believed that he, and not his colleague from over the seas, would become the real center of interest.

Long and carefully he rehearsed the speech. Every intonation and every gesture he tried again and again, with the same precision he usually gave to the study of a new rôle.

The day of the service at length arrived. As Signor Salvini arose a hush fell over the audience. Then, with that wonderful mastery of facial expression and characterization that knows no lan-

guage, Salvini spoke of the art of the great Booth. As his powerful voice rolled through the room and his eyes flashed at the mention of Booth's achievements, the audience felt every word. One did not need to understand Italian; Salvini spoke an universal tongue.

Miller looked on in dismay. Compared with the giant Salvini, he realized that he was but a pygmy. He glanced shamefacedly at the few friends to whom he had revealed his cherished hopes. He might have run away, but the chairman of the meeting introduced him and explained his function at the ceremony.

Miller arose slowly, stammered unintelligibly for a moment, and finally, taking the typewritten translation from his pocket, read it in a parrotlike manner.

But that was not to be the end of his humiliation. On his way out he was hailed by Henry Irving.

"Miller, I hope to meet you again some time," said Mr. Irving.

"Well, here's some recognition, at least," thought Miller, flattered by Mr. Irving's attention to him.

"Why, yes, Mr. Irving," he replied, "I'm likely to meet you one of these evenings at the Players' Club."

"What, are you an actor?" exclaimed Irving.

In the year 1908 no one is in doubt about Miller's profession. He not only is an actor, but he is an actor of exceptional attainments, of lofty ideals and, with possibly one or two exceptions, he is at once the most artistic and most expert stage-director of this country.

Much has been written of art as opposed to commercialism in the theater. For purposes of publication any manager in New York will assure you that profit is a secondary consideration with him. Well, it is true in the case of Henry Miller. I honestly doubt if it is true of any other theatrical producer in this land of aggrandizement and accumulation.

It was not until Mr. Miller about three years ago obtained an interest in

the tiny Princess Theater—at one time justly christened the Jonah Theater—that he became a real force in metropolitan theatricals. He had rendered excellent service as an actor, it is true, but the radiance of Henry Miller, the star, was rapidly dimming. At the Empire Theater he had been a leading man of virility, even if he had lacked personal charm and flexibility. Once away from Charles Frohman's guidance he created a long series of rôles, sometimes with honor to himself and profit to his management, but more often with only the knowledge of honest endeavor for his reward. His portrayal of *Sydney Carton* in "The Only Way" is the loftiest monument to his artistry during the period of his career when he received his orders from others.

The truth is that in the vulgar, cruel parlance of the Rialto, Henry Miller was a "dead one" when he undertook the task of exploiting himself and Margaret Anglin and resuscitating the luckless Princess Theater at the same time. Compared with this feat the task of cleansing the Augean stables was trivial laundry-work.

Following her marvelous performance of *Mrs. Dane* in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," Miss Anglin likewise seemed to have boarded the shoot-the-chutes that leads to theatrical mediocrity. She had been wandering rather aimlessly about the country in "The Eternal Feminine" and other plays which the public repudiated, and her début at the Princess was in the nature of a histrionic reproduction of Custer's Last Fight.

In a single night Mr. Miller restored her to metropolitan favor, brought the discredited Princess within the radius of popular theaters, and promoted himself to eminence as author, stage-director and manager. For he had transformed Wilkie Collins' story, "The New Magdalen," into a play to which he gave the title of "Zira," and Miss Anglin and a most carefully rehearsed company did the rest.

I was present at the first performance, and well recall Mr. Miller's speech when goaded to that traditional entr'acte nuisance by the clamorous de-

mands of the weak-minded portion of the audience. Mr. Miller was at that time one of a small band of men opposed to the powerful Theatrical Syndicate, mainly because they had been left outside the breastworks. I shall do Mr. Miller the credit of admitting my belief in his sincerity.

"A certain powerful manager," said the jubilant author-producer, referring to Mr. A. L. Erlanger, "told me recently that there was no place on Broadway for this attraction. I am happy to refute that assertion to-night. We are here, and you will help us to remain here."

He spoke for ten minutes in a similar strain, and won the approval of the representatives of his theatrical faction and censure in one or two newspapers. The speech was not tactful and it was unnecessary. Henry Miller knows little of tact. He has not been schooled in diplomacy. He is aggressive, blunt, obstinate, fanatic. But once convince him of the error of his ways, and his penitence is distressing.

At a dinner given to Mr. Erlanger a few weeks ago Mr. Miller was one of the principal speakers. They had not met since the evening when Mr. Miller denounced the Syndicate's head because of his distrust of the potency of "Zira." However, Mr. Miller had meanwhile been admitted to the fold; and that makes a difference, you know.

Before an assemblage of several hundred men Mr. Miller arose and recalled his grievance against the man they had gathered to extol. He confessed without reservation or attempt at justification the error of judgment that had led him astray. Then, with wine-glass held aloft, he proposed a toast to Mr. Erlanger: "A theatrical genius and one of the greatest generals of his time."

At this writing Mr. Miller is enjoying the fruits of a still greater financial success, "The Great Divide." This drama, called by some "the great American play"—which, by the way, it isn't—has made Mr. Miller a comparatively rich man. Whatever the real merits of the play, the general public has indorsed it, and to Mr. Miller must

go the honor of recognizing the dramatic force of William Vaughn Moody, previously known only as a poet and college professor. Mr. Miller's stagecraft accomplished fully as much for the play as did the literary skill of its author or the acting of Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin in the leading rôles.

Another excellent example of Mr. Miller's willingness to shoulder the consequences of his own mistakes came last winter when he produced a play entitled "The Lancers." It was his first, and probably last, conflict with musical comedy. The play was a dismal failure at Daly's Theater. It is the custom and a constitutional right of producers under such circumstances to shift the burden of blame to author, star, supporting company, booking-agent, the weather, financial market, depravity of public taste, war-clouds in the Far East, and other calamities which by tradition have been relied upon to exonerate the real culprit in theatrical catastrophes.

Mr. Miller did not avail himself of these rights as read in the manager's Declaration of Independence and Magna Charta. He did not wait even to be accused of shortcomings; he accused himself. To the dramatic editors of New York City he sent a most remarkable and altogether unique document, inasmuch as for the first time in the history of the stage an actor had pleaded guilty. The actor, you should know, believes that he, like the king, can do no wrong.

He wrote as follows, with a request that his comment be published:

Several criticisms of the play state that Miss Cecilia Loftus and Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay were not happy in their parts. The transgression is mine—all mine. The players acquitted themselves nobly. Had I done half so well in the selection of a play, success would have crowned their efforts.

"The Lancers" is a Henry Miller, modernized idea of a play, entitled "The Passing Regiment," which I liked as a young man. When I decided to revive it for the contemporary stage I forgot that times had changed. I recalled only how I, in the inexperience of my youth, had enjoyed the situations, now moss-covered, and the jokes, now stale. I understood last night that I was entirely wrong. The play of my boyhood is as far out of date as the hat and the coat

of my boyhood. My company is to be commended for its loyalty to such incompetent generalship.

After such self-reproaches from an actor, who dares argue that the millennium is not at hand?

The profits of his enterprises Mr. Miller invests in a farm and automobiles—both expensive to amateurs. The farm is situated on the highest ground in Westchester County. It overlooks the Palisades of the Hudson on one side and the pleasures of Rye Beach on the other. The new owner has preserved the architecture of the old colonial house that stands on the grounds, but he has transformed its interior into a catalogue of modern improvements. Mr. Miller spends a great amount of his time there. Also he spends a great amount of his money there. If the farm ever begins to pay the legal rate of interest on the investment Mr. Miller's income from this source alone will be enormous. An artificial lake, a brick garage—at the Players' Club they say it is gold-lined—a picture-gallery, a gymnasium and a Turkish bath are a few of the necessities demanded by this twentieth century apostle of advanced agriculture.

It is when he lolls back comfortably in his motor-car that he grows loquacious and confidential. It is then also that he dreams, that his ideas take lofty flights, and that he plans to put his shoulder to the drama and give it helpful lifts.

Oh, yes, Henry Miller has ideas, plenty of them, and what is more, Henry Miller puts them into execution. It was my pleasure once to accompany him on a motor trip through Darkest Bronx and over the hills and far away to Yonkers and other suburban stations.

Mr. Miller puffed vigorously at a cigar and thought. A distinguished college professor had a day or two before interviewed himself for publication on the flaws of the American drama. He found fault with it, and his criticism clearly had irritated Mr. Miller. About the second cigar beyond Tarrytown he began to speak.

"There has been of late," he re-

marked, "an epidemic of faultfinding with the present condition of our stage. A number of veterans have burned the midnight oil in venting their displeasure, and numerous Sunday editors have called upon the volunteer censorian corps to augment the onslaught under which the poor, benighted dramatist, actor and manager have bowed their heads in mute humility. Believe me, since I never have been a college professor but have spent my life in the theater, it is with considerable trepidation that I utter one gentle little bark of protest against the supercilious tone adopted by the men who conform to the precept of Sir Joseph Porter: 'Take my advice and never go to sea, and you all may be rulers of the queen's navy.'"

That outburst seemed to afford him instantaneous relief. He lighted a fresh cigar, and sank again into reflection. Suddenly the scowl came back.

"That was a luminous display of this kind of dramatic Dogberryism in yesterday's paper," he resumed. "Since these views emanated from a man who occupies the chair of English literature in a great university they must carry some weight with the unpractised in the theater and so work a great injustice.

"I have given some inquiry to determine what force is the most antagonistic to progress in the American theater, and it is my conclusion that the Cook's Tour is responsible for the greatest discouragement to our stage and its workers, inasmuch as it begets in those who have hopped, skipped and jumped about abroad a snobbery and a silly affectation of knowledge beyond those who have remained at home.

"Say, have you ever noticed how those who have caught a fleeting glimpse of European conditions come home and expatiate upon the purity of diction of the French, Germans or Italians, as the case may be, not understanding one syllable of the foreign language? That's the way they use their self-constituted wisdom as a whip of criticism upon the actors who speak a language which they, in a measure, do understand."

There was no doubting it—Henry Miller was peevish.

"Why, any shrewd manager knows the way to enlist the enthusiasm of the four o'clock tea-drinking Columbuses of the theater," he growled, "by means of the well-worn trick of placing before them something which is obscure to the normal mind, and giving them the gratification of discovering to their own satisfaction virtues and qualities therein that must come as a surprise to both the dramatist and the actor. This is a harmless recreation in itself, but when it is used as a standard by which to belittle what really is good and honest—well, it provokes me; yes, it provokes me very much.

"Take the stupid comment of our professor in yesterday's paper. He has the effrontery to state that no stage-manager to-day pays the same attention to detail as did the late Augustin Daly. Of course, the value of his opinion upon this point is shown a little later when he disclaims any knowledge of the present-day stage-manager. He assumes that such an acquaintance would not be worth his while. Now, I am second to no man in my respect for Augustin Daly and for the past achievements in the theater, but veneration is not a greater virtue than justice. Maybe you will think me iconoclastic, but just the same I firmly believe that the attention now being given to the details of stage-production are more thorough than ever before. Why, I remember a time in Mr. Daly's company when we regarded the addition of a few pieces of furniture to a drawing-room set in the nature of a new production.

"Mind you, I'm not asking for anemic criticism upon the shortcomings of actor, author and manager, but in fixing to-day's standard one should take, as in all other arts and professions, the highest and best in evidence. Is it fair to berate our calling by measuring us according to the least efficient?"

Mr. Miller paused for a reply. Receiving a nod of acquiescence, he continued:

"This professor bemoans the great

difficulty of casting a play ideally. He says it is difficult to 'put your finger on them'—meaning good actors—because they are 'scattered all over the country.' Possibly the time will come when artists of superior rank may be hailed like cabmen, but my optimism does not carry me to that extent.

"There isn't any doubt that many regrettable conditions exist to-day, but when in history has this not been true? This applies in particular to the lack of broad opportunity given the young actor. Few there are who have been allowed really to practise their art to any extent, and when one by force of unconquerable ambition has attempted a part beyond his admitted capabilities, he generally has had meted out to him the same gentle encouragement that a venerable New York critic gave an actor so afflicted, prior to his appearance in 'Hamlet' ten years ago, when in his columns he announced: 'The crime will be committed in Albany.'

"Acrid humor is not criticism. Sarcasm is easier and cheaper than analysis."

At this point Mr. Miller mentioned names. Every jolt of the car brought out a fresh and vivid qualifying adjective. They were not pretty adjectives. For that matter, dynamite isn't pretty, but it's cogent.

"Maybe the worst is yet to come," he resumed when he had adjusted his feelings to suit the beautiful landscape and the gentle breezes, "but I doubt it. My idea is a closer communion between the young and old of the profession by the establishment of an academy in which might be installed the greatest masters of those different accomplishments requisite to the actor in a thoroughly facile expression of his art, with a stage therein where might be produced by the younger actors the classic drama. Thereby their scope would be broadened, and in them might be begotten a love and reverence for the past which are not likely to follow from a constant sneering at the present.

"Of course, what I have said alludes merely to a small percentage of the public, but as that small percentage arro-

gates to itself the entire mental force it is difficult to maintain one's peace. Anyway, I sha'n't."

Mr. Miller is one of the most companionable of men, and, despite the vigor of the conversation just related, he has an infinite amount of patience. But when the explosion does come it can be heard for miles around.

He has the reputation of being a roaring lion at rehearsals. His anger has been likened to the fury of a woman scorned, which is superior even to hell, according to an eminent authority. It must be admitted that Henry Miller in a temper is not exactly a playful lamb or a prattling infant. Nevertheless, competent actors seldom have reason to complain of his outbursts. Only the negligent and the stupid feel his wrath.

He is a man of inexhaustible energy and physical strength. So deeply absorbed does he become in rehearsals that he loses all idea of time, and woe betide the person that interrupts or distracts him.

On one occasion he kept a company at rehearsal from early morning until eight o'clock in the evening without recess and without food. When one of the young women in the cast fainted he looked at his watch for the first time. He was abject and profuse in apologies when he realized what he had done, and insisted that the entire company go with him to a restaurant for dinner.

If Henry Miller lacked any other quality to commend him his modesty would establish him in the favor of intelligent men and women who are brought frequently into contact with

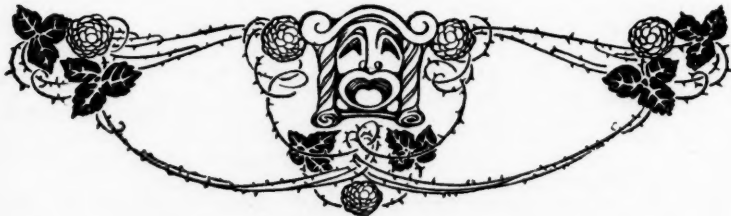
playerfolk. Mr. Miller is a distinct relief. He has accomplished big things, yet he will converse for hours without referring to one of them. He possesses confidence and ambition, but he does not parade them in the drawing-room or on the street corner.

He has frightfully extravagant tastes and is generous to an alarming degree. He maintains an extensive suite of offices in Fifth Avenue and he seldom visits them. He resides at the Waldorf-Astoria across the street, and there he transacts most of his business. He breakfasts in bed, with the morning papers by his side. Between his grapefruit and coffee he dictates replies to the letters which his secretary has brought him. During his other meals he reads plays.

Henry Miller is an Englishman by birth, an architect by early training, and an actor from choice. A magazine-story of Sir Henry Irving's rise from a clerkship in an East India office to the pinnacle of England's foremost actor convinced him that he, too, might attain fame on the stage. He witnessed a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and right then and there architecture lost all its charms for him.

His first rôle was that of the *Earl of Leicester*. He had one line, "Whom does your grace mean?" He rehearsed it several thousand times in the solitude of his chamber. After the first performance he made so bold as to ask the leader of the orchestra how he had liked him in the part.

"Why, I didn't hear you say anything," replied the leader.





JUDITH: SOLVER OF MYSTERIES

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. X. CHAMBERLIN

IV.—MISS ERSKINE'S DISAPPEARANCE

WE had had a week of idleness, and Judith was growing restless for lack of employment. A violent quarrel between the French maids gave her an excuse for spending some energy by reorganizing her household. The morning saw us bombarded by French epithets; the evening saw us settled with American servants—a cook, a young butler, and for Judith's personal maid, a big-eyed, shrinking young girl, the very incarnation of fear. I said I should have gone into a nervous decline with Bella about me, but Judith said that Bella cured her of her desire to bully. The family cataclysm healed, Judith sat down with a smile of peace on her face and began to turn over the neat packages of newspaper clippings that filled her private desk.

"Intuitions again?" I asked her.

Judith frowned a little. She was always afraid of counting on that sixth sense of hers for fear that in revenge it would leave her.

"I simply feel like turning over these," she said abruptly, giving a little thump to a package which was labeled "Mysterious Disappearances."

Then I burrowed into a big chair by the lamp with a book, for I knew something would happen presently, and I had grown to enjoy the excitements of Judith's profession.

When the bell rang and Mr. Herbert Germyn was admitted I felt disappointed, for I supposed at first that he had merely come as a caller. Judith's assistance in getting the money of his mother's ward, Marianela Alvarez, a few days before, had begun an acquaintance which I expected to watch with interest. Judith, too, supposed he had come as a caller, and I knew by the way she drew down her splendid eyebrows that she was rather irritated, when after a few moments of general talk he said:

"Miss Carmichael, I did not expect to ask you for your professional services again so soon, but I must tell you about the case of a young girl, which troubles me very much."

Judith leaned back in her chair, and said indifferently:

"I shall be very much interested to hear."

Mr. Germyn got up and stood against the mantel, where he rested his elbow very easily, looking down on us. There was something so big and lovable about the attitude that Judith dropped her indifferent air.

"You know," he said boyishly, "I am a bit romantic. I love mysteries, and I used to think I had a trifle of skill as private detective—that is, until I met you, Miss Carmichael. You have put

me to shame, and I'll never venture to do my little analyses or deductions again; you make them too simple."

Judith smiled at him, and he went on:

"I suppose that it is because of my love of romance that I became attracted to Miss Erskine. My mother was coming down the steps in front of our apartment building one day when she slipped. Miss Erskine, who happened to be passing, saved her from falling, but at the expense of a sprained wrist. Of course we had a doctor, and when we found she was boarding, a stranger in this city where she had come for work, we kept her until she was well. Then I got her a position as stenographer in my cousin Copperleigh's offices."

"When was all this?" asked Judith.

"Some three months ago. At first Miss Erskine took rooms a few thousand miles off—in the Bronx. Then a neighbor of my mother's, whose husband was away, and who did not wish to sleep with only servants in the apartment, offered Miss Erskine a room. She boarded outside. In the beginning she seemed very happy. She ran in and out of my mother's rooms with feet as light as a little quail's, and we could hear her outside, as she waited to be admitted, humming like a bee. She—she was very attractive."

"Was?" asked Judith.

"I hope more than was," he said as he turned away his face with a troubled gesture. "A few days ago she suddenly changed. I don't know what she was wearing—the same clothes, I suppose, but she gave me the impression of being dressed in black. I mean everything about her became subdued. Those big, wonderful eyes of hers, blue, seemed a somber black. She drooped. She walked about sidewise, as if she would be glancing in all directions at once."

Judith nodded. "Afraid of something, evidently."

"The apartment in which she was staying is just above my mother's. One night, two or three days after I noticed the change in her, I happened to glance out of my window, which is at the back,

under hers. Two men were planted against the alley fence, gazing up. I did not pay any particular attention to them, until I heard her light restless steps passing up and down, up and down, over my head. Then I went to the window again; they were still there, walking about. I think they must have stayed an hour, and all the time Miss Erskine paced up and down, with now and then a pause, when, I take it, she was looking out of her window."

"And in the morning?" prompted Judith.

"She went to work early. I fancy she must have been down an hour before Copperleigh's offices were unlocked. Some time after she had gone, the men came into the alley, waited a little while, and left. Perhaps that was because I sat at my window and stared at them, and they were afraid I would call the police. I went down to Copperleigh's that afternoon, about closing time, and asked Miss Erskine casually if I might walk back with her. She could not conceal her gratitude, poor child."

"The men followed you, of course," said Judith.

"Yes. She took my arm, and trembled with terror, but she made no explanation. All she said was: 'And I had been almost happy here too!' I took her up-stairs, and went back to my watch at the window. The men were there. And they were there by sunrise, in the morning—one of them picking up the stray papers and cans. That day Miss Erskine did not go down to the office. I intended to ask her if I might not set the police on the men. But in the morning her hostess came to my mother with a note. Miss Erskine had been called away from the city, would explain later, and would send for her trunk later. I went to her former boarding-house, but they knew nothing of her, nor had they heard anything at Copperleigh's office."

"She disappeared—when?" asked Judith.

"Two days ago."

"Will you describe the two men?"

"They looked to me like common



Mr. Germyn got up and stood against the mantel, where he rested his elbow.

loafers—dark, stocky, not too clever or they would have been afraid to do their watching so openly. I took a snap shot of them. Of course, it is too little to show much, but it will give you an idea of their proportions.”

“Good!” said Judith as he took a rolled 4 x 5 picture from his pocket. “I should like to have you as an assistant, Mr. Germyn.”

“Now don’t turn my head, Miss Carmichael,” he urged, smiling, “and do find poor little Miss Erskine. I wish I had a picture of her.”

“Suppose you describe her,” said Judith, a little less genially.

“Of course—big blue eyes I told you of, that grow black when she’s sorry or afraid; bright brown hair, very smooth, with just a tiny roll back from her forehead; little mouth; pale face; slim figure; very restless movements. She falls to pieces when I try to tell you.”

“Never mind,” said Judith, “I think I know the type. Have you told me everything you know about Miss Erskine?”

“Everything. She told us very little as I remember it now. She said her mother is dead, and I don’t think she mentioned her father. She told us some anecdotes of her childhood that meant

nothing. At the time she did not seem secretive, for she always had a quick frank answer to a question. But then, my mother does not ask many questions."

"And her habits, her friends?"

"She had none but us—and, oh, yes, young Weston, Copperleigh's secretary, used to walk home with her sometimes. I remember my mother saying that the woman she stayed with remarked that Miss Erskine never had any letters. Nevertheless, she's a good, fine girl."

Judith stared at the tiny figures of the two men in the photograph for a few moments, and then she said:

"I'll do my best to find Miss Erskine, Mr. Germyn. But now you must run off or else talk to Fay here, for I must think."

He looked quite crestfallen, and Judith uttered a satisfied laugh.

"I can't mix work and play," she said.

Evidently I did not amuse Mr. Germyn, for he left as soon as he decently could. Meanwhile Judith had been pacing back and forth in her study, her head bent, her hands clasped lightly behind her back. The moment the door closed behind Mr. Germyn, she sprang into the drawing-room.

"Telephone for the car, Fay, and get into a street suit! We are going out."

A dozen protests surged within me; it was wet; it was after nine o'clock; I was interested in my book, and it was a bore to change my dress. But none of my objections passed my lips; if Judith wanted us to go out, sooner or later out we would go. I went to the telephone as she ran up-stairs to dress.

In twenty minutes we were both ready, and the car was waiting at the door. As we were hurrying from our bedrooms, we heard a wordy altercation from the servants' apartments. Judith's face flamed. If there was anything that made her seethe with rage, it was an interruption when she was started on one of her direct courses, and above all she demanded absolute serenity in her household when she was engaged on any quest.

She dashed toward the disputants, but as she passed the rear hall window she paused for a swift instant. I thought I saw a man dodging about in our pocket-handkerchief of a back yard, but I was not sure. Judith hurried on, and I heard her addressing the cook. I expected to hear her discharge all three servants, so that I was surprised when she remarked calmly:

"I can't have this noise, Mary. What's the matter? Richard has gone to bed, and can't post a letter for you, and Bella refuses? Why don't you do it yourself? Why should Bella oblige you? A young girl should not be out alone at this hour of the night. Give me your letter; I will post it. Now no more noise, please. Go to bed, all of you."

Judith came back with an inscrutable look on her face, and paused again before the hall window for a lightning moment.

"You should not have stood in sight here, Fay," she said, "but come along; I have scolded enough now."

"Where are we going?" I asked as we got into the car.

"To an address I looked up while you were getting ready," she said crisply. "I should think you would have found out by this time, Fay, that I hate to be questioned, and am as cross as two sticks when I'm working."

I must say she was not the most peaceful companion when she had any difficulty to unravel; but then, I understood that all her nervous force, all her brain and instincts, went into what she was doing, and she had no energy left for amiable intercourse.

We rode up-town for some miles, the raw, wet air striking our faces, the rain beading the glass of our machine. Presently the carriage drew up by a tall, yellow flat-building. We got out, and entered. Judith peered at the cards under the letter-boxes, found the one with the name "Weston" on it, and pushed the button. Presently a clicking sound informed us that we might climb the stairs. On the third landing we paused; the door on the left-hand flat opened and a dark young man looked

at us inquiringly. He was slim, with thin waving hair, and a troubled eye.

"You are Mr. Weston," asked Judith, "Mr. Copperleigh's secretary?"

"Yes," he said.

"Hadn't we better talk inside?" asked Judith, smiling. "Or if you like, come down to my car. I want to speak to you about Miss Erskine."

He started, and the door-knob rattled in his hand.

"I do not know—I cannot——"

"We had better come in, perhaps," said Judith.

He led the way to a box of a living-room.

"My mother is out," he said nervously, "so I'm alone. But if you don't mind——"

Judith seated herself and waved me to a chair.

"Professionally, I don't mind anything. I'm Miss Carmichael, a detective. I am commissioned to find Miss Erskine."

"I do not think I can help you very much," he said, "though Heaven knows I wish I could."

"Tell me all you know of her."

"It is very little. Some three months ago she came to work in Mr. Copperleigh's offices. I am thrown somewhat among the young women stenographers, but as a rule I do not see them after hours. But Miss Erskine—she's very different. I don't know what there is about her. She never talks of her early days—nothing you could put your finger on. But I saw that nothing could surprise her; no wealth; no talent; nothing impressed her except goodness——"

He broke off, and Judith nodded at him understandingly.

"Yet she seemed frank enough," he went on. "I mean, after we got to be friends. She'd say what she thought of people, and things in the office and in politics and all that. She talked so much of the Germyn family, too, that it did not occur to me at the time that she acted as if she had no past and no future, just the present. There really isn't anything more to tell. We became friends; I called on her once or twice—

not often, for she did not seem to want it. She did not go any place with me, either, except for walks."

"And you never learned anything about her?"

Mr. Weston looked at Judith nervously, and then said hesitatingly:

"She had a great horror of crime of any sort; wouldn't discuss a newspaper account of one; hated all talk of prisons or cruelties. But that just shows her general humanitarianism, doesn't it?"

"Um!" remarked Judith. "What else?"

Mr. Weston moved restlessly in his chair.

"There is nothing else. She disappeared two days ago without a word to me—without a word. It is true, I had not seen much of her for a week before, and yet I had thought she valued my friendship. I supposed, at first, it might be Mr. Germyn—I thought all sorts of things."

"What else?" persisted Judith.

"There's nothing else," he repeated.

"Oh, yes there is, Mr. Weston," said Judith decidedly. "You had seen little of her for a week before her disappearance. What had you done to cause that break in your relations?"

"I assure you——"

"Mr. Weston," said Judith impatiently, "you are wasting my time. Surely you know that it is perfectly simple for me to find out everything I want to about just what you were doing hour by hour of that week."

Mr. Weston gave a long sigh, half of relief and half of distress.

"Well, then, I will tell you the rest, for I think I am indirectly responsible for her disappearance," he said, his nervousness suddenly leaving him. He looked at Judith directly, though he spoke unsteadily.

"It was not very long after I had known Miss Erskine that I began to care for her. It was bad enough wondering if Germyn was not more in the running than I was, living in the same house; but it was worse when I began to suspect Miss Erskine. Maybe that's too strong a word, but I am suspicious by nature, and while she seemed the



He started, and the door-knob rattled in his hand.

loveliest creature in the world—and she is, she is!"

Judith nodded at him sympathetically, and he continued:

"Once or twice in the street-cars she had been pushed against me, and I had felt some sort of a metal bar on her right arm. I hadn't thought of it. Girls often have queer fads, and if she cared to wear a bracelet below her elbow, why not. But one day we were out rowing, and she took the oars. I think

for a moment she forgot about that bracelet, for she rolled up her sleeves—she did not wear those short sleeves like the other girls in the office. It was so jolly to have her laughing and working at the oars that I did not notice anything at first. But presently my eyes fell on the bracelet. It was not silver or gold, but just a round of black steel. I have extraordinarily sharp eyes, and I saw that it was engraved with the figures 1142. I made no comment,

of course, but she must have recollected, for in a minute I had to take a look at the tiller, and when I turned round again her sleeves were down."

"Well?" asked Judith, with sparkling eyes.

"Something about it made me feel queer. That steel and the number together made me think of a handcuff. Then I remembered how she hated the thought of prisons. I remembered once she had almost fainted when some one spoke of Sing Sing. Miss Carmichael, I was a cad, I know, but I had to find out. I spoke of Sing Sing to her, and again she turned white and trembled. The next day I spoke of some other prison, and while she showed disturbance it was not so great."

"So you went to Sing Sing and made inquiries about number 1142?" said Judith. "Go on."

"Yes, one of the wardens is a friend of mine. Don't you see, Miss Carmichael? Suppose he was her lover or her husband. I had to know—and yet I ought to have trusted her."

His face took on a distorted expression, and mechanically he traced back and forth the pattern on the side of his armchair.

Judith looked at him kindly and did not hurry him.

"I saw him, 1142," said Weston, "but my friend could not tell me anything about him because he was a new official. He promised to find out for me, however, and write me. He has not done so, and I don't want him to now. I could not stay at Sing Sing any longer, for Mr. Copperleigh expected me back on Sunday morning for a special dictation. I ran down on Saturday afternoon, you know."

"And number 1142—what did he look like?" interrupted Judith.

"He had perfectly white hair, and a young face; he could easily have been her husband."

"But didn't you find out how long he had been there?"

"I forgot to at the time," said Weston. "You see, my friend had said, 'I don't know' to several of my ques-

tions; he was rather inattentive to me, anyhow, for it was just about his own second trip around, and he was busy keeping up his dignity. Then, I did not want to show too much interest in number 1142, and I was pretty well cut up besides. But, Miss Carmichael, short as my stay there was, it was long enough to bring annoyance to her—Miss Erskine."

He rose from his chair and strode up and down as he talked.

"I had always heard that information leaks quickly in the prisons. Somehow it must have been found out that I was interested in prisoner 1142. I know that the day after I had got back to town, two men, one of whom I had noticed on the train with me, in some way were annoying Miss Erskine. She seemed to avoid me—would scarcely speak to me; perhaps through these men she had found out that I had been trying to discover about her more than she wanted me to know. Perhaps——"

Judith rose.

"I am not going to lose any time, Mr. Weston. I will find Miss Erskine for you. Then you can make your peace with her. I will telephone you if I need you. Come, Fay."

In a few minutes we were whirling homeward, Judith snuggled into her corner of the machine, with her eyes shut, while I watched the street lights winking by in the wet. After we had dismissed the car, and Judith was unlocking the front door, she said to me with a smile:

"Bella will probably be up-stairs to see if she can do anything for me. I will not keep her. I want you somehow to brush against her right arm to see if there is a bracelet on it."

"Bella!" I cried amazedly.

Judith nodded, and said: "I felt somehow that she was this Miss Erskine from the moment she refused to post the cook's letter. She is a soft, obliging little thing; she was just afraid to go into the street for fear of the two men. Then I saw the men, or one of them, as I went down to quiet the maids; so I was sure."

"Then if you've found her," I whis-

pered disappointedly, "what is there left to do unless——"

"I feel that there is a good deal yet to do," said Judith vigorously. "There she is."

The pale, big-eyed girl stood in the doorway of Judith's room, the light falling on her bright-brown hair. She drew back to let us pass.

"There's nothing to-night, Bella," said Judith gently. "Go to your bed, my child, and sleep. You look very tired."

Tears filled the girl's eyes, but she said nothing. As she passed out I managed to turn my ankle and seized her for support. I apologized, and shut the door after her.

Judith lifted her eyebrows.

"Yes; it's there," I said.

"The poor child was terrified to death of those men," said Judith, "and having heard about me from the Germyns, cleverly enough she thought she would be safe in a detective's house."

Judith stood silent for a moment, and then started suddenly. "Oh," she cried, "the inspiration that has been threatening me for the last ten minutes has struck. Come with me to the library, quick!"

I hurried down-stairs after her, and she darted to her desk, seized her bundle of newspaper clippings marked "Mysterious Disappearances," and began to turn them over.

"Listen," she said. "Baltimore, Md., Jan. 10th. Miss Isabella Cartwright has mysteriously disappeared from the home of her cousin, Mr. Orin Cartwright. It will be remembered that her father, Abel Cartwright, who died last month, left her what was her share of the property in bonds deposited in the vault of the Central Bank. The last time Miss Cartwright was seen it was in this bank. She was escorted by an official to her safety-deposit boxes, and there she spent an hour looking over some papers. When she went away she carried with her only one envelope." Um! um! Here is her description, Fay: 'Middle height, with light-brown hair, and large blue eyes which darken under excitement. Be-

low her right elbow she has a curious birthmark consisting of two thin red parallel lines forming complete circles about the arm. She wore——' Um! Um! 'Large reward!' Fay, that's our Bella—or Miss Erskine! What in the world!"

Judith sank back into her chair and gazed vacantly through me.

"Do go to bed," she said at last. "I don't know when I'll get this straightened out."

I went; but I hardly thought I had been asleep at all when Judith awakened me to a gray day of rain. She was dressed for out of doors and looked tired, though alert.

"Sorry to waken you, Fay," she said, "but I have a hard day ahead of me. I want you to keep Bella with you a good deal to-day. Let her rip up my blue dress. Be nice to her, as, of course, you will. Don't know when I shall be back."

"You look as if you had done a day's work already!" I yawned.

"I have. One of those two men who have been bothering Bella was in the alley this morning by dawn. I had him arrested, and he and his pal are being sweated this moment. They are a couple of idiots to have been so open and clumsy. I am off."

"Where?" I called, but Judith had gone.

It was three days before I saw her again. I answered telephone-messages from Mr. Germyn and Mr. Weston as well as I could; received her callers, and managed her household. All the time I could spare I spent sewing with Bella. I put her near the back windows, and I was glad to see that her frightened glances outside ceased when she saw that the two men were no longer there. I think my talk and sympathy were a comfort to the girl, for her big eyes lost their look of fear, though not of sorrow.

Judith came home for dinner on the evening of the third day. She looked satisfied and radiant as she always did when she had succeeded, and she was in the best of spirits. She would tell me nothing until we had dined, and she

exasperated me by lingering over her coffee. Then she asked me to come to her room. She rang for Bella and told the girl to sit down.

"Now, my child," said Judith gently, "I am going, I think, to give you a great happiness soon. But you must tell me everything, though there is little indeed that I don't know about your case. I promise you that you need have no anxiety for the future."

Bella gasped, and then made as if to rise from her chair.

"Don't be afraid, Bella—Miss Erskine—Miss Cartwright," said Judith. "You see I know. The two men will cause you no further anxiety. Do you know who they were? They said they spoke to you."

"Yes, they did," faltered Bella. "They said Mr. Weston had told them about me. They said and they wrote: 'Where is the treasure? Give us the treasure or we will kill him when he comes out.'"

"And you thought," said Judith, "that they referred to the Cartwright bonds and that they would kill some one dear to you who will soon be free."

Bella turned a frightened look upon Judith.

"But they did not mean the Cartwright bonds," said Judith. "Those are safe for you whenever you will go back to claim them."

Bella showed a sudden face of passion.

"I will never claim them," she cried fiercely. "They have been bought too dearly! That morning when I went to my safety-deposit boxes, and picked up



As she passed out I managed to turn my ankle and seized her for support.

that envelope containing my deed of adoption—I had always thought I was Abel Cartwright's daughter, though I did remember from my babyhood other faces than his. Then it all came back—that awful scene when I was three or four years old—Abel Cartwright could have saved my father, but he let him go to prison on a technicality. Then my poor father let Abel Cartwright adopt me."

Bella sobbed, and Judith comforted her.

"Never mind, my dear, never mind," murmured Judith.

"The deed of adoption told me my real name, Isabella Erskine," said the girl. "I managed to get away from Baltimore so that all trace of me would be lost, and I came to New York. I searched over old files of papers till I found out all about my father's trial. I covered my birthmark with a steel cuff for a symbol—it was silly, perhaps. Then with the money I had kept I fitted myself to earn my own living so that I could be ready to take care of him when his term was up—my poor father!"

"I thought you did," breathed Judith. "What I want to know is, did you make yourself known to him?"

The girl shook her head.

"I hadn't the courage. I did not know what the shock might mean to him. I wanted to wait till he was free; it will be two years—my poor father!"

Judith took the girl's hands in hers.

"Listen, my dear. Those two men were stupid, petty, crim—people in prison who knew your father after he was shut away. From something he had said they thought he had a treasure hidden—swag, they called it. They found out indirectly through Mr. Weston—but you must not blame him—that there was a connection between you and your father. You see you took his name, and it was very easy. They made up their minds that this money, or whatever it was, was in your care. That is why they frightened you. They will not trouble you again."

"But is there any such treasure?" asked Bella.

A change passed over Judith's face.

"I don't know, Bella, and there is no means of telling, I think. You have not met your father, you say? You must be prepared to find him not like

other men. Three years ago he had a serious illness and now, while he is perfectly sane, there is a great deal he does not remember."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!" murmured the girl. "When he comes out I will take him away where nothing can remind him."

There was a ring at the door, and Judith rose and drew the girl to her feet.

"My dear," she said, "Mr. Germyn, Mr. Weston and I have been working hard for you. The governor has signed your father's pardon and to-night they are bringing him here."

Bella leaned against Judith trembling.

"He has been told nothing," said Judith. "He will be in the library. And remember, Bella, that Mr. Weston has helped."

As we came, all three, down the stairs, a white-haired, young-faced man glanced up at us casually as he went into the library. Mr. Germyn and Mr. Weston were in the hall waiting for us. Bella smiled wanly at them, and then she gave her hand to Weston.

"Thank you for helping," she murmured.

As she went into the library and closed the door after her, Herbert Germyn turned to Weston and said cordially:

"Good luck to you, Weston. I think you will have it." Then he said to Judith: "Miss Carmichael, I simply have no words, even if you gave me your permission, to tell you what I think of your head and your heart."

Judith smiled at him brilliantly, and there was certainly a hint of special favor in that smile.

"Suppose you finish your interrupted call on me," she said.



THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK



For the benefit of all the out-of-town girls who read SMITH'S MAGAZINE, as well as any New York girl who cares to know, the names of the shops where the different articles mentioned in this department may be purchased, will be furnished if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is sent.

THE very word 'New York' seems to have some magic about it to every woman I know at home," said the out-of-town girl to her New York friend. "Just the moment I mention that I am going to run over to New York for a few days for a little shopping and a little fun with you, every one is ready to give me a commission. Wouldn't you think by this time they would have all their summer clothes? But there is always some little thing at the last moment.

"So here I am, dear old girl, with the longest shopping-list you've ever set eyes on, and please do not be cross about it, but be good and help me out. Let us shop one whole day, and then the next day we won't give it a thought, but just go in for a regular holiday time."

"Of course I'll help you, and I might just as well begin now by planning our first day

out a little, so let me look at the list," said the New York girl. "My! but it is a long one, and never in the world can we get all these things in one day; and besides, you have got to get a dress, too. Well, my idea is this; as charity begins at home, let us get your suit first and be sure of that, and then we will go ahead with the rest of the things."

Experience had taught the girls that to shop successfully in New York, no matter what the season of the year, it is well to "begin early and avoid the rush." They were up the next morning before six, and had breakfast at the Park restaurant, out of doors.

"We might just as well begin the day pleasantly," said the New York girl, over their coffee, "because shopping is really hard work, and especially so when you are doing it for some one else."

The girls rode



Neck-ruff of cream color net with new style bow in Copenhagen blue.

down Fifth Avenue on top of one of the big automobile stages to Twenty-third Street, and from there they started out on a search for an inexpensive skirt and coat suit; for that, the out-of-town girl declared, was her special crying need.

Good luck seemed to attend them, for in the first shop they entered the out-of-town girl found a linen suit that was just what she needed, and at just the price she could afford to pay. It had an unusually smart style about it and required but little alteration. The suit was of black and white shadow-striped linen. The skirt was pleated and trimmed with a bias fold of the linen. It had three pockets of black silk, and the collar and cuffs were also of the silk; the cuffs were trimmed with linen-covered buttons, but the coat fastened with large black velvet buttons. It was just the sort of a suit for every-day wear throughout the summer, and the out-of-town girl bought it for \$25.00.

"Perhaps we have some mascot with us," laughed the out-of-town girl, as they left the shop. "That's the best bargain I've seen."

"Now, what comes next on the list?" "Well, we could try shirt-waists, neck-ruffs, or hats next," replied the out-of-town girl. "I am to get a little commission if I am successful with the neck-ruff order, so say we start with that."

At the neckwear counter in one of the biggest and best of the New York shops, the girls found fascinating little ostrich-feather boas; they were made in the form of neck-ruffs and were only just long enough to encircle the throat. At the left side they were fastened with ribbons in self-color; the prettiest was in cerise, but it cost \$8.50, and that was more than the out-of-town girl's friend wished to pay. The one they liked next best was of marabout, a fluffy, soft affair in brown, shading to white, and with three downy white tails on each end. This was \$6.00, and came in gray as well as brown, but the out-of-town girl decided that it was too much like a fur boa for summer wear.

After looking at any number of neck-ruffs, they decided on a dainty novelty of



Linen suit for every-day wear, in black and white shadow-stripe. Price, \$25.



Inexpensive hats which rival in beauty the high-priced, imported models. The hat trimmed with wings can be bought for \$5.00. The flower-trimmed hat, with high crown, costs \$5.00, and the large hat with roses, \$8.50.

spotted cream net, which was very light and airy and which cost only \$3.50. It was a double ruff mounted on a band of ribbon in the new blue, the ribbon showing through the net here and there very effectively. The special touch of novelty in this neck-ruff was a bow of the ribbon made of four loops and a single end. This same style of neck-ruff could be bought in gray and in tan tulle, fastened in front with a bow having the single end. In tulle the ruff costs \$4.75.

"I know just the place to take you

for the hats," said the New York girl. "There are lots of things about the store that I do not care for myself, but when it comes to the millinery department, it just excels in smart hats, and pretty hats, too, at the most reasonable of prices."

"I must buy one hat with wings," said the out-of-town girl, looking over her list, "and two others, if I can get them, with flowers."

The girls had great fun at this shop, trying on first one hat and then another, and in the end the out-of-town

girl bought three, and how she did want them all for herself!

One was a black straw with the brim in corn color. The hat had a high crown trimmed with three black velvet bands, each edged with corn-colored silk. Across the front of the hat, arranged in the most dashing fashion, were six corn-colored wings. Though the hat was extremely good style, yet to the out-of-town girl its best feature was its price, which was \$5.00.

When the out-of-town girl had been in New York earlier in the season to attend some of the spring millinery openings, she had gone back home with the impression that it was useless to think of getting a fashionable New York hat under \$25.00; consequently this \$5.00 hat with its New York style went straight to her heart.

At this same shop she bought a big, picturesque-looking black chip hat, trimmed with big pink roses, with just a faint tinge of violet in their shading. The flowers were so arranged that they added height to the crown. The price of this hat was \$8.50.



Spanish comb of carved imitation shell. Price, \$4.00.



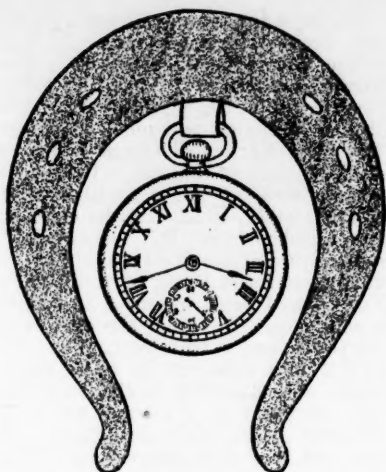
Batiste parasol with design of purple pansies.
Price, \$2.95.

She had one other hat to purchase, and the model she selected was of yellow Tuscany straw, trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley and pink roses; the crown, which was high, was banded with pink taffeta ribbon. This hat was really a little gem. It looked as though it might have cost anywhere from \$18.00 to \$35.00, but the out-of-town girl paid just \$5.00 for it.

"We had breakfast so early I am nearly starved," said the New York girl about twelve o'clock, "and even if we have not time to eat, let us just take a bite now. I know of a little tea-room not far from here that is a real treat to go to, and it is just the very place for us to-day, because it is a shop as well as a lunch-room."

The out-of-town girl saw many charming novelties at the tea-room which greatly interested her, but her only purchase was a candlestick. It was a charmingly artistic one, however, made of green oakwood pottery, shaped to form a tulip at the top. It cost \$1.50, and was just the thing she wanted for her room at home.

At this combination shop and lunch-



Desk-clock of blue leather in the shape of a horse-shoe, with watch suspended.

room, the out-of-town girl saw some very novel shopping-bags. They were made of leather in different colors, and were in the form of an old-fashioned reticule. The bags were ornamented with Chinese coins. They were extremely original, and the out-of-town girl was told that they could be ordered in any color. Their price was \$2.00.

A writing-pad of felt, which folded up most conveniently, also appealed to the out-of-town girl; it was such a convenient thing to take away in the summer. It was provided with pockets for writing-paper, envelopes, and stamps, and it had an inkstand and a special place for the penholder and a pencil. The one the out-of-town girl saw was just large enough to fit comfortably on one's lap, and its price was \$4.50.

"It seems to me I am always buying parasols," said the out-of-town girl, as they strolled through one of the big shops toward the parasol-counter. "You know the last time I was in New York I bought one for myself, and now I have to get one for my sister Florence. She wants something cheap and very summery, to carry with her mull and organdie dresses."

The girls looked over many parasols at prices all the way from \$2.50 up to \$75.00, and then they each bought one. The New York girl bought a pink silk parasol, finished with a wide floral ribbon border; the ribbon was white, scattered with pink roses. The parasol the out-of-town girl bought for her sister was of cream white batiste, covered with a design of purple pansies and little green leaves. It was lined with pale violet batiste and the handle was wood, white-enameled. Both of these parasols were the same price, \$2.95. Of course, the girls both felt that they had found a bargain.

They wandered about this shop for a while, looking at first one thing and then another, before starting again to carry out the out-of-town girl's com-



White linen waist in new model, showing set-in bands of violet linen and white soutache braidings.

missions. Among the novelties they saw were hat-pins made of a cluster of rhinestones, here and there studded with a colored stone. Some showed imitation amethysts, others stones in the new Copenhagen blue. These cost \$2.50. Then there were other very good-looking hat-pins for only a quarter, with a round top made entirely of various-colored beads.

That all the combs were high combs was apparent to both the girls. There were some beauties of carved imitation shell for \$4.00, and then there were others which were extremely effective at the same price, though they were not quite so high. Instead of being carved, they were decorated with a gilt design, studded with imitation jewels.

At this same counter the out-of-town girl saw a watch-chain that she wanted very much for herself. It was made of narrow black moire ribbon, with here and there a silver slide studded with tiny rhinestones. To wear with a light-colored summer gown, this ribbon chain would look extremely smart, giving just the correct little touch of black to the costume. Its price was \$2.95.

While the out-of-town girl was lingering over the watch-chain, the New York girl had spied a fan that quite held her attention. It had carved sandalwood sticks, with the fan portion of pale pink gauze, scattered with small glittering steel designs. The fan was certainly a novelty, but it cost \$5.00, and the New York girl was doubtful whether she wanted to spend that amount of money on it or not. So she decided not to get it just then.

From this counter the girls went to the shirt-waists. Here they looked at waists in every conceivable style. But they made only one purchase, and that was a lingerie model in a pretty shade of pale blue batiste trimmed with bands of lace insertion. The upper part of the waist was laid in fine tucks, and the collar and cuffs were also tucked. The waist was dainty and cool-looking, and for such a pretty model it was not expensive. Its price was \$3.25. The same style of waist could be bought in cream batiste, violet, and pale pink.

Having a few more waists to buy, the girls decided that they would try one of the fashionable shops where waists were sold exclusively. Here they found the prices a bit too high, but the waists distinct in design and most charming. The New York girl bought one very smart model for herself. It was of white linen trimmed with white soutache braid, which had the effect of raised embroidery. But the especially new feature of the waist was the introduction of set-in bands of violet linen. The colored linen was used to outline a yoke effect, to border the epaulet of the sleeve, and to trim the cuff and collar; it also appeared in two pointed bands, which started at the waist-line and continued up the waist nearly to the bust. This waist cost \$7.50, and it would look well with either a white linen or a violet linen skirt.

Among the shirt-waist accessories that this shop displayed was one that was rather unusual. It was a large pocketbook made entirely of linen, with a dull silver clasp. The idea was that with a pink linen shirt-waist a pink linen pocketbook should be carried. The price of this novelty is \$4.50.

Toward the end of the afternoon, as the girls were on their way home, they caught a glimpse in one of the shop-windows of a desk-clock that the out-of-town girl felt she just must have. "There is such a lonely place on my desk just waiting for it," she said to the New York girl, "so let's go in and ask the price anyway." The desk-clock was made of blue leather in the shape of a horseshoe, studded with silver nail-heads; hanging from the center of the horseshoe was a German silver watch. The leather horseshoe was made with heavy feet so that it stood up without the usual easel back. Its price was \$4.50.

"I see you have just got to be dragged away from this shop," whispered the New York girl to her friend, "and I'm going to do the dragging, because I'm tired to death and I know you must be. Don't let's buy anything more to-day. If we are going out to dinner we must get home and dress."



ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN B. DAVIS

MOST of us at the Scribblers' are hard-working literary men and by no means dazzling successes. At the same time, we are not all failures; but I am bound to admit that, though all or nearly all the men who have become celebrities keep their names on the list of members, many of them have given up visiting our modest club. It is only natural that having fledged and spread their wings they should soar to the heights of the Thespian, the Parthenon, the Junior Statesman and other clubs run for the successful.

Occasionally, however, these great men drop in upon us; sometimes they will graciously consent to take the chair at the monthly dinners, or they will stroll in and sit with the rest of us over our afternoon tea. The afternoon tea-hour is our busy time at the Scribblers'. Temperance is the badge of all our tribe, and by nobody is the cup that cheers and produces dyspepsia more appreciated than by the band of literary workers and grumblers who frequent the somewhat shabby reading-room of the Scribblers'.

Then, again, some of our members, though they have missed literary fame, have become wealthy by other accidents. For instance, there is Yelverel.

Yelverel joined the club when he was quite a young man, and as poor as the rest of us. Like the other members he was a hard-working fellow—short

stories of the impressionist and staccato school were his specialty—and he used to sit at an ink-splashed, battered old table in a corner of the writing-room, grinding away at "Why Did She Kill Herself?" for the *Green Book* or "Janet's First Sweetheart" for the *Young Lady's Only Companion*.

We all liked Yelverel because he never put on any side or suffered from S. H.—our obvious abbreviation for swelled head—even though he had sold two stories in one week, a rare achievement. He was always bright and cheerful, and was one of the few men who could talk Blossop down—a feat which deservedly won our respect and admiration. Yelverel was proud of the club, with reason, for at the Scribblers' may be found the men of light who need only a proper installation to become men of leading; and he was one of its most regular habitués—until he met a Miss Sophia B. Hustle, the daughter of a Midland cotton-spinner. Why Miss S. B. Hustle turned aside from the dukes and earls who were doubtless anxious to bestow their respective coronets upon her, and accepted Yelverel, the out-at-elbows author, I do not know. Perhaps Miss Hustle didn't.

Anyway, they were married. The boys at the Scribblers' gave Velvet—Yelverel's nickname—a glorious send-off, and a silver cigarette-case—not yet paid for, by the way—and received his tear-



Somewhat to my surprise, he received Blossop with effusive welcome.

ful assurances that he should never forget our kindness, and that he should be just as often at the club as ever; often, in fact. Some of us doubted the assertion; but we said nothing.

Of course we were right. It is true that Yolverel did look in to lunch one day soon after his return from his honeymoon; but he explained that he was awfully busy, that he was always rushing from the Metropole to look after his house in Kensington Palace Gardens, which was being furnished and decorated by Waring, and that he might not be able to come in again for some time.

He was not able to do so, and we heard nothing of him for some months, when Blossop and the present writer received an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Yolverel at their new and

palatial house. Blossop said that he wouldn't go; but he did.

It was a large party. Papa, the millionaire, was there with a large shirt-front and a diamond-stud as big as a gig-lamp; of course, he wore other things. Somewhat to my surprise, he received Blossop with effusive welcome—we learned afterward that the gorgeous footman had announced our imposing member as "Lord Blossop"—but papa grew cooler when Yolverel, who was geniality itself, but—er—a little nervous and ill at ease, greeted us in his cheery fashion, and explained to his father-in-law who Blossop and I were.

There was a dowager countess, who was being paid by Mr. Hustle for teaching his daughter the ropes and guiding her through the society maze; a member of Parliament and his wife; a colonial bishop, with an oily smile; a seedy baronet, who looked too fondly at the wine when it was red—or white; and so on.

The dinner was well chosen, cooked and served, but it was too long; and the evening was one of the dreariest and most exhausting I have ever sat through. When we got outside, Blossop dragged

me into the nearest public house and insisted upon our splitting a brandy-and-soda. He said that I looked pale, that he knew how I felt; that he had seen similar cases up in Klondike, and that he should have to keep me walking or I should fall asleep and die. Blossop is under the impression that he has been in Klondike, and sticks to it like a man; we are all tired of contradicting him, but strangers believe him and go about boasting that they have met Blossop, the great traveler.

As we were leaving our cards a few days afterward, we met Yolverel in the hall. He was going out for a drive in the new and resplendent landau which stood before the door, and he had only just time to shake hands. He looked a bit off color and—well, tired; a great deal more tired than he used to look

after he had been all day grinding out a short story at the Scribblers'.

We were not again asked to dine at Kensington Palace Gardens, but some of us received cards for an "at home," and some of us went. Millan, who was among the joyous band, described the function as something between a funeral and a muffin scramble; and, judging by the way in which he devoured two Welsh rabbits when he got back to the club, I fear he was not fortunate enough to procure many muffins at the great house.

Though Yelverel still kept his name on the books, he came to the club so seldom that we had begun to regard him as lost to us; I was, therefore, both glad and surprised when he came into the reading-room one evening just before dinner. I happened to be alone; the *Piccadilly Gazette* was in my hand, but my brain was shifting between a consideration of one of Littleford's most stinging articles and the question whether I should dine at the club or go up to the Filet de Sole at the back of Leicester Square.

The Filet de Sole is the place where you get the best cooked dinner in London at an absurdly low price. The floor

is sanded; the table-linen, though clean, is coarse; and the effete luxury of the Carlton and the Savoy is conspicuous by its absence. All sorts of queer people frequent the Filet de Sole; artists, actors—they are called artists now—literary men, foreigners whose callings are mysterious. Most evenings there are a few ladies, and not seldom a lady in the "profession" will bring her little girl, who shows the force of heredity by acting at her delighted neighbors all through the meal.

Yelverel was so painfully well-dressed that my heart ached for him. The outer indications of vast wealth were all there: sable coat, immaculate



I watched the transformation curiously.

hat, fine linen, simple but costly jewelry, and faultless boots.

I greeted him, and he looked round the room wistfully.

"All alone? Are you—are you dining here?" he said shyly.

Yelverel shy! It seemed incredible. That decided me. I said, as I rose, that I was going up to the Filet. His face flushed, and he said with a tremulous eagerness:

"Would you—may I—will you allow me to accompany you?"

"Allow me to accompany you?" Great Heaven! How fearfully wealth and fashion and the rest of it had demoralized poor Yelverel! I assured him that I should be delighted, and we went off.

The little, queer-shaped place was nearly full. But by good luck the table at which he and I had often sat in the old days was unoccupied; and Yelverel went for it as if he were engaged in the game of tag, and the two chairs were "home." The waiter, old Karl, brought us the "menoo," and I was for ordering a dinner suited to Velvet's new, altered circumstances, but he stopped me.

"No, no," he said nervously. "No, no, don't! Let us have some of the 'bullon' soup, and a cutlet and some stewed endive, and one of the old omelets and—er—and some Camembert, with black coffee and the usual Murias. The old dinner, you know, eh?"

Nor would he let me order a decent wine.

"Just the old *vin ordinaire*, with a rasp to it," he murmured eagerly.

The man ate that dinner as if he had been starving for a week; ate it not fast nor greedily, but slowly, slowly, as though he were anxious not to miss a single familiar flavor. As he sat over his *café noir*, dallying with it and his Murias, the shyness fell off him by degrees—Ernest Montgomery Yelverel became Velvet again; indeed, in a shy whisper at an early part of the dinner, he had implored me to call him by the old name; the haggard lines moved off his face like those bores, the Arabs, with their tents, and his lately care-worn

countenance beamed with the old, happy smile. I watched the transformation curiously.

We strolled back to the club with fresh cigars; the happy light was still in his eyes, and shone so plainly that as we entered some of the men shouted: "Hello, Velvet!" instead of greeting him with the half-sullen formality with which we received the rare visits of those who have gone before us to the Land of Success. And Velvet returned the greetings in like manner, going so far as to clap Blossop on the back and nudge Millan in the ribs.

"Jolly to be back with you, boys!" he said, sinking into a chair, stretching out his legs, and nodding round at us blithely. "Dear old place, this grimy old room! And there's my corner!" He nodded at it with a momentary twitching of the lips. "Lord, what a lot of work I've done in that corner!" he sighed. "Did the whole of 'Never-catch, the Deaf Detective,' series there, and—heaps of other stuff. Let's have a brandy-and-soda; whisky doesn't go with the Filet's *vin ordinaire*, I remember."

"Why aren't you up at the Parthenon?" growled Gorham, who has not yet been able to forgive Velvet's wealthy marriage and defection.

Velvet winced. "Don't mention it," he said, with a barely suppressed shudder. "Awful place—all bishops and judges. Was elected three months ago. Been in there about a dozen times. Not a soul has spoken to me. They say that two men sat in the same chairs in the same room every night for twenty years; but at last one man said, 'Good evening,' and the other reported him to the committee—"

"We know that chestnut, Vel," Blossop reminded him.

"And I believe it's true," said Yelverel. "To-night I'm supposed to be dining out; a political party. I'm—I'm going to stand for a place." His face and his voice dropped.

Blossop nodded. "Quite right. It's the usual step in the downward path. You'll do well in the House, Velvet, now"—he emphasized the "now" cruel-



We had got him on our shoulders and were carrying him round the room in a demoniacal, bacchanalian procession.

ly—"for, of course, you've forgotten how to be clever."

Yelverel flushed. "Do you think so?" he inquired timidly. "Yes," with a heavy sigh, "I suppose so. And—and I've forgotten how to be happy. Boys," he burst out with a break in his voice, "it's a dog's life—a dog's life! I'm fed up with it; fed up with the—deadly, cursed monotony of it. I'm surfeited with respectability. I'm breaking down under it. You—some of you—have been good enough to face one of our dinner-parties. I know what you thought of it; I saw it in your faces. Think of four such dinner-parties a week!" He groaned. "Oh, try and think of it."

"Thanks. We've already got plenty of horrible things to think of," said Millan.

"And—and there's the calling. And

the driving. Sometimes I sit for hours in that beastly carriage staring at the buttons on the back of the coachman, and wishing he'd drop off the box in a fit, or that the horses would run away and smash up the whole show. And the people I meet and live with!" He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, now quite pale. "If you could hear them talk! And if you try and lure them on to one of the subjects we talk about here, they just sit and stare at you as if you were a jibbering lunatic. And the dances and 'at homes'! The crowd, every man and woman of which you hate like poison, and the frosty rooms and the beastly flunkies smelling of hair-oil, who call out my name as Mister Yellowhell! And now here's this wretched Parliament business. But I'm not going to stand it any longer!"

He sprang to his feet and began to walk up and down in his old way.

"I'm going to cut it all. I'm going to chuck up the Parthenon and come back here—yes, *here!* I'm going to work again. Forgot how to be clever, have I? William, keep the old table for me to-morrow morning. I'm going to do a series of 'shorts' for the *Wych Street Magazine*. I'm going to——"

"Leave the pigs and the husks and come back like the prodigal," shouted Blossop. "Bravo, Velvet! William, bring in the whisky! Velvet, my boy, taste this pipe. Here's the 'bacca. Chawles, my friend, go and knock something out of the music-box. Give us 'The Old Stable Jacket!'"

It was a glorious time. Chawles, of the sweet voice, chortled the old, sweet song, and Velvet shouted the chorus more loudly and vigorously than any of us, stamping time with his patent-leather-clad feet, and wildly waving Blossop's hideously strong pipe. We were as happy as boys in the presence of the joy of the returned prodigal; and we had got him on our shoulders and were carrying him round the room in a demoniacal, bacchanalian procession, to Chawles' frenzied accompaniment, when

the head waiter came in, and in solemn tones said:

"Mr. Yelverel's carriage, sir."

We stopped short; but Yelverel urged us with kicks to continue the march. The waiter retired, but came in again presently.

"Mrs. Yelverel's in the carriage, sir; and, if you please, sir, she says she has come to take you home."

We dropped him like a hot coal. The unhappy man got up from the floor and looked round at us piteously, and we met his gaze with open mouths and an eager, awed expectancy.

He hesitated, looked with longing, anguished eyes at his old table, then from one face to another, and at last, with a stifled groan, murmured hoarsely:

"It's no use! I—I must go. Good—good-by, boys! Don't—don't forget me altogether!"

With drooping head and bent back he passed out. That's ten months ago, and we have not seen him since.

"Easier it may be for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than to return to the Scribblers'," said Blossop in his best pulpit manner. "And, oh, my friends, what a lesson for the rest of us!"



The Sonnet

A SONNET is a necklace for a queen
Of fourteen jewels delicately wrought,
Or it may hold some vision longed for, sought,
Yet still elusive as the silver sheen
The moon maid's smile lends to the water's green
For a brief instant. 'Tis the poet's thought
In purple mantle dight, and yet 'tis nought
Without the magic touch, unfelt, unseen,

Dim as a rainbow seen thro' mistlike rain,
And like it woven out of mystery—
It may hold all a woman's soul and be
Its passionate expression, joy or pain:
A sonnet may be all Love's heart, content
To seem only the singer's instrument.

ISABEL ORMISTON.

For the Girl Who Wants to be Pretty

Questions Answered by Florence Augustine

What to Do for a Mole.

Mary van D.—This question of what to do for a mole has been asked me many times, and I respond invariably: "Do nothing." The best thing you can do is to let a mole alone. It is—sometimes—a trying blemish, but not nearly as often as people think it is. Like a large nose of which its owner is constantly sensitive, it would in nine cases out of ten be unnoticed if attention were not called to it by the deprecating remarks of the owner. Hence, I say to you, the best thing for a mole is to *forget it*. If you meddle with it in any way, you are likely to bring on blood-poisoning or something equally dangerous and unsightly.

A Girl in Her Teens Should Dress Simply.

Margaret O'R.—The most glaring fault of girls in their teens is overdressing. They wish to become fashion-plates at fourteen and fifteen, and consequently affect exaggerated styles of hats, frocks and hair-dressing. At sixteen a girl should be a girl, with her hair "down her back" and her dresses short and simple. A girl only makes herself a laughing-stock to older people, as well as awkward and stiff in the eyes of her own set, who at this age puffs and "rats" her hair, wears dangling lace hats and jabots, trips about in French heels, and rustles in silk petticoats. You will be a much prettier girl if you wear very simple wash-dresses in summer, and a plain box-coat tailored suit, with white shirt-waists, in winter. You should not wear plumes on your hats or bracelets on your arms; nor should you crave silk petticoats. Those things are unsuited to a girl under twenty.

Additions to the Wardrobe of a Traveler in Spring.

Mrs. K. F. S.—If you have left over from last season an excellent black voile skirt, a black coat and a brown plaid skirt with silk waist to match, I should advise you to spend your thirty-dollar fund for additions on a stylish traveling-hat, a few wash shirt-waists and a summer "calling-dress." Your hat should be black with white or colored trimmings to go both with the black voile and the brown plaid skirt. And since it is to be your only hat on your two weeks' trip, I should advise you to have in mind its color

in choosing your little "calling-gown." This best frock may be of either linen or silk; if silk, choose preferably a soft foulard or rajah, for taffeta splits quickly. A useful and pretty style for it is a modified "jumper" style with lace or net yoke and sleeves, made graceful and fluffy by numerous ruffles of lace and bits of ribbon bows and buckles. If you choose a linen frock, the lines will have to be more severe, and it might be well, in that case, to make it a coat-suit, thus accommodating again your new shirt-waists.

For Whitening Hands.

Mrs. Polly V.—Nothing is better for whitening and softening the hands than almond-meal. You can buy it ready put up and perfumed for the toilet, and it is most refreshing used as an alternative for soap, moistening with a little water and making into a paste. Spread on the hands like soap; leave for a moment, and wash off.

Treatment for Large Pores.

Maggie F.—A good lotion for large pores is made of one dram of boric acid to four ounces of distilled witch-hazel. This should be applied very carefully with absorbent cotton or a camel's-hair brush only to the spots affected and only after bathing the face with warm water and soap. It is well to put a little tincture of benzoin in the water when bathing the face. This has a tendency to close the pores and harden the flesh. Wiping off the face with diluted alcohol is also good for large pores.

A College Girl With Gray Hair.

Medora B.—You are perhaps right in thinking that the loss of vitality in your hair is due to the close confinement of your college life. It may be partly due also to a general run-down system from lack of outdoor exercise and fresh air. The hair is very apt to fall out when the nervous system is affected, and your scare with regard to scarlet fever may have something to do with the gray hairs. The antiseptic wash, however, unless very strong, would not be likely to hurt the scalp.

You should see that your scalp gets a great deal of light and fresh air, since light is a powerful stimulus to the hair. When shampooing the hair use in the first wash one

pint of hot rain-water into which has been beaten the yolk of one egg, together with an ounce of spirit of rosemary. Massage the scalp while the hair is drying, using the tips of the fingers and moving thoroughly every particle of the scalp, until you can feel that you have established a good circulation.

Girls of Thirteen Should Wear Short Dresses.

Maud L.—Two girls of thirteen, of the respective heights of five feet five inches and five feet two and one-half inches, should wear their skirts to a length of half way between the knee and the ground; that is, to about the shoe-tops or a little above.

One Exercise to Reduce the Abdomen.

Mrs. P. S.—An excellent method of reducing the abdomen is to lie flat on your back and raise slowly both legs until they are at right angles to the body. Then slowly lower them to the floor. Since this is a rather trying exercise for the back, alternate with this movement: From a position flat on the back, keep heels on the floor while you raise body to a sitting position with the arms folded. If hard at first, give impetus to body by flinging arms outward. Afterward, when easier, increase the resistance by clasping your hands at the back of your neck as you rise. You ought to see results from this exercise, if conscientiously persisted in, in a few weeks.

The Style of Coat Suit Becoming to a Large Figure.

Mrs. Truchart.—For a stout figure, such as yours, you should choose solid colors and straight lines. If you are tired of black and want some other shade for your summer suit, why not try dark-blue or bluette, or a sage-green voile? Whatever the shade, let it be solid—no stripes, figures or plaids. Under no circumstances choose an Eton coat in preference to a long semifitting coat. The long lines are best for you. A stout figure should never divide itself in two by accentuating the waist-line, and that is what a short jacket always does. You cannot wear boleros or Eton jackets or bloused-in-the-back jackets; those are for slender figures.

How to Massage Wrinkles.

Mrs. J. K. L.—For the lines which run horizontally across the forehead, you should use the tip-ends of the fingers, and, starting from the center, between the eyebrows, rub up across the lines in small circles, always moving outward toward the temples. For the wrinkles between the eyes rising from the bridge of the nose, rub the tips of the fingers across, applying a firm and steady pressure. For "crow's-feet" wrinkles on the outer corner of the eyes, use again the ends of the second and third fingers and, beginning at the temples, knead firmly and deeply upward to the forehead.

Be very careful not to irritate the extremely sensitive skin about the eye. It should never be touched without the application of a skin-food and then very gently. For puffiness under the eyes, massage should be rotary, upward and outward. But since the causes of these are most often internal, a physician should be consulted.

For the deep lines around the corners of the mouth, movement should be outward and upward with the flat of the hand. Never rub the face downward, even with a towel in drying it.

Good Exercise to Enlarge the Hips.

Meta F.—For developing the hips and thighs, massage with pure olive-oil is efficacious, but the following exercise is better: With the knee straight and the foot vigorously arched at the instep, lift the right leg sideways as high as possible and lower again, ten times in succession. Do the same with the left leg. Another exercise is to imitate the pawing of a horse. Bring the knee up and then swing it downward in circular motion, allowing the toe to touch the floor lightly in the downward movement. Repeat twelve times with each leg.

Dry-skinned and Freckled Hands.

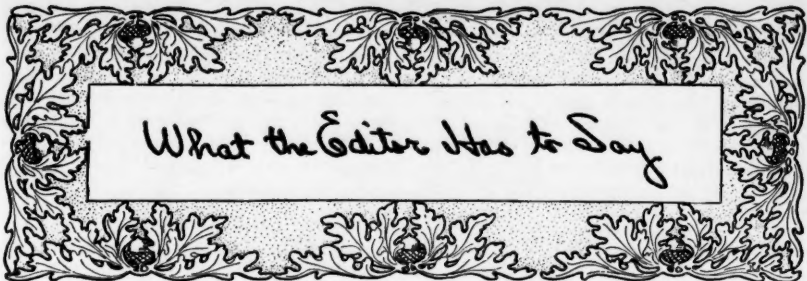
Mrs. A. H. B.—If the skin of the hands is thin and dry and cracks easily, use cold-cream liberally. Rub it into the hands and wrists at night and sleep with large old kid gloves on. Almond-paste is also good to use thus occasionally on the hands. Or it may be almond-meal used in the water when you wash your hands. This bleaches as well as softens the hands. For the freckles use a lotion of lemon-juice and glycerin in equal parts, rubbed in at night.

What to Do for Yellow Spots On the Face.

Mrs. R. R.—For yellow spots on the face or for "moth-patches," use a lotion consisting of one-half dram of salicylic acid to two ounces of bay rum. Shake and mop on the spots night and morning. Colorless iodine may be used also, but very carefully.

Red Blotches On the Face.

Mary V. P.—Small red blotches on the face, having a slightly itching sensation, which come and go, usually after eating, are most likely caused from indigestion or a too-stimulating diet. You should avoid all rich and greasy foods and spices and stop butter for a time. Other things which may cause the rash are shell-fish, strawberries, hot soups, alcoholic stimulants, pork, bananas, nuts, mutton and cheese. If it is caused by some single article of food, you should be able easily to discover this and cut it out. Bathing the face in dilute alcohol or mopping it with spirits of camphor will allay the irritation.



What the Editor Has to Say

WHEN we go to the circus, and we all go sooner or later, it is hard to realize that the wonderful beings we see in the sawdust ring, in the cages with the animals, in the rattling Roman chariots, or swinging like monkeys at dizzy heights above us, are actually human like ourselves. It is hard to imagine that the clown who tumbles and capers so preposterously may be the father of a crippled child, or may have a sick wife somewhere over whom he is worrying sorely at the very moment that the mirth of his audience is at its most uproarious. It is hard to fancy that the magnificent girl in gauzy petticoats, who rides the white barebacked horses, is interested in needlework in her leisure hours, and is dumbly envious of other girls who can wear clothes not of tinsel, and who need not stifle every ache and pain, every whim and fancy, to make amusement for a multitude of strangers.

FRANCIS METCALFE, who during the past month or so has been writing a series of circus stories for SMITH'S MAGAZINE, knows these people, knows them under their grease-paint and without the glamour of the lime-light thrown over them. We hope that you will all read "The Hand of Hatred," the first of the series, which will appear in next month's issue of SMITH'S. If you read that, you will read all the others. Mr. Metcalfe found a wonderful opportunity for fiction in the life of the circus-folk, and

he has made the most of it. The greatest benefit that the reading of fiction can confer is an increased sympathy and knowledge of our fellow humans. You will find this in reading these tales of the circus.

NO art—for it is an art—is so peculiarly sacred to the feminine as that of the lace-maker. Lace, at the present time, is almost universally devoted to feminine uses. There was a time when men wore lace, but they were men who had no lasting place in the general scheme of human affairs, and long ago the lace-wearers disappeared under the onslaughts of somber-clad Puritans and other reformers. Many of the things devoted solely to the use of women are made mainly by men. It is otherwise, however, with this one purely feminine piece of craftsmanship. Lace, real lace, cannot be made in a factory; it must be made by hand, and by the hand of a woman. No fabric, none of the beautiful things we admire, expresses half so well the qualities of femininity, as does lace with its beauty and delicacy, its grace and intricacy, its quality of half revealing, half concealing whatever lies beneath.

WE have never heard of a woman who was not instantaneously interested and attracted at the sight of a piece of really good lace. No matter what the woman's refinement or lack of it, her education, her

artistic tendencies, her class in the social scale, she recognizes in the fine-spun web an appeal, not so much to the eye or sense of touch as to that inner quality of sex which makes all women sisters, "under their skin." Next month's SMITH'S will contain a beautifully illustrated article on "The Lace-makers of the New Ireland," describing and picturing not only some of the finest and least-known specimens of the lace itself, but also the lives and characteristics of the women who labor long to make this lace for other women.

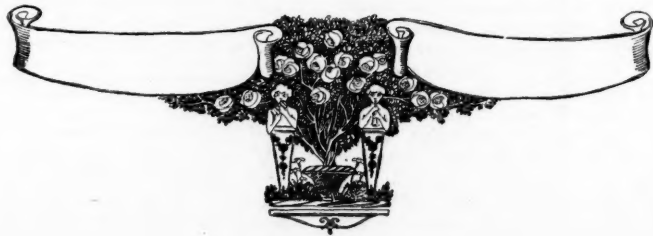
THE complete novelette in next month's SMITH'S is "'Bijah's Experience," by Charles Barnard, the well-known playwright. It is a story of simple, homely, New England country people, women with "New England consciences" and the gift for quiet self-sacrifices, and strong and enduring men. Through its intensely dramatic quality the story has a strong grip and interest. It is one of those narratives which leave the reader feeling a little better, a little kinder, and more appreciative in his judgment of others.

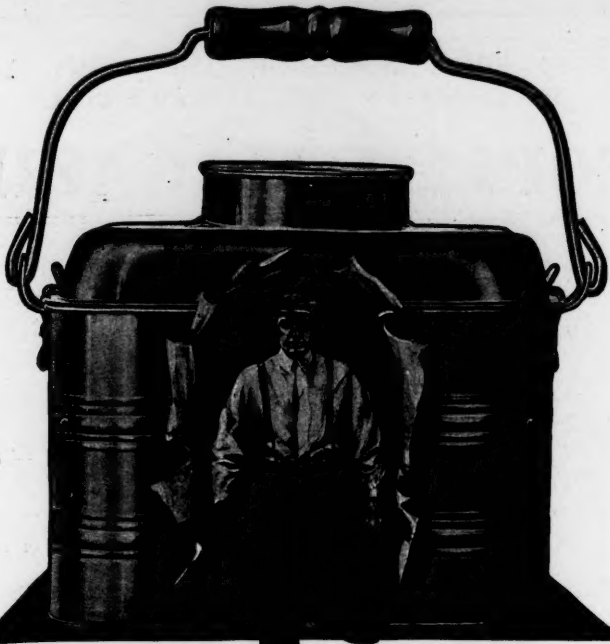
ARE you acquainted with the well-meaning but tiresome woman who insists on introducing you to every one in sight—to people you have met, people you don't want to meet, and people you shouldn't meet? With the best of intentions the lady is wofully handicapped in her self-ap-

pointed task of distributing social bliss by an utter lack of tact and an uncanny aptitude for making this deficiency evident on any and all occasions. You probably know her; but whether you do or not, Anne O'Hagan will tell you all about her in a delightfully humorous essay in the August SMITH'S.

WE hope you have read the story, "The Man of Letters," in the present number of the magazine. If you haven't, please turn back and do so now. We are almost certain that you will enjoy it, and we want your opinion of it. It is a story a little different from anything we have hitherto published in SMITH'S, and we are interested in its effect upon you. If you like it especially, write us and tell us about it—if you dislike it especially, do the same. There will be another story by Dorothy Canfield, author of "The Man of Letters," in the August SMITH'S.

THE August number will also contain another of the splendid "Letters From an American Girl Abroad," by Mrs. John Van Vorst, and another story in the Judith series—a story a little bit better, we think, than any of those that preceded it. There will also be stories by Holman F. Day and Edwin L. Sabin, a lay-sermon by Charles Battell Loomis, a funny poem by Wallace Irwin, a dramatic article by Rennold Wolf, and a better set than usual of stage photographs.





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Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
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EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE MANY LETTERS
RECEIVED BY THE PUBLISHERS OF

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

PARISHVILLE, New York.

Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure that I look forward every month to the reading of THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE, because I am always sure to find something worth reading, sure to find stories which represent the true life of the masses, and not the stories which picture the impossible heroes and heroines.

Very truly yours,

MYRTLE A. DOW.

HANFORD, California.

Dear Sir:—I picked up a magazine one day at the store and the name PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE attracted my attention. I glanced it over and it did not take me long to spend my money for such a book—instead of for the usual "ice" I generally bought. I am alone all day, but when I have the PEOPLE'S with me I feel as if I was in a group of intelligent people, for all the stories are fine. It is the most perfect book of short stories I ever read and I am a great lover of magazines. Wishing you and the PEOPLE'S every possible success.

Your faithful reader,

MARTHA DE LOGE.

AUBURN, New York.

Dear Sir:—First, please excuse writing in lead pencil, but the only pen handy spatters, and you know what a pen like that is. The May number of THE PEOPLE'S (rightly named) is here and, as usual, read thro' in less than the time allowance. It is great. From cover to cover, stories, verse, anecdotes, play scenes, etc., are good—in fact, all to the good. No use specializing on any one feature, they are all top notchers.

The PEOPLE'S and THE POPULAR (I can't go back on that magazine) are the "readiest" mags going. I don't believe that you will find that word in Webster's but you can easily understand what it means.

In my opinion, you are doing the impossible—improving that which is perfect. THE PEOPLE'S is certainly perfection in the reading line, up to the next number, and then, somehow you say "Gee: That was a better one than the last!" Funny, when you thought the last number the best ever. In conclusion—well, hurry up the June number. I guess that about covers the conclusion part.

Yours respectfully,

CHARLES A. PERRIGO.

ALAMEDA, California.

Dear Sir:—Never having read THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE until the November number, I received a pleasant surprise, for it is *the best magazine I have ever read.*

For some years past a very popular magazine has been my favorite, I thinking there was none other so good, but in looking through your book, I saw your stories were by some worthy authors, so bought it and certainly received my money's worth. Your magazine is best at the price in the country.

The stories are all excellent, suiting all classes of people, the majority so short that they can be finished between times with satisfaction, and the longer ones so thrilling as to pass away a few delightful hours of rest.

Yours very truly,

R. LEE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Dear Sir:—By chance I purchased a copy of the current number of PEOPLE'S. I want to say right here that I will surely be a regular reader as long as the standard anywhere near approaches this issue. I have carefully read same, and find it one of the cleanest all-fiction magazines that I have yet had the good fortune to pick up.

Yours very sincerely,

E. A. HATCH.



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For two years I tried to get doctors to help me, but they failed. The only relief anyone could suggest was an ear trumpet. So I was driven to help myself.

I made an artificial ear and experimented. I worked night and day in sheer desperation. It was years before I succeeded, and then simply by force of my will power.

But I was amply repaid. When my device was perfected I could hear—as I hear today—just as well as anybody.

What I did for myself I have done since then for 200,000 others. But the help which I got cost me years of close application. It costs anyone else just five dollars.

But don't send for it now.

Write first for my free book. It tells all the facts, and gives letters from hundreds of users. Then you will know, as I know now, how much this help will mean to you.

I cannot conceive of any partially deaf person neglecting to send for this book. I am sorry for one who doesn't.

When I was afflicted I would gladly have given ten years of my life to hear as I hear now. Yet all I've learned is open to you if you'll simply write me a postal.

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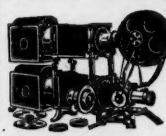
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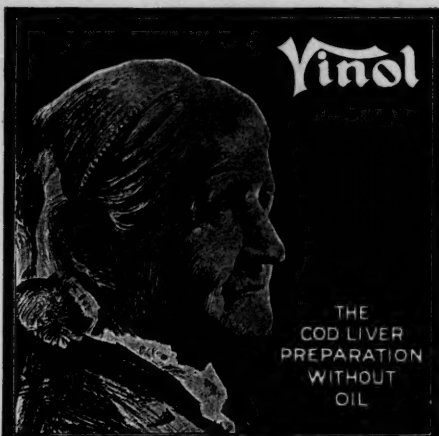
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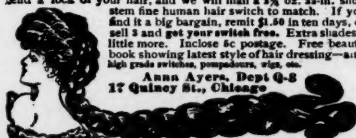
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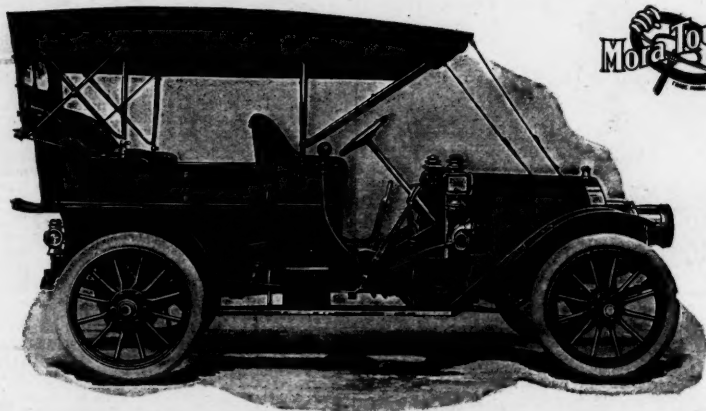
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